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THE
HISTORY

OF

Henry Earl of Moreland

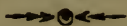
BY MR. BROOKE.



MANCHESTER.
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PREFACE.



I HATE prefaces. I never read them, and why should I write them? They stand like pales about a park; I always overleap them, if I am told there is any thing within worth seeing. But, what can I do? I am likely to lead a fine life with this performance, when people begin to quarrel with me, upon reading the first word of the first page of my work.

This friend, and that friend, and t'other friend ask me, and here sits another, who is mighty curious to know, why I entitle my hero **THE FOOL OF QUALITY.**

Pray, was it not more decent to impute folly to one man, than to all mankind, if I found myself under the necessity of doing the one or the other.

Perhaps I call him a fool, in complaisance to a world that will certainly honour him with the same title, when they find his wisdom of a size not suited to their own. 'Why, pray, what is wisdom?' Tell me, first, what is folly. I will, then, tell you what is wisdom, if I find any smattering of it in your definition.

'I wonder, was there ever an age of wisdom, or a land of wisdom.' Look about you: the world will answer for itself. Does not every age and nation grow wiser and wiser? And have not all fathers, from the flood downward, been accounted no better than fools, by their posterity? I wish I had not been born for some centuries to come. What a prodigy of wisdom should I then be, in comparison of what I am at this day!

'Indeed, I should be glad to be wise, if I thought I could get any thing 'by it.' Right, that is all the use that the world makes of it: it is the very end, purpose, goal, and business of all the wisdom upon earth; if a man has length enough of sense to outreach all about him, by a yard and a half; he is, by a yard and a half, wiser than all his neighbours.

'But was not Solomon then a fool to neglect riches, which he might have 'had with a wish; and to ask for wisdom whose only use is the obtaining of 'riches? Was not this wishing to mend a round-about road, when a quarter 'of an hour would have carried him, by a short cut, to the end of his journey?' I fancy, my dear friend, it would be no great matter of additional burden to take the folly of Solomon upon your own shoulders.

For, in case he had taken the riches, how should he keep them, while any neighbouring power was wiser than himself.

Paris was but five years younger than Solomon, when he, also, might have chosen either riches or wisdom; and yet preferred a pretty wench to the one and to the other. I am not so young as Paris, by five times five years, and

would therefore prefer the one or the other to the wench. 'You then allow that Paris was a blockhead in the present case;' Sir, I allow any man to be so, in every case, where he happens to differ in opinion from myself: 'Why pray, sage sir, have you got all the wisdom of the world to yourself, or what quantity thereof, think you, may there be upon earth?' Less, by five scruples, than any man in judiciary robes and a full bottomed wig, conceives to have fallen to his own share. 'But folly you take to be multiplied and various:' Of two sorts, quoth an eminent author, that which belongs to the writer, and that which belongs to the reader of these works.

'Sir, this is wild discourse, and very wide from the purpose. Let me tell you, the world was never so wise as now. It is filled with men of deep erudition, and science.' True, my monitor, but are they a jot the wiser for all their knowledge?

'At the rate that you talk, in the times of ancient ignorance, there might have been a competent modicum of wise folk in the world:—Possible—' And, by the same rule, in these our enlightened days of connoisseurship and erudition, nearly all our literati may turn out fools:—More than probable—' These are riddles—that might be solved—' Explain them, I beseech you:—Not at present. I will tell you a story, and pray listen. It is worth the hearing.

Fifty and five pilgrims met, one evening, at a great inn, that led to more roads than there are points in the compass. They supped merrily together, in a large hall; and found, upon inquiry, that they were all bound to the castle of Final Repose, appointed for the reception of the sons of science! When the cloth was removed; Gentlemen, quoth the pilgrim who first entered, I rejoice to be joined by so much good company, on these my honourable travels; and I am still better pleased to have it in my power to conduct every man of ye, the shortest and surest way to your journey's end. Here, gentlemen, here is my map of infallible directions; the most accurate extract that ever was taken, of all inquiries, observations, and informations for the purpose. Pardon me, brother, said the pilgrim who sat next, your map must be erroneous by at least five degrees; by five, did I say? by seven, as I hope to get to my journey's end. Look here at my map, and believe your own eyes. I'll be damn'd, cried a third pilgrim, (peering over the maps of his neighbours, and taking out his own parchment) I'll be damn'd if the geographers, who designed the one or the other, were any better than adventurers; they never reached the place of destination I'll be sworn. Gentlemen, said a fourth, with wonderful good temper, I do not swear; but I have, critically, remarked all the charts produced. There's a blind beggar in our town, who is led by his dog, and if he does not arrive at the place we are bound to, with better speed, and greater certainty, than any of you three, I give myself, do you see, and all my goods, to the devil, save a small perpetuity in remainder to my son. That may be, exclaimed a fifth; but, look ye here, my friends, here are the quotations, here are the authorities. Authorities! quoth a sixth, a fiddlestick for a hobby! are they unquestionable, unassailable, like these in

my hand? Thus, every man's chart, throughout the fifty and five, was, like the hand of the son of Hagar, against the chart of every other man. Each insisted on being accompanied, in his own way, as a matter of mere charity to all the rest. They set out, the next morning, on as many different roads as there were persons at table; and, yet no one of them ever arrived at the place proposed, if any dependance may be had on those customary posts, whom the world, from age to age, has paid for intelligence.

'I do not clearly apprehend the application of your story.' If that is not your fault, it must be my own. It is at least a dozen of the twelve labours, to beat any thing into the head of some people, I will give you the chance of another tale.

A certain prince sent an invitation to two distant personages, to come to his court. He, further, sent such directions, as could not be mistaken by any one living, who was willing to find the way. And he, lastly, sent a written promise, signed, and sealed by the seal royal, of the most happy accommodations upon their arrival.

The one of the parties invited, was a purblind man, who barely saw sufficient to discern his road. He, accordingly, was fearful of error. He cautiously held on his way; and, thereby, reached his journey's end, the place of happy destination to which he was appointed,

The other was a man who had all his eyes about him; but he was a genius, had vast invention, and thought it a disparagement to tread in any path that had been beaten by others. He was for contriving short cuts, and opening new discoveries. He made excursions on all hands. He grew impatient of the accommodations appointed and reserved for him, at the court of the prince. He expected them on his journey, and sought for them at every turn. He found them not. He, therefore, travelled and strayed this way, and that way, in search of them. This led him still further and further from his road. Till, maimed by accident, and stiff with age, he grew equally ashamed and unable to return.

—'As plain as my nose.'—You can the reader follow.—But, talk to me no more about the world and its wisdom, I detest wisdom, I avoid it, I would not be bit by it. It is the tarantula, that spins a web whereby innocence is entangled. It is a politician, who opens a gulf for the swallowing up of the people. It is a lawyer, who digs a grave for the burial of equity. It is the science of Hocus Pocus, that bids happiness come and pass, by the virtue of cups and balls. It is a syllabub of fasting-spittle for the fattening of the virtuoso. It is a robe with a pompous train. A wig spread to the rump. A beard lengthened to the girdle. It is a ditch of puddle, with a hoary mantle, that will not be moved to merriment by any wind that blows. It is an ass in a sumptercloth. An owl, solemnly perched, amidst solemn ruins, on a solemn night.

Descend to me, sweet folly! if thou hast not, as I suspect, been my constant companion. Be thou, my sister, my playfellow, thou kitten of the solemn cats of state and learning. But, no. Thou never wert the offspring of such

stupid progenitors. Thou art ever joyous, ever young, although coeval in paradise with our first parents, ere they wished for the knowledge of good and evil. Pride pretends to spurn thee; science affects to look down upon thee; but they sigh for thee when no one sees: they have frowned thee away, and, when they seek they shall not find thee. Come, folly! for even thy petulance and little wickednesses become delightful, when thou incitest the yearling kids and cooing turtles to combat. Thou art not captious, thou art not testy; they laugh at thee, and thou laughest with them for company. The hours dance before thee, the graces smile in thy train. Thou art a companion for conquerors, a playfellow for crowned heads. But, alas! thou art not respected as heretofore—when the monarch of all Asia sent his ambassadors to wait upon thee, they came, with a mighty train, even from Persepolis unto Laconia, to see thee riding upon switches, with Agesilaus and his little son.

‘Indeed, my pleasant friend, thou almost persuadest me to be a fool, during the remainder of my pilgrimage through the wisdom of this world. But is there no such thing as true wisdom in nature?’ Sir, I have written a whole chapter upon the subject; but it lies a great way on, toward the end of my book; and you have much folly to wade through, before you come at it. ‘Give me a peep I beseech you.’ No, sir, you shall not anticipate. Do you want to be in port, without making any voyage?—‘If I must win my way to wisdom inch by inch, let me set out directly.’ Here then begin; and pray let me have your remarks, unpremeditated, as you proceed. I will answer you, as whim or judgment shall happen to dictate.



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HISTORY

OF

HENRY EARL OF MORELAND.

CHAPTER I.

The hero's family connections—introduction to company—behaviour to the visitors—retires in disgrace—a stranger.

RICHARD, the grandfather of our hero, was ennobled by James the first. He married a lovely girl of the ancient family of the Goodalls, in the county of Surrey, and at seven years distance had two sons, Richard and Henry; but dying early in the reign of Charles the first, he bequeathed £12,000 to his youngest, and near £20,000 annual income to his eldest son; not in any personal preference to his brother, but as one that was to support the name and honours of the family. He appointed his brother-in-law executor and guardian, who, educating the children agreeable to their different fortunes and prospects in life, in about seven years after the death of their father, sent Richard, with a tutor, to make the tour of Europe, and bound Henry apprentice to a considerable London merchant.

During the travels of the one, and the apprenticeship of the other, the troubles happened; and Cromwell assumed the regency, before the fortune of the Morelands could be forfeited or endangered, by siding with the crown or the commonwealth.

Richard returned to England a short time before the restoration; and being too gay and too dissolute for the plodding and hypocrisy of Cromwell and his fanatics, he withdrew to the mansion-house of his forefathers.

On his landing, he had inquired for his brother Henry; but hearing that he was lately married, and wholly absorbed in matters of merchandize, as he had the utmost contempt for all city and traders, he took no farther notice of him.

In the country, he amused himself with his bottle, hounds, hawks, race-horses, &c. and debauching the persons of the neighbouring wenches, and in corrupting the morals of the neighbouring squires. But, on the restoration of his majesty, of pleasureable memory, he hastened to court, where he rolled away, and shone in his native sphere. He was always of the party of the king, Rochester, &c. where virtue was laughed out of countenance, and where all manner of dissoluteness became amiable and recommendable by the bursts of merriment and zest of wit. But towards the latter end of this droll reign, earl Richard, being advanced in age, and being still older in constitution than years, began to think of providing an heir to his estate; and, as he had taken vast pains to impair it, he married a citizen's daughter, who wanted a title, and with her got a portion of one hundred thousand pounds, which was equally wanting on his part.

With his lady he again retreated to the country; where, in less than a year, she made him the exulting father of a fine boy, whom he called Richard.

Richard speedily became the sole centre of all his mother's solitudes and affections. And though, within the space of the two succeeding years, she was delivered of a second boy, yet, as his infant aspect was less promising, and more uninformed than his brother's, she sent him forth to be nursed by the robust wife of a neighbouring farmer, where, for the space of upwards of four years, he was honoured with no token from father or mother, save some casual messages, to know, from time to time, if the child was in health.

This boy was called Henry, after his uncle, by his father's side. The earl had lately sent to London, to make inquiry after his brother, but could learn no manner of tidings concerning him.

Meanwhile the education of the two children was extremely contrasted. Richard, who was already entitled my little lord, was not permitted to breathe the rudeness of the wind. On the slightest indisposition, the whole house was in alarm; his passions had full scope in all their infant irregularities; his genius was put into a hot-bed, by the warmth of applauses given to every flight of his opening fancy; and the whole of the family conspired, from the highest to the lowest, to the ruin of promising talents and a benevolent heart.

Young Harry, on the other hand, had every member, as well as feature, exposed to all weathers; would run about, mother-naked, for near an hour in a frosty morning; was neither physiced into delicacy, nor flattered into pride; scarce felt the convenience, and much less understood the vanity of clothing; and was daily occupied in playing and wrestling with the pigs, and two mongrel spaniels on the dunghill; or in kissing, scratching, or boxing with the children of the village. When Harry had passed his fifth year, his father, on a festival day, humbly proposed to send for him from his nurse's, in order to observe how the boy might turn out; and my lady, in a fit of good humour, consented. Nurse, accordingly, decked him out in his holiday petticoats, and walked with our hero to the great house, as they called it.

A brilliant concourse of the neighbouring gentry were met in a vast parlour, that appeared to be executed after the model of Westminster Hall.

There was Sir Christopher Cloudy, who knew much, but said nothing; with his very conversable lady, who scarcely knew by halves, but spoke by wholesale. In the same range was Sir Stanish Stately, who, in all companies, held the first place in his own esteem. Next him sat lady Childish; it was at least thirty years since those follies might have become her, which appeared so very ridiculous at the age of fifty-five. By her side were the two Stiltons; a blind man would swear that the one was a clown, and the other a gentlemen, by the tones of their voices. Next to these were two pairs of ill-mated turtles; Mr. Gentle, who sacrificed his fine sense and affluent fortune, to the vanity and bad temper of a silly and turbulent wife; and squire Sulky, a brutal fool, who tyrannized over the most sensible and most amiable of her sex.

On the opposite side was Lord Prim, who evidently laboured hard to be easy in conversation; and next to him was lord Flippant, who spoke nonsense with great facility. By his side sat the fair but dejected Miss Willow; she had lately discovered what a misfortune it was to be born to wit, beauty, and affluence, the three capital qualifications that lead the sex to calamity. Next to her was colonel Jolly, with a heart ever tuned to merriment, and lungs to laughter; had he known how to time his fits, the laugh might have grown catching. Below him was seated Mrs. Mirror, a widow lady,

industriously accomplished in the faults of people of fashion. And below her sat the beloved and respected Mr. Meekly, who always sought to hide himself behind the merits of the company. Next to him was major Settle; no one spoke with more importance on things of no signification. And beside him sat Miss Lovely, who looked sentiment, and, while she was silent, inspired others with sense and virtue.

These were the principal characters. The rest could not be said to be of any character at all. The cloth had been lately removed, and a host of glasses and decanters glowed on the table, when in came young Harry, escorted by his nurse.

All the eyes of the company were instantly drawn upon him; but he advanced, with a vacant and unobserving physiognomy, and thought no higher of the assembly, than of so many peasants at a country wake.

Dicky, my dear, says my lady, go and welcome your brother, whereat Dick went up, took Harry by the hand, and kissed him with much affection. Harry thereupon having eyed his brother, I don't know you, said he, bluntly, but at the same time held up his little mouth to kiss him again.

Dick, says my lady, put your laced hat upon Harry, that we may see how it becomes him, which he immediately did, but Harry, feeling an unusual incumbrance on his head, took off the hat, and having for some time looked contemptuously at it, he cast it from him with a sudden and agile jerk, as he used to cast flat stones, to make ducks and drakes on the mill-pond. The hat took the glasses and decanters in full career: smash go the glasses; abroad pours the wine on circling laces, Dresden aprons, silvered silks, and rich brocades; female screams fill the parlour; the rout is equal to the uproar; and it was long ere most of them could be composed to their places.

In the meanwhile, Harry took no kind of interest in their outcries or distresses; but spying a large Spanish pointer, that just then came from under the table, he sprung at him like lightning, seized him by the collar, and vaulted on his back with inconceivable agility. The dog, wholly disconcerted by so unaccustomed a burden, capered and plunged about in a violent manner; but Harry was a better horseman than to be so easily dismounted:

whereon the dog grew outrageous, and rushing into a group of misses and masters, the children of the visitants, he overthrew them like ninepins; thence proceeding, with equal rapidity, between the legs of Mrs. Dowdy, a very fat and elderly lady, she instantly fell backward with a violent shriek; and, in her fall, unfortunately overthrew Frank the fox-hunter, who overthrew Andrew the angler, who overthrew Bob the beau, who closed the catastrophe.

Our hero, mean time, was happily dismounted by the intercepting petticoats, and fairly laid, without damage, in the fallen lady's lap. From thence he arose at his leisure, and strolled about the room, with as unconcerned an aspect as if nothing had happened amiss, and as though he had neither art nor part in this frightful discomfiture.

When matters where once more, in some measure, set to rights, —My heavens! exclaimed my lady, I shall faint! the boy is positively an ideot; he has no apprehension or conception of persons or things. Come hither, sirrah, she cried, with an angry tone; but, instead of complying, Harry cast on her a look of resentment, and sidled over towards his nurse. Dicky, my dear, said my lady, go and pretend to beat his foster-mother, that we may try if the child has any kind of ideas. Here her ladyship, by ill fortune, was as much unadvised as her favourite was unhappy in the execution of her orders; for while Dick struck at the nurse with a counterfeited passion, Harry instantly reddened, and gave his brother such a sudden push in the face, that his nose and mouth gushed out with blood. Dick set up the roar; my lady screamed out, and rising and running at Harry with all imaginable fury; she caught him up as a falcon would truss a robin, turned up his petticoats, and chastised him with all the violence of which her delicacy was capable. Our hero, however, neither uttered a cry, nor dropt a tear; but being set down, he turned round on the company an eye of indignation, then cried, come away, mammy, and issued from the assembly.

Harry had scarcely made his exit, when his mother exclaimed after him: Ay, ay take him away, nurse, take him away, the little devil, and never let me see his face more.

I shall not detain my reader with a tedious detail of the many and differing opinions that the remaining company expressed, with regard to our hero; let it suffice to observe, that they generally agreed, that, though the boy did not appear to be endowed by nature with a single faculty of the *animal rationale*, he might, nevertheless, be rendered capable, in time, of many places of very honourable and lucrative employment.

Mr. Meekly alone, though so gentle and complying at other times, now presumed to dissent from the sense of the company. I rather hold, said he, that this infant is the promise of the greatest philosopher and hero that our age is likely to produce. By refusing his respect to those superficial distinctions, which fashion has inadequately substituted as expressions of human greatness, he approves himself the philosopher; and by the quickness of his feelings for injured innocence, and his boldness in defending those to whom his heart is attached, he approves himself, at once, the hero and the man.

Harry had now remained six months more with his nurse, engaged in his customary exercises and occupations. He was already, by his courage, his strength, and action, become tremendous to all the little boys of the village; they had all things to fear of his sudden resentment, but nothing from his memory or recollection of a wrong; and this also was imputed to his native stupidity. The two mongrel dogs were his inseparable playfellows; they were all tied together in the strictest bonds of friendship, and caressed each other with the most warm and unfeigned affection.

On a summer's day, as he strolled forth with these his faithful attendants, and rambled into a park, whose gate he saw open, he perceived, in a little copse that bordered on a fish-pond, a stranger seated on a bench of turf. Harry drew near with his usual intrepidity, till he observed that the man had a reverend beard that spread over his breast, that he held something in his hand, on which he gazed with fixed attention, and that the tears rolled down his cheeks, without ceasing, and in silence, except the half-suppressed sobs that often broke from his bosom. Harry stood awhile immovable, his little heart was affected; he approached the old man with a gentle reverence, and looking up

in his face, and seating himself by his side, the muscles of his infant aspect began to relax, and he wept and sobbed as fast as his companion.

FRIEND.—Pray, who is this ancient stranger? I have a great curiosity to know. Is he necessary to your story? Is he to have any future connection with the child? How came he by the long beard? beards were not the fashion in those days. There must be some extraordinary reason for it, if there is any reason at all. Is his story long? Do you begin upon it directly? It is a great fault in authors, to hold their readers in suspense; our curiosity grows languid; twenty to one it is vanished before you begin to give it any kind of satisfaction. Who, in the world is he? what business has he here?

AUTHOR.—Sir, you see he is a stranger; I have mentioned him as such. If he chuses to continue so, for some time longer, I know of no right I have to discover him. Perhaps I am the only person breathing whom he has intrusted with the secret of his affairs; I am, upon honour, not to betray him; you must pardon me—pray proceed.

CHAPTER II.

Friendship contracted with the stranger—reception at his new friend's—courage in defence of dumb animals—ambition for power and knowledge—the reward of ingratitude—discontent productive of misery—happiness derived from contentment—his second visit to his parents—estimate of the value of things.

THE old gentleman turned and gazed at the child, as on some sudden apparition. His tears stopped: he returned the picture, which he held, into his bosom; and, lifting up his eyes, Great Power! he cried, is this the one, of all the world, who has any feelings for me? Is it this babe, this suckling, whom thou hast sent, to be a partaker in my griefs, and the sharer of my afflictions? Welcome,

then, my little friend, said he, tenderly turning and caressing the child; I will live the longer for thy sake, and endeavour to repay the tears thou hast shed in my behalf.

The language of true love is understood by all creatures, and was that of which Harry had, almost, the only perception. He returned his friend's caresses with unaffected ardour, and no two could be more highly gratified in the endearments of each other.

What is your name, my dear? said the old gentleman. Harry Clinton, sir. Harry Clinton! repeated the old man, and started. And pray who is your father? The child, then looking tenderly at him, replied, I'll have you for a father, if you please, sir. The stranger then caught him up in his arms, and passionately exclaimed, You shall, you shall, my darling, for the tenderest of fathers, never to be torn asunder, till death shall part us.

Then asking him where he lived, and Harry pointing to the town before them, they both got up and went towards it. Our hero was now again all glee, all action; he sprung from and to his friend, and played and gambled about him, like a young spaniel in a morning, just loosed from his chain, and admitted to accompany his master to the field. As his two dogs frisked about him, he would now mount upon one, then bound upon t'other, and each pranced and paraded under him as if delighted with the burden. The old gentleman beheld all with a pleasure that had long been a stranger to his breast, and shared in the joys of his young associate.

Being arrived near the farm-house, nurse, who stood at the door, saw them approaching, and cried out, Gaffer, Gaffer, here comes our Harry with the dumb gentleman. When they were come up, Good people, says the stranger, is this your child? No, no, sir, answered the nurse, we are but his fosterers. And, pray, who is his father? He is second son, sir, to the earl of Moreland. The earl of Moreland! you amaze me greatly; is this all the notice and care they take of such a treasure? Sir, replied the nurse, they never sent for him but once; they don't mind him, they take him for a fool. For a fool! cried he, and shook his head in a token of dissent; I am sure he has the wisest of all human hearts. I wish it may be so, sir, said the nurse; but he behaved very sadly, some time ago, at the great house. She then made a recital of our young hero's adventures in the mansion-parlour; whereat the old

gentleman inwardly chuckled, and, for the first time, of some years, permitted his features to relax into a smile of cheerfulness. Nurse, said he, every thing that I hear and see of this child, serves the more to endear and bind me to him. Pray, be so good as to accompany us to my house, we will try to equip him better, both as to person and understanding.

As this stranger's seat made part of the village, they were soon there. He first wispered his old domestic, who then looked upon the child with surprise and pleasure. The footman was next sent to bring the tailor, and some light stuffs from the town shop. Matters being thus dispatched, with respect to our hero's first coat and breeches, nurse was kept to dinner; and after this gentleman had entertained his young guest with a variety of little tricks, childish plays, and other fooleries, towards evening he dismissed him and his nurse, with a request that she would send him every day, and a promise that he should be returned every night, if she desired it.

Harry being thus furnished with the external tokens of a man-child having been born into the world, became an inseparate friend and play-fellow to his patron. At times of relaxation, the old gentleman, with the most winning and insinuating address, endeavoured to open his mind, and cultivate his morals, by a thousand little fables; such as of bold sparrows, and naughty kids, that were carried away by the hawk, or devoured by the wolf; and of good robins, and innocent lambs, the very hawks and wolves themselves are fond of: for he never proposed any encouragement or reward to the heart of the hero, save that of the love and approbation of others. At the times of such instruction, Harry, who knew no other dependance, and beheld his patron as his father and his God, would hang upon his knee, look up to his face delighted, and greedily imbibe the sweetness of those lessons, whose impressions neither age, nor any occurrence could ever after erase; so prevalent are the dictates of lips that are beloved!

At other times, the stranger would enter with our hero into all his little frolics and childish vagaries, would run and wrestle with him, ride the rods, roll down the slope, and never felt such sweet sensations and inward delight, as when he was engaged in such recreations.

There was a cock at Harry's nurse's, the lord of the dunghill, between whom and our hero a very particular intimacy and friendship had been contracted. Harry's hand was his daily caterer; and Dick, for the cock was so called, would hop into the child's lap, and pick his clothes, and rub his feathers against him, and court Harry to tickle, and stroke, and play with him.

Upon Shrove-Tuesday, while Harry was on his road from his patron's, intending a short visit to his nurse and foster-father, a lad came to the door and offered Gaffer a double price for Dick; the bargain was quickly made, the lad bore off with his prize in triumph, and Gaffer withdrew to the manuring of a back-field. Just at that crisis Harry came up, and inquired of the maid for his mammy and daddy, but was answered that neither were within. He then asked after his favourite cock, but was told that his daddy had, this minute, sold him to yonder man, who was almost out of sight.

Away sprung our hero like an arrow from a bow, and held the man in view till he saw him enter a great crowd, at the upper end of the street. Up he comes, at last, quite out of breath; and making way through the assembly, perceived his cock, at some distance, tied to a short stake, and a lad preparing to throw at him with a stick. Forward he rushed again, and stopped resolutely before his bird, to ward the blow with his own person, at the instant that the stick had taken its flight, and that all the people cried out hold! hold! One end of the stick took Harry on the left shoulder, and bruised him sorely; but not regarding that, he instantly stooped; delivered his captive favourite, whipt him under his arm, caught up the stick, flourished it as in defiance of all opponents, made homeward through the crowd, and was followed by the acclamations of the whole assembly.

The old gentleman was standing before the court door, when his favourite arrived all in a sweat:—What's the matter, my dear, says he, what made you put yourself into such a heat? what cock is that you have under your arm? In answer to these several questions, Harry ingenuously confessed the whole affair; and when his patron, with some warmth, cried, Why, my love, did you venture your life for a silly cock? Why did I? repeated the child, why, Sir, because he loved me. The stranger then stepping back, and

gazing upon him with eyes of admiration: May heaven for ever bless thee, my little angel, exclaimed he, and continue to utter from thy lips the sentiments that it inspires! Then, catching him up in his arms, he bathed him with his tears, and almost stifled him with his caresses.

In a few days our hero was again restored by frequent fomentations to the use of his arm; and his dada, as he called him, and he, returned to their old recreations.

As Harry's ideas began to open and expand, he grew ambitious of greater power and knowledge. He wished for the strength of that bull, and for the swiftness of yonder horse: and on the close of a solemn and serene summer's evening, while he and his patron walked in the garden, he wished for wings, that he might fly up and see what the sky, and the stars, and the rising moon were made of.

In order to reform this inordinacy of his desires, his patron addressed him in the following manner:

I will tell you a story, my Harry.—On the other side of yonder hill there runs a mighty clear river; and in that river, on a time, there lived three silver trouts, the prettiest little fishes that any one ever saw. Now God took a great liking and love to these pretty silver trouts, and he let them want for nothing that such little fishes had occasion for. But two of them grew sad and discontented; and the one wished for this thing, and the other for that thing, and neither of them could take pleasure in any thing that they had, because they were always longing for something that they had not.

Now Harry, you must know, that all this was very naughty in those two little trouts; for God had been exceedingly kind to them; he had given them every thing that was fittest for them; and he never grudged them any thing that was for their good: but, instead of thanking him for all his care and his kindness, they blamed him, in their own minds, for refusing them any thing that their silly fancies were set upon. In short, there was no end of their wishing and longing, and quarrelling in their own hearts, for this thing and t'other.

At last, God was so provoked, that he was resolved to punish their naughtiness, by granting their desires, and to make the folly

of those two little stubborn trouts an example to all the foolish fish in the whole world.

For this purpose, he called out to the three silver trouts, and told them they should have whatever they wished for.

Now the eldest of these trouts was a very proud little fish, and wanted, forsooth, to be set up above all other little fishes. May it please your Greatness, says he, I must be free to tell you, that I do not, at all, like the way in which you have placed me. Here you have put me into a poor, narrow, and troublesome river, where I am straitened on the right side, and straitened on the left side, and can neither get down into the ground, nor up into the air, nor go where, nor do any one thing that I have a mind to. I am not so blind, for all, but that I can see well enough, how mighty kind and bountiful you can be to others. There are your favourite little birds, who fly this way and that way, and mount up to the very heavens, and do whatever they please, and have every thing at command, because you have given them wings. Give me such wings also as you have given to them, and then I shall have something for which I ought to thank you.

No sooner ask than have. He felt the wings he wished for growing from either side, and, in a minute, he spread them abroad, and rose out of the water. At first he felt a wonderful pleasure in finding himself able to fly. He mounted high into the air, above the very clouds, and he looked down with scorn on all the fishes in the world.

He now resolved to travel, and to take his diversion far and wide. He flew over rivers and meadows, woods and mountains; till, growing faint with hunger and thirst, his wings began to fail him, and he thought it best to come down to get some refreshment.

The little fool did not consider, that he was now in a strange country, and many a mile from the sweet river where he was born and bred, and had received all his nourishment. So when he came down, he happened to light among dry sands and rocks, where there was not a bit to eat nor a drop of water to drink; and so there he lay, faint and tired, and unable to rise, gasping and fluttering, and beating himself against the stones, till at length he died in great pain and misery.

Now the second silver trout, though he was not so high-minded as the first little proud trout, yet he did not want for conceit

enough; and he was moreover a narrow-hearted and very selfish little trout, and provided he himself was snug and safe, he did not care what became of all the fishes in the world. So he says to God:

May it please your honour, I don't wish, not I, for wings to fly out of the water and to ramble into strange places, where I don't know what may become of me. I lived contented and happy enough till the other day, when, as I got under a cool bank from the heat of the sun, I saw a great rope coming down into the water, and it fastened itself, I don't how, about the gills of a little fish that was basking beside me, and he was lifted out of the water, struggling and working in great pain, till he was carried, I know not where, quite out of my sight: so I thought, in my own mind, that this evil, some time or other, may happen to myself, and my heart trembled within me, and I have been very sad and discontented ever since. Now, all I desire of you is, that you would tell me the meaning of this, and of all the other dangers to which you have subjected us poor little mortal fishes; for then I shall have sense enough to take care of my own safety, and I am very well able to provide for my own living, I warrant you.

No sooner said than done. God immediately opened his understanding; and he knew the nature and meaning of snares, nets, hooks, and lines, and of all the dangers such little trouts could be liable to.

At first he greatly rejoiced in his knowledge; and he said to himself,—Now, surely, I shall be the happiest of all fishes; for as I understand, and am forewarned of every mischief that can come near me, I'm sure I love myself too well not to keep out of harm's way.

From this time forward he took care not to go into any deep holes, for fear that a pike, or some other huge fish might be there, that would make nothing at swallowing him up at one gulp. He also kept away from the shallow places, especially in hot weather, lest the sun should dry them up, and not leave him water enough to swim in. When he saw the shadow of a cloud coming and moving upon the river, Aha! said he to himself, here are the fishermen with their nets; and immediately he got on one side, and skulked under the banks, where he kept trembling in his skin till

the cloud was past. Again, when he saw a fly skimming on the water, or a worm coming down the stream, he did not dare to bite, however hungry he might be. No, no, said he to them, my honest friends, I am not such a fool as that comes to neither; go your ways, and tempt those that know no better, who are not aware that you may serve as baits to some treacherous hook, that lies hid for the destruction of those ignorant and silly trouts that are not on their guard.

Thus this over-careful trout kept himself in continual frights and alarms, and could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep in peace, lest some mischief should be at hand, or that he might be taken napping. He daily grew poorer and poorer, and sadder and sadder, for he pined away with hunger, and sighed himself to skin and bone; till wasted almost to nothing with care and melancholy, he at last died, for fear of dying, the most miserable of all deaths.

Now when God came to the youngest silver trout, and asked him what he wished for; Alas! said this darling little trout, you know, may it please your Worship, that I am but a very foolish and good-for-nothing little fish; and I don't know, not I, what is good for me, or what is bad for me; and I wonder how I came to be worth bringing into the world, or what you could see in me to take any thought about me. But, if I must wish for something, it is that you would do with me whatsoever you think best; and that I should be pleased to live or die, even just as you would have me.

Now, as soon as this precious trout made this prayer, in his good and his humble little heart, God took such a liking and a love to him, as the like was never known. And God found it in his own heart, that he could not but take great care of this sweet little trout, who had trusted himself so wholly to his love and good pleasure; and God went wheresoever he went, and was always with him, and about him; and was to him as a father, and friend, and companion: and he put contentment into his mind, and joy into his heart; and so this little trout slept always in peace, and awakened in gladness; and whether he was full or hungry, or whatever happened to him, he was still pleased and thankful; and he was the happiest of all fishes that ever swam in any water.

Harry, at the close of this fable, looked down, and grew thoughtful; and his patron left him to himself to ruminate on what he had

heard. Now Harry had often heard talk of God, and had some general, though confused notions, of his power.

The next day he requested his patron to repeat the story of the three little trouts. When he had ended, Dada, says Harry, I believe I begin to guess a little at what you mean. You would not have me wish for any thing, but leave every thing to God; and, if I thought that God loved me half so well as you love me, I would leave every thing to himself, like the good little trout. He does, my Harry; he loves you a thousand times better than I love you, nay, a thousand times better than you love yourself. God is all love; it is he who made every thing, and he loves every thing that he has made. Ay, but dady, I can't, for the heart of me, help pitying the two poor little naughty trouts. If God loves every thing, why did he make any thing to die? You begin to think too deeply, Harry, we will speak more of these matters another time. For the present, let it suffice you to know, that as he can kill, he can also make alive again, at his own pleasure.

Harry had now remained about twelve months with his patron, when it was intimated to the earl and his lady, that the dumb man had taken a fancy to their child, and that he was almost constantly resident at his house. Alarmed at this news, and apprehending that this man might be some impostor or kidnapper, they once more sent orders to the nurse to bring the boy home.

Nurse ran in a hurry to the stranger's, and having informed him of the necessity she was under to take away the child, many mutual tears were shed at parting; but Harry was the sooner pacified, when nurse told him that it was but for a short visit, as before.

When they came to the castle, there was no company in the parlour but the earl and his lady, and lord Richard, and some other masters of quality, about his age and size. Harry, however, looked about with a brow of disgust; and when my lady desired him to come and kiss her, May be you'll whip me, he answered, sullenly: No, she replied, if you don't strike your brother Dicky any more. I wont beat him, says Harry, If he wont beat mammy. Come, then, and kiss me, my dear, said my lady; whereon Harry advanced with a slow caution, and held up his little mouth to receive the salute. He was then kissed by his father, his brother, and the little masters, and all things promised future reconciliation and amity.

A number of glittering toys were then presented to Harry on all sides; he received them, indeed, in good part, but laid them all aside again, as things of whose use he yet was not wise enough to be apprehensive. This was imputed to his folly.

FRIEND. Is it not too early for your hero to shew a contempt of toys?

AUTHOR. My lady, as you will see, imputed it to his folly, not to his philosophy.

F. But children have a natural fondness for fine things.

A. How so; is there a natural value in them?

F. No, but—

A. Education, indeed, has made the fondness next to natural: the coral and bells teach infants on the breasts to be delighted with sound and glitter. Has the child of an inhabitant of Monomotapa a natural fondness for garbage?

F. I think not.

A. But when he is instructed to prize them, and see it to be the fashion to be adorned with such things, he prefers them to the glitter of gold and pearl. Tell me, was it the folly, or philosophy, of the cock in the fable, that spurned the diamond, and wished for the barley-corn?

F. The moral says it was his folly, that did not know how to make a right estimate of things.

A. A wiser moral would say, it was his philosophy, that did know how to make a right estimate of things; for, of what use could the diamond be to the cock? In the age of acorns, antecedent to Ceres and the royal ploughman, Triptolemus, a single barley-corn had been of more value to mankind, than all the diamonds that glowed in the mines of India.

F. You see, however, that age, reflection, and philosophy, can hardly wean people from their early fondness for show.

A. I see, on the contrary, that the older they grow, and the wiser they think themselves, the more they become attached to trifles. What would you think of a sage minister of state, who should make it the utmost height of his wishes and ambition to be mounted on a hobby-horse?

F. You can't be serious for the soul of you?

A. It has been seriously, and truly, and literally the fact: for Haman being asked, by the greatest monarch upon earth, what should be done most desirable for the man whom the king delighted to honour? he answered, (in the persuasion that he himself was the person), "Let the royal apparel be brought, and let him be arrayed therewith, and let him be put upon the horse that the king useth to ride, and let him be brought through the street, and have it proclaimed before him, thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour." What shall we say here? could the sage and ambitious Haman think of nothing better than what would have suited the request of a child of five years old? Or was it that the Emperor of Asia, or this world itself, had nothing more valuable to bestow, than a fine coat and a hobby-horse?

F. How many volumes do you expect this work will contain?

A. Sir, a book may be compared to the life of your neighbour. If it be good, it cannot last too long; if bad, you cannot get rid of it too early.

F. But how long, I say, do you propose to make your story?

A. My good friend, the reader may make it as short as he pleases.

CHAPTER III.

Juvenile sports—courage of our hero—peace restored—Harry's magnanimity—attempts to frighten him—opinions respecting Harry—leap-frog—consequence of ditto—new characters—conversation on the reality of spirits—Anecdote—the man in gibbets.

MY lady piqued, thereat, told the earl, that she resolved once more to prove the wits of the youngster in breeches; and whispering to Dicky, he immediately went out, and took with him his companions. Soon after, Dick returns without his shoes, and with a pitiful face, cries, Brother Harry, I want a pair of shoes sadly, will you give me your's? Yes, I will, said Harry, and instantly

strips and presents them to him. Then entered another boy, and demanded his stockings in the like petitioning manner; another begged his hat, another his coat, another his waistcoat, all of which he bestowed without hesitation; but when the last boy came in and petitioned for his shirt, No, I wont, said Harry, a little moody, I want a shirt myself. My lady then exclaimed, Upon my conscience, there is but the thickness of a bit of linen between this child, and a downright fool. But my lord rose up, took Harry in his arms, and having tenderly embraced him, God bless thee, my boy, he cried, and make thee an honour to Old England!

Dinner, soon after, was ordered up, and Harry permitted his nurse to retire peaceably to the kitchen during the interval, as he and all the masters were then on terms of amity.

My lady placed Harry next herself at table, but no peer ever paid such a price at Pontac's, as our distressed hero did that day for his ordinary: for he must sit up just so, and hold his knife and fork just so, and cut his meat, and open his mouth, and swallow his-victuals, just so, and so, and so. And then, between every two words, there were so many my lords and my ladies, and, I thank you sir, and, I thank you madam, and master this, and master that, that poor Harry, no longer able to contain himself, cried, I wish I was with my mammy in the kitchen.

After dinner, the children were set to questions and commands; but here our hero was beaten hollow, as he was afterward at draw-glove, and shuffle the slipper. They next came to hot-cockles, and Harry, being first down, and his left-hand well warmed for near a quarter of an hour, till, more by good luck than any good policy, he fixed upon a delicate little gentleman, the son and heir of lord and lady Toilet, who lay down accordingly; when Harry, endeavouring to sun all the favours he had received in one payment, gave master such a whirrick, that his cries instantly sounded the *ne plus ultra* to such kind of diversions. But Harry being chidden for his rudeness, and obliged to ask pardon, all was soon made whole again.

Now throughout these several amusements, though this group of little quality behaved themselves with great good manners towards our hero, yet, as my lady's judgment of his intellects became

current through the country, and that all took him to be little removed from a natural state; these small gentry also held him in the lowest contempt, and gave themselves secret credit for the decency of their conduct in his behalf.

Two or three of them, however, having maliciously contrived to set him in a ridiculous light, prevailed upon his brother to join in the plot. They accordingly proposed a play, wherein Harry was enjoined to stand in the centre for so many minutes, without motion or resentment, let his companions do what they would about him.

Our hero, consequently, fixed himself to a posture and countenance altogether determined, when the attack instantly began: some grinned, some pointed, some jeered and flouted at him, some twitched him by the hair, some pinched him by the breech, one tweaked him by the nose, and another spirted water full in his face; but Harry bore all with the firmness and resignation of a Stoic philosopher; till my lady, quite impatient, cried out, Did you ever see the like? such a stock of a child, such a statue! why he has no kind of feeling, either of body or mind.

While she was pronouncing these words, young Skinker, eldest son to a wealthy squire, a chubby unlucky boy, about the age of lord Richard, put one hand within the other, and desired Harry to strike thereon, which he did accordingly; but, feeling unusual smart, and fired at the treachery he justly conceived was in the case, Harry gave him such a sudden fist in the temple, as drove him staggering backward several steps; Skinker, wholly enraged, and conscious of superior strength, immediately returned, and, with all his might, gave Harry a stroke on the head, which compliment he returned by a punch in the eye, as rapid as lightning. All the boys stood aloof and amazed at the combat. My lady vehemently cried out to part them; but my lord rose, and peremptorily commanded fair play. Meanwhile, young Skinker, wholly desperate to be foiled by one so much his inferior in strength and understanding, flew on Harry like a fury, and fastened the nails of both his hands in his face, from which gripe our hero as quickly disengaged himself, by darting his head into the nose and mouth of his adversary, who was instantly covered with blood, though his passion would not permit him to attend to the pain;

for, exerting his last effort, he closed in on our little champion, and determined, at once, to finish the combat, by lifting and dashing him against the ground; but Harry, finding himself going, nimbly put one foot behind, and hit Skinker in the ham, and at the same time pushing forward with all his force, prone fell the unfortunate Skinker, precipitated by the double weight of himself and his antagonist, and his head rebounded against the floor, while up sprung Harry, and, with a punch in the stomach of Skinker, put a period to the fray.

All dismayed, and wholly discomfited, Skinker slowly arose, and began to cry most piteously. His companions then gathered about him, and compassionating his plight, turning an eye of indignation upon the victor; all promiscuously exclaimed, O fie, master Harry, I am quite ashamed; master Harry, you gave the first blow; it was you that gave the first blow, master Harry: to all which reproaches, Harry surlily replied, If I gave the first blow, he gave the first hurt.

Come, come, said my lord, there must be something more in this affair than we are yet acquainted with. Come hither, master Skinker, tell me the truth, my dear; what was it you did to Harry, that provoked him to strike you? Indeed, sir, said Skinker, I did not intend to hurt him so much. When I gave him one hand to strike, I held a pin within side in the other, but the pin ran up farther than I thought of. Go, go, said my lord, you deserve what you have got. You are an ill-hearted boy, and shall not come here to play any more.

My lady then called Harry, desired to look at his hand, and found the palm covered with blood. This she washed away, and, having found the wound, she put a small bit of black sticking silk to the orifice, and Harry instantly held himself as sound a man as ever.

It was then, that instead of exulting or crowing over his adversary, he began to relax into melancholy and dejection, and sideling over toward Skinker, and looking wistfully in his face, If, said Harry, with a trembling lip, you will kiss and be friends with me, I'll never beat you any more. To this overture, Skinker, with a silly reluctance, was persuaded by his companions; and from that moment, the victor began to gain ground in the heart and good graces both of father and mother.

Night now approached, the candles were lighted up, and the children took a short and slight repast. Master Dicky then privately whispering to his mamma, desired her not to be frightened at what she might see, and immediately withdrew. In a short time he returned, and gathering all his little companions in a group, in the centre of the parlour, held them awhile in chat; when, O tremendous! a back-door flew open, and in glided a most terrifying and horrible apparition; the body and limbs, from the neck downwards, were all wrapt in a winding-sheet; and the head, though fear could not attend to its form, appeared wholly illuminated with flames, that glared through the eyes, mouth, and nostrils.

At sight hereof, master Dicky, appearing the first to be frightened, screamed out, and ran behind his mamma's chair, as it were for protection; the panic grew instantly contagious, and all this host of little gentry, who were hereafter to form our senates, and to lead our armies, ran, shrieking and shivering, to hide themselves in holes, and to tremble in corners.

Our hero, alone, stood undaunted, though concerned; and, like an astronomer, who, with equal dread and attention, contemplates some sudden phenomenon in the heavens, which he apprehends to be sent as an ensign or forerunner to the fall of mighty states, or dispeopling of nations, so Harry, with bent and apprehensive brows, beheld and considered the approaching spectre.

He had never heard nor formed any idea of ghosts or hobgoblins, he therefore stood to deliberate what he had to fear from it. It still advanced upon him, nor had he yet budged; when his brother cried out from behind my lady's chair, Beat it, Harry, beat it. On the instant, Harry flew back to the corner next the Hall, and catching up his staff, the trophy of Shrove-Tuesday, he returned upon the spectre, and, aiming a noble blow at the illuminated sconce, he, at once, smashed the outward lanthorn, drove the candle, flame and all, into the mouth of him that held it; and opened his upper lip from the nose to the teeth. Out spouted the blood as from a spigot. The ghost clapped all the hands that he had to his mouth, and slunk away, to shew his friends in the kitchen, how he had been baffled and mauled by an infant of seven summers.

Heaven preserve us! cried my lady, we shall have nothing but broils and bloodshed in the house, while this child is among us.

Indeed, my dear, replied the earl, if there was any thing more than mere accident in this business, it was the fault of your favourite Dicky, who desired the boy to strike.

By this time, the little gentry came, all from their lurking holes, though yet pale and unassured; and, whatever contempt they might have for the intellects of Harry, they had, now, a very sincere veneration for his prowess.

Bed-time now approaching, and all being again settled, Harry, says my lord, you have been a very good boy to-day, and have joined with your companions in all their little plays: now, if you have any plays to shew them, I am sure they will have the good manners to do as you desire. What say you, Harry? have you any play to shew them? Yes, sir, said Harry, I have many of them; there's, first, leap-frog, and thrush-a-thrush. To it, then, Harry, says my lord; and pray, all you little gentlemen, do you observe his directions.

No sooner said than done. Harry took his companions, one by one, and causing them to stoop, with their heads toward the ground in a long line, and at certain distances each before the other, he returned to the tail, and taking the advantage of a short run to quicken his motion, he laid his hands on the rump of the hindmost, and vaulting lightly over him, he, with amazing rapidity, flew along the whole line, clearing a man at every motion, till he alighted before the foremost, and down he popt in the posture of those behind.

My lady, in utter astonishment, lifting up her hands and eyes, exclaimed: O the fine creature! O the graceful creature! if there was but a mind to match the body, there would not be such another boy in the universe.

Lord Richard, being now hindmost, was the next who adventured, and, with action enough, cleared his two first men; but then, having lost the advantage of his run, and his foreman being of more than ordinary size, he first struck upon his rump, and, pitching thence, broke his forehead against the floor. He got up, however, with a pleasant countenance, and, running along-side the line, set himself in his former posture before his brother. The hindmost then, and then the next, and so onward, took their turns, in succession, without any better success. The one bruised his shoulder,

another sprained his finger, another bumped his head, another broke his nose, &c. &c. So that in less than five minutes, my lady had got an hospital of her own, though not altogether consisting of incurables.

Now, spirits and vinegar, brown paper, black plaister, &c. were called for in a hurry; and, the several steeps and dressings being skilfully applied, the children were ordered to their respective beds; and nurse was prevailed upon to continue with Harry, till he should be reconciled to his new friends and associates.

Harry was now become a favourite, especially among the servants, who, in a manner adored him, since the adventure of the box and the hobgoblin.

FRIEND. Hobgoblin! in good time.—Nothing amazes me so much as the terrifying apprehensions that the world, from the beginning, has universally entertained of ghosts and spectres.

AUTHOR. Do you fear them?

F. No—I can't say—not much—something of this formerly. I should not like, even now, to lie alone, in a remote chamber of a ruinous castle, said to be haunted, and have my curtains at midnight, opened suddenly upon me by a death's head and bloody-bones. All nonsense, I know it; the early prejudices of a dastardly fancy—I fear, while I am convinced there is nothing to be feared. Do you think there is any such thing in nature as a spirit?

A. I know not that there is any such thing in nature as matter.

F. Not know there is any such thing as matter? you love to puzzle—to throw lets into the road of common sense—What else do you know? from what else can you form any idea?

A. The room is warm enough, more heat is needless. I know that thoughts and conceptions are raised in my mind; but, how they are raised, or that they are adequate images of things supposed to be represented, I know not.

What, if this something, or this nothing, called matter should be a shadow, a vacuum in respect of spirit, wholly resistless to it and pervadable by it? Or, what if it be no other than a various manifestation of the several good and evil qualities of spirit? if one infinite spirit, as is said, fills the universe, all other existence must be but as the space wherein he essentially abides and exists; indeed, they

could not be produced, or continued for a moment, but by his existing omnipotently, indivisibly, entirely, in and throughout every part.

F. This is new, very new—but I will not batter my brains against your castle—According to your thesis, when a man is apprehensive of a spirit or spectre, it is not of shadow but of substance that he is afraid.

A. Certainly; his principal apprehension arises from his believing it more sufficient, more powerful, and more formidable than himself.

F. Excuse me, there are more tremendous reasons. On the supposition of an engagement, those sort of invisible gentry have many advantages over us. They give a man no manner of fair play. They have you here, and have you there; and your best watch and ward is no better than fencing against an invisible flail.—But, seriously, do you think we have any innate fears of these matters?

A. All our fears arise from the sense of our own weakness, and of the power and inclination that others may have to hurt us.

F. If our horror of apparitions is not innate, how comes it to pass, that soldiers, that general officers, who dare all other danger; that heroes, who, like Brutus, have given death to themselves, or who have been led to execution without a changing cheek, have yet dreaded to lie alone, or to be left in the dark?

A. We all see that a spirit has vast power. Nothing else in truth can have any power at all. We perceive, by ourselves and others, with what ease it can act upon what we call matter; how it moves, how it lifts it. Perhaps, were our spirits detached from this distempered prison, to which the degeneracy of our fallen nature has confined them, they might more easily whirl a mountain through the atmosphere, than they can now cast a pebble into the air. The consideration of this power, when joined to malevolence, as is generally the case, becomes very tremendous. The stories told by nurses and gossips around a winter's fire, when the young auditors crouch closer and closer together, and dare not look about for fear of what may be behind them, leave impressions that no subsequent reason or religion can efface. The ideas of an apparition, on these occasions, are connected with all the horror of which infant imaginations can be susceptible; fangs, horns, a threatening mien, saucer

eyes, a flaming breath, and a deadly aspect. When children are told of fairies, who carry off people to dwell with them under ground; and of evil spirits, who snatch away soul and body together, to be their associates in regions of darkness and woe, the fear of such evils greatly surpasses those of death, as it weds misery to existence beyond the grave. On the contrary side, had spirits been originally represented to infants as beings of an amiable appearance, and as guardians benevolent and beneficent to man; had they further deigned to visit us under such representations, and had we experienced the advantage of their instructions and good offices, we should have met them with transport, and have parted with regret.

F. I observe that, as our female antiquarians drop off, our faith in spectres perceptibly decays. We have not the fiftieth story either propogated or believed, that was credited as gospel when I was a boy. What think you; is it for, or against religion, that such fables should get footing among mankind?

A. I never could think it for the interest of religion, that the providence of God should be elbowed, as it were, quite out of the world by a system of dæmonism. On the other hand, I take the Devil to be a personage of much more prudence, than to frighten his favourites from him, by assuming such horrid and disgusting appearances. He rather chuses to lurk behind temptation, in the allurements of beauty, the deceitfulness of smiles, the glossing of compliments, in revel and banqueting, in titles and honours, in the glitter of ornament, and in the pomp of state. When God sends his spirits on messages to man, there is a meaning of importance in the errand. Such was that of his angel to Manoah, for the delivery of a people; and to Zacharias and the blessed Virgin, for the redemption of human kind. But, when the devil is said to send his emissaries throughout the earth, on what errand does this arch politician employ them? even such as could suit no other than a dunce or driveller. I never yet heard of one of these missions that could be construed to any intention of cunning or common sense. I therefore hold the legends of his ghostly visitation to be altogether apochryphal.

F. Every man of common sense must be of the same opinion. And yet, have you known any persons wholly free from such prejudices, who made no distinction, on this fantastical article, between

darkness and mid-day, between a lonely charnel-house and a full assembly ?

A. I have ; but they were men of exceedingly strong nerves ; as also of exceedingly clear, or exceedingly callous consciences, which, coming from opposite points, equally met for the same purpose on this occasion.

Two travellers, the one a man of piety, the other a profligate, met at a country-inn, just as night came upon them. It was Hallow-tide-eve, the season, in those days, wherein the devils were said to keep high carnival, and when all the inhabitants of the visionary regions were supposed to revel and range throughout the earth at pleasure.

For want of better company, our travellers made up an acquaintance, and further cemented it by a jug of good liquor. The night was dark. The girls of the house had new washed their smocks, to be hung to the fire, and turned by the ghostly resemblances of their sweethearts ; and the conversation, in the kitchen, ran on many an authentic narrative of spectres, and particularly on the man in gibbets who hung by the road, and who was reported, between twelve and one at midnight, to descend from the gallows, and just take three turns about the old barn.

Do you believe any of this droll stuff ? said the profligate. I know not what to think, answered his pious companion ; I find all the world in the same story, and yet, as the saying is, I never saw any thing more frightful than myself. As for my share, said the profligate, I think I should not fear the great devil himself ; and indeed I should be glad to have a little chat with the old gentleman. Stout as you are, rejoined his companion, I will lay you a bet of five crowns, that you dare not warm a porringer of broth, and go and offer it without there, to the man in gibbets. I will depend on your honour for performance of articles. 'Tis done, cried the other. The bets were produced, and respectively deposited in the hands of my landlady.

Our pious traveller, who now began to be alarmed for his wager, stole slyly out, while his companion was busied heating the broth. He made up to the place where the deceased malefactor was taking the fresh air. The gallows was low, and, by the advantage of a bank behind, and his own agility, he leaped up, and fastened his

arms about the shoulders of the corpse, so that they both appeared but as one body.

He had just fixed himself to his mind, when up comes his companion, with the porringer and a stool. He directly mounted the stool, and reaching up a spoonful of broth to the mouth of the dead, with a firm and bold voice he cried, Sup, man! why don't you sup?

Scarce had these words been uttered, when fearful to hear! with a tone, deep as hell, and dismal as the grave, the man in gibbets replied—It i—s too ho—t: And damn you, why don't you blow it, then? rejoined the other.

F. My nerves will not admit of this for fact. The tale indeed is good, though such an instance of intrepidity in any mortal may be disputable. But, shall we never return to our story again?

A. It matters not how far we travel from it, since the magic of a wish can bring us back in a twinkling.

CHAPTER IV.

Harry visits his old friend—the folly of finery illustrated—Harry demolishes his dress—Mr. Meekly's introduction to the earl—conversation ensues—outward appearance deceiving—the origin of trade—its value and consequence considered—commerce supported by naval pre-eminence—disparity of stations considered—disappointment—disgrace—affection—instability of sublunary things—omniscience suspended—not to be doubted—Happiness, how attainable—the story of Damon and Pythias—remarkable instance of friendship—on the divine beatitude—account of the seige of Calais—the city capitulates—terms—the speech of Eustace St. Piere—six self-devoted victims—their sentence suspended—magnanimity—noble deliverance—the citizen's retire with presents—Mr. Meekly takes leave of Lord Clinton—a challenge—Harry espouses Richard's cause—returns conqueror—who are heroes—love of country displayed—Sancho Panza, his character as a governor—Heroism, its power abused—the indolent.

RUFFLED linen, laced hat, silk stockings, &c. had now been ordered for Harry, with a new suit of clothes, trimmed like those of your beau-insects, vulgarly called butterflies. They were tried on, in the presence of his parents, and highly approved by all, except Harry himself, who seemed, by his fidgetings, to be somewhat disgusted at this new kind of incumbrance. Harry, says my Lord, puts me in mind of the son of Jesse, in the armour of Saul, he has not yet approved them. Well, Harry, how do you like yourself? I don't know, not I, says Harry. But, papa, can you tell me what these things are for? In truth, Harry, you pose me. Won't people love me better, sir? Not a whit indeed, Harry, replied my lord. Lord help that little fool's head of thine, interposed my lady! if people won't love thee, they'll respect thee the more. Fool's head! repeated my lord, upon my soul the child has more sense than half of our nobility.

Harry had been now near a month with his parents, and, as his nurse had not yet parted, he was tolerably amenable to quality government. However, he pined in the absence of his dada, as he called him, and daily importuned my lord and lady to be permitted to go and see him: for, as Harry's heart told him that his bearded dada loved him better than all the world, so Harry loved him better than three worlds; for he was ever desirous of going thrice as far, in affection and good office, as any one went for him.

At length he obtained consent, and was conducted, by his nurse, in all his finery, on a visit to his dear dada.

Their meeting was accompanied by tears of joy on both sides; when the old gentleman, struck with concern at the garb in which he saw his darling, cried out, And who, my dear, put this fool's coat upon my child? Fool's coat, sir? says Harry. Yes, my love, it is worse than all that: they were very naughty doctors who have endeavoured to poison my boy. There is not a bit of all this lace and ruffling, that is not full of rank poisons; I will tell you a story, my Harry.

There was once upon a time, a very good and very clever boy, called Hercules. As he grew up, besides his prayers and his book, he was taught to run, and leap; to ride, wrestle, and cudgel; and

though he was able to beat all the boys in the parish, he never used to hurt or quarrel with any of them. He did not matter cold, nor hunger, not what he eat, nor what he drank; nor how, nor where he lay; and he went always dressed in the skin of a wild beast, that could bear all winds and weathers, and that he could put on or off at pleasure; for he knew that his dress was no part of himself, and could neither add to him, nor take away any thing from him.

When this brave boy came to man's estate, he went about the world, doing good in all places; helping the weak, and feeding the hungry; and clothing the naked, and comforting those that cried, and beating all those that did hurt or wrong to others; and all good people loved him with their whole hearts, and all naughty people feared him terribly.

But, O sad and dismal! a lady, whom he had saved from great hurt and shame, made him a present of a new coat, which was called a shirt in those days, as they wore it next the skin. And now, my Harry, take notice. The lady had covered his coat, all over, with laces, and with ruffles, and with beads of glass, and such other fooleries; so that poor Hercules looked just as fine as you do now. And he turned him to this side, and he turned him to that side, and he began to think more and better of himself, because he had got this fool's coat upon him. And the poison of it entered into his body and into his mind, and brought weakness and distempers upon the one and the other. And he grew so fond of it, that he could not bear to have it put off; for he thought that to part with it, would be to part with his flesh from his bones. Neither would he venture out in the rain any more; nor box, nor wrestle with any body, for fear of spoiling his fine coat. So that in time he lost the love and the praises of every body; and all people scorned him, and pointed at him for a fool and coxcomb, as he went by.

For some time, after the old gentleman had finished his story, the child continued to gaze up at him, with fixed eyes and open mouth, as fearful of losing any syllable that he might utter; till, recollecting himself, he cried out, O this is a very sad case, indeed; I wish my coat was burnt, so I do; but don't fear for me, dada. Why, how then, Harry; replied his patron. Why, I may find a trick for all this, dada; I warrant you never see me in this ugly coat again.

After this, and some other instructions and mutual endearments,

nurse pressed to be gone ; and these two fond friends were compelled to sunder, with a promise, on Harry's part, of a speedy return.

For some time after his arrival at the mansion-house, Harry appeared thoughtful, and greatly dejected, which they ascribed to his parting with his old friend ; but Harry had schemes in his head, that they were little able to fathom or guess at. Having peeped about for some time, he found a knife in a window, which he instantly seized upon, and then stole up, with all possible privacy, to his apartment.

There he stript himself in a hurry, and, falling as quickly to work, began to cut and rip, and rend away the lacings of his suit, without sparing cloth or seam. While he was thus in the heat and very middle of his business, he heard himself repeatedly called on the stairs, and hurrying on his clothes to obey the summons, he ran down to the parlour, with half the trimmings hanging in fritters and tatters about him.

The droll and very extraordinary figure that he cut, struck all the company into utter amazement. Having gazed on him for some time, in a kind of silent stupor, Why Harry, cries my lady, what's all this for? who abused you, my child? who put you in this pickle? come hither, and tell me, who spoiled your clothes? I did, madam. You did, sirrah, cried the lady, giving him a shake, and how dare you spoil them? Why, because they wanted to spoil me, said Harry. And who told you they would spoil you, sirrah? I won't tell you, said Harry. I'll lay a wager, cried my lady, that it was that old rogue with the beard; but I'll have him whipt for a knave and a fool out of the parish. Pray, my dear, be patient a little, said his lordship. Come here, Harry, and tell me the truth, stoutly, and no harm shall happen to you, or your dada with the beard. Come, speak, what fault did he find with your clothes? Why, sir, he said as how they would poison me. Poison you, my dear; pray how was that? Why, sir, he told me, as how there was a little master, called Hercules, and as how he was a mighty good boy, and was cold and hungry, and almost naked, and did not matter, so as he could do good to every body; and as how every body loved him with all their heart. And then he told me as how he got a mighty fine coat, and looked here, and

looked there, and minded nothing but his coat ; and as how his coat poisoned him, and would not let him do any more good ; and as how all the boys then hated him, and threw dirt upon him, sir,—and as how—I believe that's all, sir.

Here my lord and lady took such a chink of laughing, that it was some time before they could recover ; while Harry looked abashed and disconcerted. But my lord recollecting himself, taking the child on his knee, and warmly pressing him to his bosom, I must tell you, my Harry, said he, as you are a mighty good boy, and as how your dada with a beard is a mighty good dada, and has told you all that is right and true. And that I will go myself, one of these days, and thank him in person. Thank you, sir, says Harry.

Well, Harry, said my lord, I promise that no one shall poison you any more, with my consent. Whereupon another new suit was immediately appointed, of a kind that should fear no weather, nor in case of dirt or damage, draw upon Harry the resentment or admonitions of his mamma.

Just as dinner was served up, Mr. Meekly entered and took his seat. He came in order to conciliate a late difference between the Earl and Sir Standish Stately ; and in this he found no manner of difficulty, as my lord was, by nature, of a kindly disposition, and required no more than a first advance to be reconciled to any man.

During the entertainment, Harry kept his eyes fixed on Mr. Meekly ; and, as soon as the cloth was off, he rose, went over to him, looked fondly in his face, and took hold of his hand, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

Mr. Meekly, said my lord, my son Harry pays you a very particular and very deserved compliment ; he puts me in mind of that sort of instinct, by which a strange dog is always sure to discover, and to apply to the most benevolent person at table. Indeed, my lord, said Mr. Meekly, (caressing the child) I know not whether by instinct, or by what other name to call my own feelings ; but certain it is, that the first moment I saw him in his little peasant petticoats, I found my heart strongly affected toward him.

In a short time my lady retired with the children, and left the earl and Mr. Meekly over a temperate bottle. Mr. Meekly, said my lord, (taking him cordially by the hand) I rejoice at the advantage of our late acquaintance, or rather I repine that it was not

earlier. I am greatly interested, Sir, in asking you a few questions, if I thought I might do it without offence. Are you any way straightened in your circumstances? No, my lord.—But would you not wish them more affluent? would you not wish that your power of doing good were more extensive,—more answerable to the benevolence of your own inclinations?—I cannot say that I would, my lord, I have upwards of seven hundred a year clear income; and that is considerably more than I have occasion to expend.—It would be indelicate, replied the earl, very indelicate, to own, that I am sorry for your prosperity; and yet I find that I should have been happy in your distress, in the power it would have given me to serve, to oblige you. I want a friend, just such a friend as Mr. Meekly; and I know of no price at which I would not gladly purchase him.—My lord, I am your's; freely, affectionately your's, without fee or condition. Sir, rejoined my lord, as I find that I cannot make out a title to your particular attachment, I am content to be taken into the general circle of your benevolence.

The world, Mr. Meekly, think me the happiest of men; blessed in my family, in my friends; with health, honours, affluence; with the power of gratifying every wish that human fancy can form; but, alas! my sensations are very far from affirming their judgment of these matters; and I will deserve your advice, your consolation, if you can afford it, by unbosoming myself to you without reserve.

When I reflect on my past life, I look on many parts of it with repentance, and on the whole with regret. Not that I wish the return of pleasures, that I now despise, or of years spent in a manner that virtue and common sense must equally disapprove; but I am arrived at my evening of life; like a sportsman, who, having been in pursuit of game all the day, returns homeward, sorrowful, fatigued, and disappointed. With every advantage that could gratify either my vanity or my appetites, I cannot affirm that I ever tasted of true enjoyment; and I now well perceive, that I was kept from being miserable, merely by amusement and dissipation.

As I had the misfortune to be born to a title and a vast estate, all people respected, in me, the possession of those objects which they themselves were in pursuit of. I was, consequently, beset with sycophants and deceivers of all sorts, and thereby trained, from my infancy, to unavoidable prejudices, errors, and false esti-

mates of every thing. I was not naturally ill-disposed, but I was perpetually seduced from all my better tendencies.

Both my parents died before I arrived at those years, wherein our laws allow of any title to discretion. I had but one brother. O that dear brother, how many sighs he has cost me! I was older than him by about seven years; and this disparity of age, together with the elevating notion of my birthright, gave me the authoritative airs of a father, without a father's tenderness towards him. This mutually prevented that cordiality, that sympathy, as I may say, by which brothers should be cemented during their minority. And when our guardian, as I then judged, had so far betrayed his trust, as to bind my brother apprentice to a trader, and thereby to deprive him of title to all gentility, I looked upon him as a branch cut off from the family-tree; and, as my thoughts about him were accompanied by coldness or disgust, I forbore to make any inquiry concerning him.

I am apt to think, however, that he was not equally unnatural on his part; but hearing of the dissolute life I led, on my return from travel, he might justly deem me unworthy of his acquaintance or notice.

During the time of my intimacy with his late majesty, and the ministers of his pleasure and policy, a servant brought me word, that a gentleman, attended by a number of the principal citizens, waited for me in my anti-chamber; whereupon I gave orders for their immediate introduction.

On their entrance, I was awfully struck with the presence of their principal,—with the elegance of his figure, the nobleness of his aspect, and ease of his address; and I felt myself drawn to him by a sudden kind of instinctive attachment.

My lord, says he, we wait upon you, in the name of the very respectable body of the citizens of London: some infringements have been lately made on their city-charter, and their first application is to your lordship, as they wish, above all others, to be obliged to you for their redress.

They have been very discreet, said I, in their choice of an advocate. Their demands must be exorbitant, if they fail of success while you are their solicitor.

This paper, proceeded he, contains a clear detail of their rights, and the encroachments that have been made thereon. They ar

sensible of your lordship's interest with his majesty and the ministry, and they humbly petition for your favour and happy influence in their behalf.

Without papers, I replied, or any inducement, save that of your own request, let me but know what I am to do, and I shall think myself truly honoured and obliged by your commands.

My lord, he rejoined, I do not wish to betray you into any mistaken or unmerited complaisance. I am but a trader, a citizen of the lower order.

I now felt myself blush with shame and disappointment; I resented my being deceived by the dignity of his appearance; and I was more particularly piqued by the sarcastical kind of smile with which he closed his declaration. All confused, I looked down, and pretended to cast my eye over the paper, in order to gain time for recollection. Having, at intervals, muttered a few words, such as charters, grants, privileges, immunities, and so forth, I am not, said I, an enemy to the lower ranks of men; poor people must live; and their service, as well as subordination, is necessary to society; but I confess I was always fond of those sumptuary laws, that confined the degrees of men to their respective departments, and prevented mechanics from counfounding themselves with gentlemen.

My lord, says he, with the most easy and provoking unconcern, when you shall be pleased to look down from the superiority of your station, and to consider things and persons according to their merits, you will not despise some merely for being of use to others. The wealth, prosperity, and importance of all this world, are founded and erected on three living pillars—the TILLER of the ground, the MANUFACTURER, and the MERCHANT. Of these, the tiller is supposed to be the least respectable, as he requires the least of genius, invention, or address; and yet the ploughman, Triptolemus, was worshipped as a god; and the ploughman, Cincinnatus, is still held in as high esteem as any peer of the realm, save that of Great Britain.

I have known, said I, a mob of such gods and dictators somewhat dangerous at times. I must be free to tell you, Mister, that matters are much changed since princesses kept sheep, and the sons of kings were cow-herds. The ranks and orders of men are

now appointed and known, and one department must not presume to break in upon the other. My baker, barber, brewer, butcher, hatter, hosier, and tailor, are, unquestionably of use, though I have not the honour of being acquainted with one of them; and, hitherto, I have deemed it sufficient to send my servants to entertain and pay them their bills, without admitting them to a *tete-a-tete*, as at present.

He now rejoined, with a little warmth,—My lord, we pardon your indelicacy in consideration of your error. The venerable body, now present, might be admitted to a *tete-a-tete* with the first estate of this kingdom, without any condescension on the part of majesty. And, would you allow yourself to be duly informed, I should soon make you sensible, that we have actually done you the honour which we intended by this visit.

Permit me to repeat, that the wealth, prosperity, and importance of every thing upon earth arises from the **TILLER**, the **MANUFACTURER**, and the **MERCHANT!** and that, as nothing is truly estimable, save in proportion to its utility, these are, consequently, very far from being contemptible characters. The tiller supplies the manufacturer, the manufacturer supplies the merchant, and the merchant supplies the world with all its wealth. It is thus that industry is promoted, arts invented and improved, commerce extended, superfluities mutually vended, wants mutually supplied; that each man becomes an useful member of society; that societies become further of advantage to each other; and that states are enabled to pay and dignify their upper servants with titles, rich revenues, principalities and crowns.

The merchant, above all, is extensive, considerable, and respectable, by his occupation. It is he who furnishes every comfort, convenience, and elegance of life; who carries off every redundancy, who fills up every want; who ties country to country, and clime to clime, and brings the remotest regions to neighbourhood and converse; who makes man to be, literally, the lord of the creation, and gives him an interest in whatever is done upon earth; who furnishes to each the product of all lands, and the labours of all nations; and this knits into one family, and weaves into one web, the affinity and brotherhood of all mankind.

I have no quarrel, I cried, to the high and mighty my lords, the

merchants, if each could be humbly content with the profits of his profession, without forming themselves into companies, exclusive of their brethren, our itinerant merchants and pedlars. I confess myself an enemy to the monopolies of your chartered companies and city-corporations; and I can perceive no evil consequence to the public, or the state, if all such associations were this instant dissolved.

Permit me, he mildly replied, once for all, to set your lordship right in this matter. I am sensible that the gentlemen of large landed properties, are apt to look upon themselves as the pillars of the state, and to consider their interests, and the interests of the nation, as very little beholden to, or dependant on, trade; though the fact is, that those very gentlemen, would lose nine parts in ten of their yearly returns, and the nation, nine-tenths of her yearly revenues, if industry and the arts (promoted, as I said, by commerce) did not raise the products of lands, to ten fold their natural value. The manufacturer, on the other hand, depends on the landed interest nothing, save the materials of his craft; and the merchant, is wholly independent of all lands, or rather, he is the general patron thereof. I must further observe to your lordship, that this beneficent profession, is by no means confined to individuals, as you would have it. Large societies of men, nay, mighty nations, may, and have been merchants. When societies incorporate for such a worthy purpose, they are formed as a foetus within the womb of the mother—a constitution within the general state or constitution; their particular laws and regulations ought, always, to be comfomable to those of the national system; and, in that case, such corporations greatly conduce to the peace and good order of cities and large towns, and to the general power and prosperity of the nation.

A nation, that is, a merchant has no need of an extent of land, as it can derive to itself subsistence from all parts of the globe. Tyre, was situated in a small island, on the coast of Phœnicia, and yet that single city contained the most flourishing, opulent, and powerful nation in the universe; a nation, that long withstood the united forces of the three first monarchies, brought against her by Nebuchadnezzar, and Alexander the Great. The seven united provinces, do not contain land sufficient for the subsistence of one third of their inhabitants; but they are a nation of merchants; the world

furnishes them with an abundance of all good things ; by commerce, they have arrived at empire ; they have assumed to themselves the principality of the ocean ; and, by being lords of the ocean, are, in a measure, become the proprietors of all lands.

Should England ever open her eyes to her own interest, she will follow the same prosperous and ennobling profession, she will conform to the consequences of her situation. She will see that, without a naval pre-eminence, she cannot be safe, and that, without trade, her naval power cannot be supported. Her glory will also, flow from this source of her interests, and a sail-yard, will become the highest sceptre of her dignity. She will then find, that a single triumph of her flag, will be more available for her prosperity, than the conquest of the four continents ; that her pre-eminence by sea, will carry and diffuse her influence over all lands ; and, that universal influence, is universal dominion.

Avarice, my lord, may pile ; robbery may plunder ; new mines may be opened ; hidden treasure may be discovered ; gamesters may win cash ; conquerors may win kingdoms ; but all such means of acquiring riches, are transient and determinable : while industry and commerce, are the natural, the living, the never-failing fountains, from whence the wealth of this world can, alone, be taught to flow.

And can you, cried I, have the effrontery to insinuate, a preference of yourself, and your fellow-cits, to our British nobles and princes, who derive their powers and dignities, from the stedfast extent of their landed possessions ? was it by barter and bargain, that our Edwards and Henrys, achieved their conquests on the continent ? or was it by pedlars or mechanics, think you, that the fields of Cressy, of Poitiers, and Agincourt, are rendered immortal ? go, I continued, seek elsewhere for redress of your insignificant grievances ; we give little to sturdy beggars, but nothing to saucy rivals.

Wholly kindled by this invective, he cast on me a fierce and menacing aspect ; and, with a severe accent, and a side-glance that shot fire, When courtiers, says he, acquire common sense, and lords shall have learned to behave themselves like gentlemen, I may do such an one the honour to acknowledge him for a brother.

Your brother ! exclaimed Mr. Meekly, your brother, my lord.

——Yes, Mr. Meekly, my brother, my amiable, my very amiable

and honourable brother, indeed. But turning contemptuously from him, he instantly departed with his attending citizens.

I ought to have followed; I ought to have stayed him. I should have fallen upon his neck; with my tears and caresses I should have wrung a pardon from him, and not have suffered him to leave me, till, by submissions, I had obtained full forgiveness. This, indeed, was my first emotion; but the recollection of my long and unnatural neglect, my utter disregard of his person and concerns, now aggravated by my late insults, persuaded me that a reconciliation on his part was impossible.

I remained disconcerted, and greatly disturbed. I felt, with what pride and transport, I should now have acknowledged, have courted, have clasped this brother to my bosom; but my fancy, represented him as ice in my arms, as shrinking and turning from me with disgust and disdain. At times, I formed a hundred schemes toward recovering his affections; but, again, rejecting these as ineffectual, I endeavoured to console myself for his loss, by considering his late demeanour as exceedingly faulty, and expressive of a disposition insufferably proud and overbearing. My heart, indeed, acknowledged how very lovely he was in his person; but the superiority of his talents, and the refinement of his manners, gave him a distinction, that was not altogether so grateful.

All day I kept my apartment, in displeasure at my brother, myself, and the world. The next morning I was informed, that the moment he left me, he went to the minister, who engaged, at his instance, to have every grievance that he complained of, redressed to its extent: that the minister had afterwards introduced him to his majesty in full levee, that the king held him in long and familiar conversation, and that all the court was profuse of their admiration and praises of Mr. Clinton.

This also was fresh matter of triumph to him, and mortification to me, was intended merely to do me peculiar honour; and in return, said I to myself, I have endeavoured to cover him with confusion and disgrace. Yet, when I understood that he had disdained to mention me as his brother, or of his blood, I also scorned to derive lustre from any claim of affinity with him; and I further felt, that I could not forgive him the reproaches, which he constrained me to give myself in his behalf.

From that time, I took great pains to dissipate, or surpress those uneasy sensations, which the remembrance of him gave me. But after I had married, and retired from the glare and bustle of the world, and more particularly on the birth of my first child, when my heart had entered into a new sphere of domestic feelings, this dear brother returned with double weight upon my mind. Yet this idea, was no longer accompanied by envy or resentment, but by an affectionate and sweet, though paining remorse.

I wrote him a letter, full of penitential submissions, and of tender and atoning prayers, for pardon and reconciliation. But, alas! my messenger returned with tidings, that some years past he had withdrawn from trade, had retired to France or Holland, had dropt all correspondence, and that no one in England knew whether he was dead or alive.

Ah, my brother! my dear brother! (I would often repeat to myself) has any reverse of fortune happened to you, my brother; some domestic calamity, some heavy distress, perhaps, and no brother at hand to console or share your afflictions! Return to me, divide my heart, divide my fortune with me and mine! alas, wretch that I am, you know not that you have a brother, one deserving that name! You know not that this bosom of flint is now humanized, and melted down in the fervour of affection toward you. You hate me, you despise me, my amiable brother! how, now, shall I make you sensible, that my heart is full of your image, of esteem, of tenderest love, for my lovely Harry Clinton?

I again sent other messengers in search of intelligence, and procured letters to the bankers, and merchants, of principal note abroad; but all my solitudes and inquiries, were equally fruitless.

The grief that this occasioned, first taught me to reflect, and cast a shade over the lustre of every object around me. The world, no more appeared as that world which formerly had held out happiness to either hand. I no longer beheld it through the perspective of curiosity, or youthful desire; I had worn out all its gaities; for me it had nothing more to promise, or bestow; and yet I saw no better prospects, no other resource.

Should I turn to religion, a little observation taught me, that the devotees themselves were warm in pursuit of objects of which I was tired; that they were still subjects, to the passions and desires

of the world; and were no way to be distinguished from other men, save by an unsociable reserve, or gloomy cast of countenance.

May I venture to confess to you, Mr. Meekly, that, at times of my despondence, I dared to call the justice and wisdom of Omnipotence into question. Take this world (said I to myself), consider it as it seems to stand, independent of any other, and no one living can assign a single end or purpose for which it could be made. Men are even as their fellow-insects; they rise to life, exert their lineaments, and flutter abroad during the summer of their little season; then droop, die away, and are succeeded in an insignificant rotation. Even, the first human establishments, the best laboured systems of policy, can scarcely boast a nobler fate, or longer duration: the mightiest states and nations perish like individuals; in one leaf we read their history, we admire their achievements, we are interested in their successes; but, proceeding to the next, and no more than a name is left: the Ninevehs and Babylons of Asia are fallen; the Spartans and Athens of Greece are no more; and the monuments that promised to endure to eternity, are erased like the mount of land, which yesterday the children cast up on the shore.

When I behold this stupendous expanse, so sumptuously furnished with a profusion of planets and luminaries, revolving in appointed courses, and diversifying the seasons, I see a work that is altogether worthy of a God. Again, when I descend to earth, and look abroad upon the infinite productions of nature, upon provisions, so amply answering to the wants of every living being, and on objects and organs so fitted to each other, I trace a complicated maze of wisdom, bounty, and benevolence: but when I see all these beauties and benefits counteracted by some adverse and destructive people; when the heavens gather their clouds, and roll their thunders above, and the earth begins to quake, and open beneath us; when the air, that seemed so late to be the breath and balm of life, grows pregnant with a variety of pests, plagues and poisons; when life itself is found to be no other than the storehouse, or habitation of death; and that all vegetable and animal systems include, within their frame, the principles of inevitable distemper, and dissolution; when, additional to all these natural mischiefs, I consider the extent and empire of moral evil upon earth; when I behold the

wretched, perishable, short-lived animal, called Man, for the value of some matter of property, as transient as himself, industrious and studious of the destruction of his species; when, not content with the evils that nature has entailed upon him, man exerts all his talents for multiplying and speeding the means of perdition to man; when I see half the world employed in pushing the other half from the verge of existence, and then dropping after in an endless succession of malevolence and misery, I cannot possibly reconcile such contrasts and contradictions to the agency, or even permission, of the one over-ruling principle of goodness, called GOD.

Could not Omniscience foresee such consequences at creation? Unquestionably, said Mr. Meekly.

Might he not have ordered matters so, as to have prevented the possibility of any degree of natural or moral evil in his universe?—I think he might, my lord.—Why did he not prevent them? To what end could he permit such multiplied malevolence and misery among his creatures?—For ends, certainly, my lord, infinitely worthy both of his wisdom and his goodness.—I am desirous it should be so; but cannot conceive, cannot reach the way or means of compassing such an intention.

Can you not suppose, said Mr. Meekly, that evil may be admitted for accomplishing the greater and more abundant good? May not partial and temporary malevolence and misery be finally productive of universal, durable, and unchangeable beatitude? May not the universe, even now, be in the pangs of travail, of labour for such a birth, such a blessed consummation?

It were, rejoined the earl, as our Shakespeare says, it were indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished! But, might not omnipotence have brought about a consummation equally good, without any intervention of preceding evil?—Had that been possible, my lord, it would, unquestionably, have been effected. But if certain relations arise between God and his creatures, and between man and man, which could not arise, save on the previous supposition of evil, without which, indeed, neither the attributes of God himself, nor the insufficiency, dependance, or obligation of the creature, could have been duly discoverable throughout eternity; then temporary evil becomes indispensably necessary to the consequence and consummation of the greatest good.

Your notion, exclaimed the earl, is great, amazing, truly glorious; and every way worthy of a God, who, in such a case, would be infinitely worthy of all worship. Is this the reason, Mr. Meekly, that what we all so earnestly seek for, is no where to be found; that no portion or taste of happiness is to be had upon earth?

I do not say so, my lord; I think that a man, even on earth, may be occasionally, nay, durably, and exceedingly happy.

What, happy! durably, exceedingly happy! repeated the earl. I was told that the experience of ages, that the philosophy and even divinity, had agreed with Solomon in this, that all upon earth was vanity and vexation of spirit! If any may enjoy happiness on this side the great consummation that you speak of, I am persuaded, Mr. Meekly, that you yourself are the man. Your lips, indeed, say nothing of the matter; but neither your eyes, nor your aspect, can restrain the expressions of some extraordinary peace that abides within. O say, then, my dear, my estimable friend, whence, how, by what means, may a man arrive at happiness?—By getting out of himself, my lord.

Out of himself, Mr. Meekly! you astonish me greatly. A contradiction in terms unnatural, impossible!—God, himself, my lord, cannot make a man happy in any other way, either here, or hereafter.

It is, said the earl, an established maxim among all thinking men, whether divines or philosophers, that SELF-LOVE is the motive to all human actions. Virtue forbid! exclaimed Mr. Meekly. All actions are justly held good or evil, base or honourable, detestable or amiable, merely according to their motives: but, if the motive is the same to all, there is an end, at once, to the possibility of virtue; the cruel and the kind, the faithful and the perfidious, the prostitute and the patriot, are confounded together.

Do not all men, returned the earl, act agreeable to their own propensities and inclinations? Do they not act so, or so, merely because it pleases them so to act? and is not this pleasure the same motive in all?—By no means, my lord, it never was, nor can be, the motive in any. We must go a question deeper, to discover the secret principle or spring of action. One man is pleased to do good, another is pleased to do evil; now, whence is it that each is pleased with purposes in their nature so opposite and irrecon-

cileable? Because, my lord, the propensities or motives to action, in each, are as opposite and irreconcilable as the actions themselves: the one is prompted, and therefore pleased with his purpose of doing evil to others, through some base prospect of interest redounding to himself: the other is prompted and spurred, and therefore pleased with his purpose of endangering his person, or suffering in his fortune, through the benevolent prospect of the good that shall thereby redound to others.

Pleasure is, itself, an effect, and cannot be the cause, or principle, or motive to any thing; it is an agreeable sensation that arises, in any animal, on its meeting or contemplating an object that is suited to its nature. As far as the nature of such an animal is evil, evil objects can alone affect it with pleasure; as far as the nature of such an animal is good, the objects must be good whereby its pleasures are excited.

When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself to surance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the self-mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose on the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to the defect of head, merely, and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, rallied him some time on his madness in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself: My lord, said Pythias, with a

firm voice and noble aspect, I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But, I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours; and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, a thousand times of more consequence, more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country! O, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!

Dionysius was confounded, and awed by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered; he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth, but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him; he hesitated, he would have spoken, but he looked down, and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner.

Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and beholding, for some time, the apparatus of his death, he turned with a pleased countenance, and addressed the assembly.

My prayers are heard, he cried: the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday; Damon could not come, he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood, which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O, could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man, for whom I am about to suffer; I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal! be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend would be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will speedily approve it, that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I haste to prevent his speed; executioner, to your office.

As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words: and, Stop, stop the execution! was repeated by the whole assembly.

A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced.

You are safe, he cried; you are safe, my friend, my beloved; the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer; and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.

Pale, cold, and half speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents,—Fatal haste!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—but, I will not be wholly disappointed—since I can die to save, I will not survive you!

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assents to truths so incontestibly approved by their facts.

He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. Live, live, ye incomparable pair! he exclaimed. Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue, and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy! live renowned! and O, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship!

You bring your arguments quite home, Mr. Meekly, said the earl; the understanding cannot reject what the heart so sensibly feels. My soul deeply acknowledges the existence of virtue, with its essential and inherent difference from vice; and this difference, I acknowledge, must as necessarily be founded in the difference of the principles from whence they proceed: but what those principles are, I know not; and am equally a stranger to what you intend by a man's getting out of himself in order to happiness. What am I to understand by the term SELF, Mr. Meekly?

Every particle of matter, my lord, has a SELF, or distinct iden-

tity, inasmuch as it cannot be any other particle of matter. Now, while it continues in this its state of SELFISHNESS, or absolute distinction, it is utterly useless and insignificant, and is to the universe as though it was not. It has, however, a principle of attraction (analogous or answerable to desire in the mind) whereby it endeavours to derive to itself the powers and advantages of all other portions of matter. But when the DIVINE INTELLIGENCE hath harmonized certain quantities of such distinct particles into certain animal or vegetable systems, this principle of attraction, in each, is overcome; for each becomes attracted, and drawn, as it were, from SELF; each yields up its powers to the benefit of the whole; and then, and then only, becomes capable and productive of shape, colouring, beauty, flowers, fragrance, and fruits.

Be pleased now to observe, my lord, that this operation in matter, is no other than a manifestation of the like process in mind; and that no soul was ever capable of any degree of virtue and happiness, save so far as it is drawn away in its affections from SELF; save so far as it is engaged in wishing, contriving, endeavouring, promoting, and rejoicing in the welfare and happiness of others.

It is, therefore, that the kingdom of heaven is most aptly, and most beautifully compared to a tree bearing fruit, and diffusing odours, whose root is the PRINCIPLE of infinite benevolence, and whose branches are the blessed members, receiving consummate beatitude from the act of communication.

I think, indeed, said the earl, that I can form some sort of a notion of such a society in heaven. But it would pose you, Mr. Meekly, to exemplify your position from any body of men that ever were upon earth.

Pray, pardon me, my lord; the states of Sparta and Rome derived their lustre and power, their whole pre-eminence and praise, from this principle of communication, which, in them, was called love of country. But this beautifying principle, was still more eminently instanced in the society of the church of Jerusalem, who had all things in common; who imparted their possessions to all men, as every man had need; and thence, did eat their common bread with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all people.

You say, my lord, that you can form a notion of some such excellence in heaven; but I can form no notion of any excellence more admirable, in heaven itself, than when a man, in his present state of frail and depraved nature, overbears his personal fears of pain and mortality, and yields up his body to assured perdition, for public good, or for the sake of those whom it delighteth him to preserve.

I shall pass over the instances of the Roman Regulus, and the Decii, as also that of Leonidas, and his three hundred Spartans, who devoted their lives for the liberties of Greece: was that candidate less a hero, who, being rejected from being one of these self-devoted, exclaimed, "The gods be praised that there are three hundred, in Sparta, better men than myself!" But I come nearer our own times, and our own nation, to exemplify this disregard of SELF, the vital source and principle of every virtue, in six mechanics, or craftsmen, of the city of Calais.

Edward the Third, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day, the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, lightly erected, out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission; but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcasses of their starved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbish in search of vermin. They fed on boiled leather, and the weeds of exhausted gardens; and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, count Vienne was taken prisoner;

and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Eustace St. Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated, to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He answered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and natural sovereign: that, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement, for that spirit of rebellion, with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this disconsolate city, were convened in the great square, and, like men arraigned at a tribunal, from whence there was no appeal, expected, with beating hearts, the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for, how should they desire to be saved at the price promised? whom had they to deliver, save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence? To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:

‘My friends, we are brought to the greatest straits this day. We must either submit to the terms of our cruel conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives, and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery.

‘We all know what the tyrant intends, by all his specious offers

‘ of mercy. It will not satiate his vengeance to make us merely
 ‘ miserable, he would also make us criminal, he would make us
 ‘ contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition, save that of
 ‘ being unworthy of it.

‘ Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons
 ‘ whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety.
 ‘ Which of these would ye appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter?
 ‘ Are there any here, who have not watched for you, who has not
 ‘ fought for you, who have not bled for you? who, through the length
 ‘ of this inveterate siege, have not suffered fatigues and miseries, a
 ‘ thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might sur-
 ‘ vive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then,
 ‘ whom you would destine to destruction? you will not, you cannot
 ‘ do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such treason impossible.

‘ Where, then, is our resource? Is there any expedient left, where
 ‘ by we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desola-
 ‘ tion and horrors of a sacked city on the other? There is, my
 ‘ friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a
 ‘ god-like expedient? Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than
 ‘ life? let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people!
 ‘ he shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that power, who
 ‘ offered up his only son, for the salvation of mankind.’

He spoke—but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked
 around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others,
 which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted
 the resolution.

At length, Saint Pierre resumed—“It had been base in me, my
 “ fellow citizens, to propose any matter of damage to others, which
 “ I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person.
 ‘ But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference
 ‘ and estimation, which might attend a first offer on so signal an
 ‘ occasion. For, I doubt not, but there are many here as ready, nay,
 ‘ more zealous of this martyrdom, than I can be, however modesty
 ‘ and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from
 ‘ being foremost in exhibiting their merits.

‘ Indeed, the station to which the captivity of Vienne has un-
 ‘ happily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my

‘life for your sakes. I give it freely, I give it cheerfully—who comes next?’

‘Your son! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity.—Ah, my child! cried Saint Pierre, I am, then, twice sacrificed.—But, no—I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are few, but full, my son; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends?—This is the hour of heroes?—Your kinsman, cried John de Aire! your kinsman, cried James Wissant! your kinsman, cried Peter Wissant!—Ah, exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, why was not I a citizen of Calais?’

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied, by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting! what a scene! they crowded, with their wives and children, about Saint Pierre and his fellow-prisoners; they embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them; they groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning, passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

The English, by this time, were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion; each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals, to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed

down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity, than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, Mauny, says the monarch, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, says Mauny; they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord; if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling. Where they delivered peaceably? says Edward; was there no resistance, no commotion among the people? Not in the least, my lord, the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their heads, as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter, but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. Experience, says he, hath ever shewn, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensibly necessary to deter subjects, into submission, by punishment and example. Go, he cried to an officer, lead these men to execution! your rebellion, continued he, addressing himself to Saint Pierre, your rebellion against me, the natural heir of the crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.—We have nothing to ask of your majesty, said Eustace, save what you cannot refuse us.—What is that?—Your esteem, my lord, said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived, with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken the king captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. My lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects a matter more estimable, than the lives of all the natives of France; it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.

You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

They have behaved themselves worthily; they have behaved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor and indispensable pardon.

I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and efficacious of your enemies. They, alone, have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desires, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?

But, if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarnished thereby! would it not be said, that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and that the objects, whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind. The stage on which they should suffer, would be, to them, a stage of honour; but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests, a dark and indelible disgrace to his name!

No, my lord; let us rather disappoint the saucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires: in the place of that death, by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.

I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so, cried Edward—prevent the execution; have them instantly before us!

They came: when the queen, with an aspect and accent diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:

Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais! ye have put us to

vast expence of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You, noble burghers, you, excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood, or title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those, whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like your's, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those, whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

Yet, we would rather bind you to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we offer to your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.

Ah! my country, exclaimed Saint Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts.

Brave Saint Pierre, said the queen, wherefore look ye so dejected?—Ah, madam! replied Saint Pierre, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.

Here a long pause ensued. At length the earl recollected himself. Mr. Meekly, said he, you have now proved to me your position more effectually, more convincingly, than all the powers of ratiocination could possibly do. While you related the story of these divine citizens, I was imperceptibly stolen away, and won entirely from SELF. I entered into all their interests, their passions, and affections; and was wrapt, as it were, into a new world of delightful sensibilities. Is this what you call virtue, what you call happiness?

A good deal of it, my lord. There are, in nature, but two kinds of self; in other words, there are but two sorts of will in the universe; the will of infinite wisdom, of infinite benevolence, going forth in beauty and beatitude on all creatures; and the will of the creature, desiring, attracting, envying, coveting, and rendering all things, from all, to its own interest and advantage. In the first will, subsists all possible good; from the second, arises all possible evil: and did not the first will, in some measure, inform and meliorate the second, the will of every creature would be an Ishmael, his hand would be against every one, and every one's hand against him; and there would be nothing but strife and distraction, hatred, horror, and misery, throughout the creation.

Hence it follows, that, as there is but one will from eternity, infinitely wise, to discern what is best, throughout the universe—infinitely good, to desire the accomplishment of what is best, and infinitely powerful, to put what is best in execution; every will that is not informed by this one will, must, of necessity, act in ignorance, in blindness, and error. I will further affirm, that every act, of every will, that is not informed by the one will of goodness, must, of equal necessity, be the act of malevolence.

I do not see the necessity of that, replied the earl. I well perceive that God can give, to intelligent beings, an existence, or identity, distinct from himself; for I see that he has done it. What should therefore prevent him from giving qualities, as distinct from himself as the essence? Why might he not impart, to any limited degree, capacity, discernment, power, wisdom and goodness? Might not such a being instantly perceive, to a vast extent, the relations of things, with their several fitnesses and disagreements? Would he not, consequently, be enamoured of what was right and beautiful? Would he not act agreeable to such a just approbation? and would not such actions be fitly accounted the act of virtue.

At this instant, a messenger arrived on the spur. He brought word to Mr. Meekly, that his friend, Mr. Husbands, was taken suddenly ill, and earnestly requested to see him directly; whereupon, Mr. Meekly, who preferred any matter of charity, to all other considerations, immediately got up, made a silent bow, and vanished.

To return to our hero. As soon as he was new-rigged, he pres-

sed for another visit to his patron, who received him with accustomed tenderness, but greatly wondered at his peasant-dress. Nurse then recited to him, the whole adventure of the frittered robings; whereat, the old gentleman, in a manner, devoured him with the eagerness of his caresses.

When nurse and Harry were departed, he called to him his old domestic. James, said he, with a tear yet standing in his eye, I can no longer live without the company of this dear child; hasten, therefore, the orders I have already given you, and let all things be in readiness for the first opportunity. The domestic, who had caught the silent habit of his master, with a bow, assented, and retired.

Autumn was now advanced, and lord Dickey, with his brother, a number of little associates, and an attending footman, got leave to go to the copse a nutting. As the children were perfectly acquainted with the way, the servant desired to stay behind awhile, in order to provide hooks, for pulling down the branches. This was granted, and forth they all issued in high chat and spirits.

The copse lay at some distance, on one side of the park, behind the mansion-house; but, when they had nearly approached the place of their destination, Harry missed a garter, and promising speedily to rejoin his companions, went back to seek it.

In the mean time, his associates, on entering the wood, met with another little posse of the village fry, who were on their return, one of whom carried a bag of nuts, that seemed bulkier than the bearer. So, gentlemen, says lord Dickey, where are you going?—Why, home—where should we go? says a little boor, sullenly. And, pray, what have you been doing? says the lord. Guess, says the boor. Is it nuts that you have got in that bag? demanded the lord. Ask to-morrow, answered the boor. Sirrah, says Dicky, a little provoked, how dare you to come and pull nuts here, without our leave? Why, as for that, Mr. Dicky, replied the other, I know you well enough, and I wouldn't ask your leave, an' you were twenty lords, not I. Sirrah, says Dicky, I have a great mind to take your nuts from you, and to give you as good a beating, into the bargain, as ever you got in your life. As for that, Mr. Dicky, coolly answered the villager, you must do both, or neither. Here I lay down my nuts between us; and now come, any two of your

water-gruel regiment, one down, t'other come on; and if I don't give ye your bellies-full, why, then, take my nuts and welcome, to make up the want.

This gallant invitation was accepted on the spot. Lord Richard chose his companion in arms, and both appeared quite flush, and confident of victory: for, though neither of them had been versed in the gymnastic exercises, they did not want courage; and they knew that the challenger was their inferior in strength and in years.

But, unhappily for these two champions of quality, Tommy Truck, their adversary, had, like Harry, been a bruiser, from two years old and upward, and was held in veneration, as their leader, and their chief, by many who were his superior in age and stature.

Lord Richard began the assault, but was down in a twinkling. To him his friend succeeded, but with no better fortune. A swing, or trip, of Tommy's, sent them instantly, as Alcides sent Antæus, to gather strength from their mother earth. And, though these summer heroes, like the Roman nobility, at the battle of Pharsalia, were solely intent on defending their pretty faces from annoyance; yet Tommy, at the third turn had blooded them both.

Harry, who was now on his return, perceived the engagement; and running up, and rushing between the combatants, interposed with a voice of authority, and stopped the fray.

Having inquired, and duly informed himself, of the merits of the case, he first turned him to lord Richard, and said, O brother Dicky, brother Dicky, you ought not to hinder poor boys from pulling a few dirty nuts—what signifies 'em? Then turning to the challenger, his old acquaintance; Tommy, says he, did you know that Dicky was my brother? Yes, says Tommy, rudely; and what, though I did? O, nothing at all, says Harry; but I want to speak with you, Tommy. Whereupon, he took the conqueror under his arm, and walked away with him, very lovingly, in all appearance, looking about, to take care that none of the boys followed him.

Mean time, the little gentry threw out their invectives, in profusion, against our departed hero. I think, says one, that master Harry had as much to blame in Tommy, as lord Dicky. Aye, says

another, one would think he might as well have taken his brother's part, as that blackguard's. Indeed, it was very naughty of him, says a third. For my part, says a fourth, I will never have any thing more to say to him.

While thus they vilified their late friend, he and his fellow-champion, walked, arm in arm, in a sullen and uninterrupted silence; till, coming to a small opening, in a secreted part of the wood, Harry quitted his companion, desired him to strip, and instantly cast aside his own hat, coat, and waistcoat. Why should I strip? says Tommy. To box, says Harry. Why should you box with me, Harry? sure I didn't strike you, says Tom. Yes, sir, replied our hero, you struck me, when you struck Dicky, and knew that he was my brother. Nay, Harry, cried Tom, if its fight you are for, I'll give you enough of it, I warrant you.

Tom was about eight months older than Harry, his equal in the practice of arms, and much the stronger. But Harry was full as tall, and his motions, quicker than thought, prevented the ward of the most experienced adversary.

Together they rushed like two little tigers. At once they struck and parried, and watching every opening, they darted their little fists, like engines, at each other. But Tom, marking the quickness, and feeling the smart of Harry's strokes, suddenly leapt within his arms, bore him down to the earth, and triumphantly gave him the first rising blow.

Harry rose, indignant, but warned, by the strength of his adversary, to better caution. He now fought more aloof; and as Tom pressed upon him, he at once guarded, struck, and wheeled, like an experienced cock, without quitting the pit of honour.

Tom, finding himself wholly foiled by his Parthian method of combat, again rushed upon his enemy, who was now aware of the shock. They closed, they grappled, they caught each other by the shoulders, joined head to head, and breast to breast, and stood like two pillars, merely supported by their bearing against one another. Again they shifted the left arm, caught each other about the neck, and cuffed and punched at face and stomach, without mercy or remission; till Tom, impatient of this length of battle, gave Harry a side-swing, and Harry giving Tom a trip at the same time, they fell side, by side, together upon the earth.

They rose and retreated, to draw breath, as by mutual consent. They glared on one another, with an eye of vindictive apprehension. For neither of them could now boast of more optics, than Polyphemus; and, from their forehead to their shoes, they were in one gore of blood.

Again they flew upon each other; again they struck, feigned, and defended, and alternately pressed on, and retreated in turns; till Harry, spying an opening darted his fist, like a shot, into the remaining eye of his enemy. Tom, finding himself in utter darkness, instantly sprung upon his foe, and endeavoured to grapple; but Harry, with, agility, avoided the shock, and traversing here and there, beat his adversary at pleasure; till Tom cried out, I yield, I yield, Harry, for I can't see to fight any more.

Then Harry took Tom by the hand, and led him to his clothes, and having assisted him to dress, he next did the same friendly office to himself. Then, arm in arm, they returned much more loving, in reality, than they set out, having been beaten into a true respect and affection for each other.

Some time before this, the footman had joined his young lord, with the several implements requisite for nutting. They had already pulled down great quantities; the young quality had stuffed their pockets; and the little plebeians, who had assisted, were now permitted to be busy in gathering up the refuse. When all, turning at the cry of, there is Harry, there is Tom, they perceived our two champions advancing leisurely, but hand in hand, as friends and brothers.

They had left their clothes unbuttoned, for the benefit of the cooling air; and as they approached, their companions were frozen into astonishment, at the sight of their two friends, all covered with crimson.

They were neither able to advance to meet them, nor to speak when they arrived. Till lord Dicky first inquired into this bloody catastrophe, and Harry remaining wholly silent on the subject; blind Tommy cried out, why, master Dicky, the truth is, that Harry beat me, because I beat you. Then Dicky, feeling a sudden gush of gratitude and affection rising up in his bosom, looked wistfully on his brother, and said, with a plaintive voice, O brother Harry, brother Harry, you are sadly hurt; and, turning about, he

began to weep most bitterly. But Harry said, Pshaw! brother Dicky, don't cry man, I don't matter it the head of a brass pin. Then turning to the footman, with Tom still in his hand, he cried, here John, take that bag of nuts and poor blind Tommy, to my mammy's, and tell daddy that I desire him to see them both safe home.

FRIEND. Sir, your hero, is indeed a hero; he must be every body's hero.

AUTHOR. Sir, you do me vast honour; and I should be proud of your further instructions towards his supporting the dignity of the character you give him. Pray, what are the ingredient qualities of which a hero is compounded? what idea have you formed of such a personage? tell me, I beseech you, what is a hero, my good friend?

F. Pshaw!—what a question? every fool knows that.—A hero is—as though one should say—a man of high achievement—who performs famous exploits—who performs things that are heroic—and in all his actions and demeanour, is a hero, indeed—why do you laugh?—I will give you the instances approved throughout the world; recorded and duly celebrated by poets, painters, sculptors, statuaries, and historians.—There was the Assyrian Ninus, the Sesostris of Egypt, the Cyrus of Persia, the Alexander of Greece, the Cæsar of Rome, and, partly in our own days, there was the Conde of France, the Charles of Sweden, and Persia's Kouli Khan.—What the plague does the fellow laugh at?

A. I am laughing to think what a fool Themistocles was. Being asked whom he considered as the greatest of heroes, Not him who conquers, but who saves, replied Themistocles; not the man who ruins, but the man who erects; who of a village can make a city, or turn a despicable people into a great nation.

F. According to your notion of heroism, that boor and barbarian, Peter Alexiowitz, of Russia, was the greatest hero that ever lived.

A. True my friend; for, of a numerous people, he disembruted every one, except himself. But then, in all equity, he ought to divide his glory with Kate, the washerwoman, who humanized the man that humanized a nation.

F. Whom do you take to have been the greatest hero of antiquity?

A. Lycurgus, without comparison; the greatest of heroes, and the greatest of legislators. In those very early days, the people of Lacedæmon were extremely rude and ignorant; they acknowledged no laws, save the dictates of their own will, or the will of their rulers. Lycurgus might have assumed the sceptre, but his ambition aspired to a much more elevated and durable dominion, over the souls, manners, and conduct of the people and their posterity. He framed a body of the most extraordinary institutions that ever entered into the heart or head of man. Next to those of our DIVINE LEGISLATOR, they were intended to form a new creature. He prevailed upon the rich to make an equal distribution of their lands with the poor. He prohibited the use of all such money as was current among other nations, and thereby prohibited the importation of the means and materials of pomp and luxury. He enjoined them to feed, in common, on simple and frugal fare. He forbid all gorgeousness of furniture and apparel. In short, he endeavoured to suppress every sensual and selfish desire, by injunctions of daily exercise, toil, and hardship; a patient endurance of pain, and a noble contempt of death. At length, feigning some occasion of being abroad for a season, he exacted an oath from the Lacedæmonians, that they should strictly observe his laws, without the smallest infringement, till his return. Thus, for the love of his country, he went into perpetual banishment from it. And he took measures, at his death, that his body should never be found, lest it should be carried back to Sparta, and give his countrymen a colour for dissolving their oath.

F. Laying Peter aside, who think you was the greatest hero among the moderns?

A. To confess the truth, among all that I have heard or read of, the hero, whom I most affect, was a madman, and the lawgiver, whom I most affect, was a fool.

F. Troth, I believe you never would have been the writer you are at this day, if you had not adopted somewhat of both the said qualities. But, come, unriddle I beseech you; where may this favourite hero and legislator be found?

A. In a fragment of the Spanish history, bequeathed to the world, by one Signior Cervantes.

F. O!—have you led me to my old acquaintance! pray, has not your Pegasus some smatch of the qualities of the famous Rosinante?

A. Quite as chaste, I assure you. But, I perceive that you think I am drolling; you do not suppose that you can ever be seriously of the same opinion. Yet, if you demand of your own memory, for what have the great heroes throughout history been renowned? it must answer,—for mischief merely;—for spreading desolation and calamity among men. How greatly, how gloriously, how divinely superior was our hero of the Mancha! who went about righting of wrongs, and redressing of injuries,—lifting up the fallen, and pulling down those whom iniquity had exalted. In this his marvellous undertaking, what buffetings, what bruising, what tramlings of ribs, what pounding of packstaves did his bones not endure? (mine ached at the recital.) But toil was his bed of down, and the house of pain was, to him, a bower of delight, while he considered himself as engaged in giving ease, advantage, and happiness to others. If events did not answer to the enterprizes of his heart, it is not to be imputed to the man, but to his malady; for, had his power and success been as extensive as his benevolence, all things awry, upon earth, at the risk of his limbs and life, would instantly have been set as straight as a cedar.

But, let me turn, with reverence, to kiss the hem of the robes of the most respectable of all governors and legislators, Sancho Panza; What judgments! what institutions! How are Minos, and Solon, and the inspired of the goddess Ægeria, here eclipsed; Sancho, thou wast a peasant, thou wast illiterate, thou wast a dunce, for a man, but an angel, for a governor; inasmuch as, contrary to the custom of all other governors, thou didst not desire any thing, thou didst not wish for any thing, thine eye was not bent to any thing, save the good of thy people! therefore, thou couldst not stray, thou hadst no other way to travel. Could Æsop's log have been moved to action, upon the same principle, the regency of storks had not prevailed among men. How am I provoked, Pancho, when I see thee insulted! how am I grieved, when I find thee deposed! saving the realms of a certain majesty, I say, and sigh to

to myself, O that the whole earth were as thine island of *Barataria*, and thou, Sancho, the legislator and the ruler thereof!

F. I feel conviction: I confess it. But tell me, I pray you; why has the world, through all ages and nations, universally ascribed heroism and glory to conquest?

A. Through the respect, as I take it, that they have for power. Man is by nature weak: he is born in, and to, a state of dependance; he, therefore, naturally seeks, and looks about for help; and, where he observes the greatest power, it is there that he applies and prays for protection. Now, though this power should be exerted to his damage, instead of defence, it makes no alteration in his reverence for it; he bows, while he trembles; and while he detests, he worships. In the present case, it is with man as it is with God; he is not so awful and striking,—he is not so much attended to, in the sunshine and gentle dews of his providence and benignity, as in his lightnings and thunders, his clouds and his tempests.

Hero, heroes, and heroines, in the three languages, signify a demigod, or one who is superior to mere man. But how can this superiority, or distinction, be shewn? The serene acts of beneficence, the small and still voice of goodness, are neither accompanied by noise nor ostentation. It is uproar and tumult, rather; the tumbling of sacked cities, the shrieks of ravished matrons, and the groans of dying nations, that fill the trump of fame. Men of power and ambition find distinction and glory very readily attainable in this way; as it is incomparably more easy to destroy, than to create, to give death, than to give life, to pull down, than to build up, to bring devastation and misery, rather than plenty, and peace, and prosperity upon earth.

F. Were not mankind, in this instance, as blind to their own interests, as they were iniquitous in giving glory, where shame alone was due?

A: In so doing, they proved, at once, the dupes and the victims of their own folly. Praise a child for his genius, in pranks of mischief and malevolence, and you quicken him in the direct road to the gallows. It is just so, that this wise world has bred up its heroic reprobates, by ascribing honour and acclamation, to deeds that called loudly, for infamy and the gibbet; for the world was an ass from its very commencement, and it will continue a dunderhead to the end.

From the beginning of things, (a long time ago) the joint invention of mankind has discovered but two methods of procuring sustenance on earth, the first by the labour of their own hands, the second by employing the hands of others.

All, therefore, are excluded, or at least ought to be excluded from such a world, who refuse to labour; or, what is still worse, who disturb and prevent the labour of others.

Among those who will not labour, we may number all who have the happiness of being born to no manner of end; such as the monks of every country, the dervises of Persia, the bramins of India, the mandarins of China, and the gentlemen of these free and polished nations.

These have nothing to do but to sleep it, to wake it; to eat it, to drink it; to dance it, to doze it; to riot it, to roar it; and to rejoice in the happy earnest which this world has given them of the jollities of the next.

Among those who disturb the labour of others, I reckon all your rascally Alexanders and Cæsars, whether ancient or modern; who, in their fits of frenzy and folly, scamper about, breaking the lanthorns and beating the watch of this world, to the great amazement of women, and terror of little children; and who seem to think, that Heaven gave noses and heads, for no end in nature, but to be blooded and cracked. In short, I have no patience when I hear talk of these fellows. I am not half so fretted when I hear my own works read.—Go on, I request you, it may happen to put me in temper.



 CHAPTER V.

Harry's affection to a stranger—he clothes his dependent—his favourite dismissed—Harry's appeal to his old friend—they take a journey—a hue and cry—surprise—a letter—Richard's grief for his brother—Harry and his patron stop at an Inn—they arrive at Hampstead—Harry's notion of things—philanthropy displayed—Harry meets with new objects—he exerts himself to relieve strangers—a digression.

THE young gentlemen were now upon their return; and, as they approached the house, they crowded about Harry to keep him from being seen, till he took an opportunity of slipping away, and stealing up to his chamber. He now grew stiff and sore; and his nurse, having got an intimation of what had happened, hurried up to him, and wept over him with tears of cordial affection. She straight undressed and put him to bed; and having ordered some white-wine whey, of which she made him drink plentifully, she also undressed, and went to-bed to him; and Harry, casting his little arm about her neck, and putting his head in her bosom, was fast in a twinkling.

By this time John had returned from the execution of his commission. He had been fully apprized by Tommy, on the road, of all the circumstances relating to this bloody business; and, going to his lord and lady, he gave them the whole detail, occasionally dwelling and expatiating on Harry's courage, his prowess, his honour and his generosity. They could now no longer forbear indulging themselves with the sight of a child, in whom they held themselves honoured, above all titles. They stole, gently, up stairs; and having got a peep at Harry, and observing that he was fast asleep, they stole as softly back again, each inwardly exulting in their glorious boy.

Our hero was scarce recovered from his wounds and bruises, when, on a day, he met a little beggar-boy, at the hall-door, half-naked, and whining, and shivering with cold. His heart was instantly touched with wonted compassion; and, taking him by the hand,

What is your name, my poor little boy? says Harry. Neddy, sir, says the child. And, where's your daddy and mammy? O, sir, answered Ned, I have no daddy nor mammy in the wide world. Don't cry, don't cry, says Harry. I have several daddies and mammies, and I will give you one or two of them. But where did you leave your clothes, Neddy? I have not any, sir, replied the child, in a piteous accent. Well, well, it don't matter, Neddy, for I have more clothes, too, says Harry. So taking him again by the hand, he led him up to his apartment, without being perceived by any one; and, helping him to strip, he ran to his closet for the shirt he had last thrown off, and put it on the new comer with equal haste and delight. He next ran for the entire suit that his bearded dada had given him; and, having helped, and shewn him how to put on the breeches, he drew on the stockings and shoes with his own hands. To these, succeeded the coat and waistcoat; and Ned was, now, full as well rigged as his benefactor.

Never had our hero enjoyed himself so highly as while he was thus employed. When he had finished his operations, he chuckled and smiled, turned Ned round and round, walked here and there about him, and was as proud of him as if he had been wholly of his own making.

He now, again, became thoughtful, forecasting in his mind, the particulars that might further be requisite for the accommodation of his guest; for he was grown too fond of him to think of parting suddenly. He then recollected an adjoining lumber-room, and, taking Ned with him, they found a little old mattress, which, with united strength, they dragged forth, and lodged in a convenient corner of the closet; to this they added a pair of old blankets, and Harry, having spread them for Ned's repose, in the best manner he was able, asked his dependent if he was not hungry? Yes, very, very hungry, indeed, sir, cried Ned. No sooner said, than Harry flew down to the kitchen, and, looking about, and spying a large porringer of milk, and a luncheon of bread, that one of the servants had provided for a young favourite of her own, he seized upon them like a hawk, and hast'ning again to his chamber, delivered them to Neddy; who, already, had half devoured them with his eyes. Ned instantly fell to, with the rapture of a cormorant, or any rapture that can be supposed less than that of his friend Harry,

who stood over him with the feelings of a parent turtle, that feeds his young with the meat derived from his own bowels.

For a few days, Harry kept his dependent shut up in his chamber, or closet, without the privity of the family, except nurse, to whom he had revealed the affair, under the seal of the strictest secrecy.

But, on a cross day, Susy, the house-maid, having entered with a new broom into our hero's apartment, perceived, in a corner, the tattered deposite of Ned's original robings, and lifting them at a cautious distance, with a finger and thumb, she perceived, also, as many other philosophers have done, that there is no part of this globe, which is not peopled with nations of animals, if man had but attention, and optics duly accomodated to the vision. She dropt the living garment, as though she had taken up a burning horse-shoe; and was instantly peopled, by her prolific imagination, with tribes of the same species from head to foot.

In this fit of disgust, Susy happened, unfortunately, to step into the closet, and spied Ned in a dark corner, where he had squatted and drawn himself up to the size of a hedge-hog. She immediately flew at him, like one of the Euminides, and dragged him forth to the light, as Hercules is said to have hauled Cacus from his den. She questioned him with a voice of implacable authority; and Ned, with humble and ingenuous tears, confessed the whole adventure. But Susy, no way melted, exclaimed, what, sirrah, have you, and your master Harry, a mind to breed an *affection* in the house? I will *remit* of no such doings, for I have an utter *conversion* to beggar-brats and *vermil*. She then commanded him to bundle up his old rags, and, driving him down stairs before her, she dismissed him from the hall-door, with a pair of smart boxes on each side of his head, and ordered him never more to *defend* her sight.

Poor Ned, went weeping and wailing from the door, when, who should he see, at about fifty paces distant, but his beloved patron, Harry, who had been cutting a switch from the next hedge. To him he ran, with precipitation. Harry, touched with a compassion not free from resentment, to see his favourite in tears, demanded the cause of his apparent distress, which Ned truly related. Our hero, thereupon, became thoughtful and moody; and, judging that Susy had not acted thus without authority, he conceived a general

disgust at a family who had treated him so injuriously in the person of his Neddy; but, comforting his dependent the best he could; come, Neddy, says he, don't cry, my man, I will bring you, that I will, to my own dear dada, and he will welcome and love you for my sake. Then, making his way through a small breach in the neighbouring hedge, he ordered Ned to follow him, and flew across the field, like a bird of passage, in a direct line to his patron's.

The old gentleman saw him approaching, and gave sign to his ancient domestic, who withdrew with precipitation. He received and caressed our hero with more than usual transport: and who, my dear, says he, is that pretty little boy, that you have got with you? Harry, then, like the Grecian Demosthenes, taking time to warm himself with the recollection of his own ideas, and, setting his person forth, with an action and ardour that determined to prevail, made the following oration.

Why, dada, I must tell you as how, this poor little boy, for he is a very poor little boy, and his name is Neddy, sir, and he has no friend in the wide world, but you and I, sir; and so, sir, as I was telling you, he comes to the door, crying sadly for cold and hunger, and he would have pitted every body, for he had no clothes, nor daddy nor mammy at all, sir, and I had a many of them, and that was not fair, you know, sir; and I was in the humour to give him all the dadas and mammas I had in the world, except you, sir, and mammy nurse. And so I takes him up stairs, and I puts the clothes upon him, that you gave me when I was a poor little boy, sir; for nobody had to say to them but you and I, sir, and I knew that you would pity poor little Neddy, more than I pitied him myself, sir. And so, dada, they takes my poor little Neddy to-day, and boxed him, and beat him sadly, and turned him out of doors; and so I meets him crying and roaring; and so, you know, sir, as how I had nothing to do but to bring him to you, sir, or to stay and cry with him for company, sir.

Here orator Harry, ceased to speak, except by his tears, which he could no longer restrain, and which proceeded to plead most emphatically for him. But his patron took him in his arms, and kissed the drops from both eyes, and said, do not cry, my darling, for I am your's, my Harry, and all that I have is your's, and if you had brought a whole regiment of poor little Neddies with you, they should be all welcome to me for your sake, my Harry.

Then Harry sprung up and caught his patron about the neck, so that it was some time before the old gentleman could get loose. But, Harry, says he, I am going just now, to leave this country, will you and your man Neddy come along with me? over the wide world dada, says Harry; but where are you going, sir? I am going a begging, Harry. O, that will be brave sport, says Harry! I will tell you what you shall do, dada. What's that, my love? why, sir, says Harry, you must get a great bag, like the old man and little child that was at door t'other day; and Neddy and I will beg for you, sir; and we will put all that we get into your great bag, as that good little child did for his daddy, without touching a bit, though he was a hungry enough himself, poor fellow, I warrant. But don't let us go to beg at papa's door, sir; for if you do, they will box and beat us, and drive us away, as they did poor little Neddy to-day, sir.

The old gentleman, thereat, had his countenance divided betwixt the rising tear and the bursting laugh. But, taking Harry by the hand, he said, No, no, my heavenly creature, I am not going to beg of any man living, but to beg of God to pour down his full weight of blessings upon my Harry, and to endeavour to confirm them to him, both here and hereafter, by my care and instructions.

Having thus spoken, he put a large cake into the hand of each of the children, and, causing them to drink a full glass of small white wine, he took them into a back yard, where a light coach with six horses, and three servants ready mounted, attended; and, having placed his young companions, and seated himself between them, away the coach drove at a sweeping gallop.

About the time that our hero and his patron set out, nurse went up stairs, with a most beautiful cut of home-baked bread and butter, for the amusement of the young caitiff, whom she had left in the closet; but not finding him there, she hastily dropped her provender on the first window she met, and, hurrying down to the kitchen, earnestly inquired for the little beggar-boy, whom master Harry had taken into his service. At this question, all the servants stood in silent amazement, except Susy, who, bridling up, and assuming the whole importance of her station, why, nurse, says she, you mustn't *oppose* that I am come here to sweep and to clean after

lousy little flagrants ; it was enough to breed an *antagon*, that it was, in the house ; so what *magnifies* many words, I took the little dirty bastard, and cuffed him out of doors. You did, hussy, says nurse, you dare to affront and vex my child, my little man, the honour and pride of all the family ? and so saying, she ups with her brawny arm, and gave Susy such a douse on the side of her head, as left her fast asleep for an hour and upward. Then running up stairs again, she went searching and clamouring, for her Harry, about the house, in order to comfort and condole with him for his loss.

Dinner was now served up, and the company was seated, and all the servants ran severally here and there, repeatedly summoning Harry to attend ; but Harry was out of hearing, by many a mile. When the cloth was removed, nurse entered with an aspect, half in tears, and half distracted, and exclaimed, that her child was not to be found. And what, nurse, says the earl, do you think is become of him ? I hope, my lord, says she, that he is either strayed to his daddy, or, to the dumb gentleman's. Then messengers were instantly dispatched to both houses, who speedily returned, with tidings, that master Harry had not been seen at his foster-father's, and that no one was at home at the house of the dumb gentleman.

The business now became serious and alarming ; the whole house was in commotion, and all the domestics, and our hero's nurse, with lord Dicky in her hand, ran searching through the gardens, the fields, and the groves, that resounded on all sides, with the name of the absentee.

On their return from a disquisition, as fruitless as solicitous, nurse declared her apprehensions, that Harry was gone off with a little favourite boy, whom he had taken into service, and whom the housemaid, that morning, had beaten out of doors. Susy, being nearly recovered, and now called and questioned thereon, was compelled to confess the fact, though in terms less haughty and less elegant than usual ; when my lord, looking sternly at her, and who, you impudent slut, he cried, gave you authority to turn any one out of my house, whom my noble and generous boy was pleased to bring in ? get you instantly away, and never let me be so unhappy, as to see that face again.

By this time, the whole village and neighbourhood, as well as

this noble family, were in trouble and alarm, for the loss of their little favourite; when a countryman entered in sweaty haste, and desired, without preface, to be admitted to the earl. My lord, says he, I think I can give you some news of your dear child. As I was returning home, on the London road, I saw a coach and six driving towards me at a great rate; and though it passed me in haste, I marked that the gentleman, with the beard was in it, and that he had two children with him, one on each hand, though I had not time to observe their faces.

Here is something for your news, said the earl, it may be as you say—Here, John! take a posse of the servants along with you; go, in haste, to that man's house; if no one answers, break open the door, and bring me word of what you can learn concerning him.

John, who was the house-steward, hurried instantly on his commission; and, finding all in silence, after loud and repeated knockings, he and his myrmidons burst open the door, and rushing in, ran up and down through all the apartments. They found the house richly furnished, a library of choice books above stairs, a beaufet full of massy plate, and every thing in order, as if prepared for the reception of a family of distinction. At this they all stood astonished, till John, casting his eye toward a table in the street-parlour, perceived a paper, which he hastily snatched up, and found to be a letter, duly folded and sealed, and addressed to his lord. Exulting at this discovery, he left some of the servants to watch the goods, and hurried back, with all possible speed to his master.

My lord, says John, entering, and striving to recover breath, the dumb gentleman, as they call him, must be a main rich man, for the very furniture of his house cannot be worth less than some thousands of pounds. John then presented the letter, which the earl broke open, and found to be as follows:

‘ MY LORD,

‘ I AM, at length, presented with an opportunity of carrying off your little Harry, the greatest treasure that ever parents were blessed with.

‘ The distress that I feel, in foreseeing the affliction that his absence will cause to your whole family, has not been able to prevail for the suspension of this enterprise, as the child's interest and happiness outweighs, with me, all other considerations.

‘ Permit me, however, to assure your lordship, that our darling
 ‘ is in very safe and very affectionate hands; and that it shall be
 ‘ the whole concern and employment of my life, to render and to
 ‘ return him unto you, in due time, the most accomplished, and
 ‘ most perfect of all human beings.

‘ In the meanwhile, your utmost search and inquiry after us will
 ‘ be fruitless. I leave to your lordship my house and furniture, as
 ‘ a pledge and assurance of the integrity of my intentions.

And am, &c.”

The mystery of our hero’s flight, was now, in a great measure, unravelled; but no one could form any rational conjecture, touching the motives of the old gentleman’s procedure in the case; and all were staggered at his leaving such a mass of wealth behind him.

As the falling on of a dark night rendered all pursuit, for that time, impracticable, my lord, ordered the servants to-bed, that they might rise before day; and then to take every horse he had, coach, cattle and all, and to muster and mount the young men of the village, and to pursue after the fugitives, by different roads, according to the best likelihood or intelligence they might receive.

In this hopeful prospect, the house was again, in some measure, composed; all, except poor nurse, who would not be comforted, neither could be prevailed upon to enter in at the doors; but all night on the cold stairs, or rambling through the raw air, continued clapping and wringing her hands, and bewailing the irreparable loss of her Harry.

On the following day, my lord ordered a minute inventory to be taken of all the furniture in the forsaken mansion-house; and further appointed Harry’s foster-father, with his family, to enter into possession, and to take care of the effects, till such time as the proprietor should renew his claim.

After three tedious days, and as many expecting nights, the posse that went in quest of our run-a-ways, returned; all drooping and dejected, most of them slowly leading their over-spent horses, and universally bespattered, or covered with mire, without any equivalent of comfortable tidings, to balance the weight of their languor and fatigue.

The happiness or wretchedness of human life, as it should seem, does not so much depend on the loss or acquisition of real advan-

tage, as on the fluctuating opinions and imaginations of men. The absence of this infant, who, but a few months before, had no manner of interest in the views, affections, or solitudes of this noble family, appeared now as the loss of all their honours and fortunes: a general face of mourning seemed to darken every apartment; and my lord and lady no more paid visits, nor received public company. They were, however, inventive in many contrivances, for amusing and consoling their darling Dicky; but even this was to little purpose, for he was often found silently languishing in corners; or crying, O, where's my brother Harry, my own sweet brother Harry! shall I never see my own brother Harry any more!

My lord had already dispatched a multitude of circular letters to all his acquaintances, with other notices, throughout the kingdom, containing offers of ample rewards for the recovery of his child. But, finding all ineffectual, he caused advertisements to the same purpose, to be repeatedly inserted in all the public papers; as the same, no doubt, are still extant, and may be found in the musty chronicles of those days.

Within a few weeks after the publishing of these advertisements, my lord received a letter, respecting his son Harry, that afforded great consolation to him and his lady; insomuch, that, with the help of the lenient hand of time, in less than the space of twelve months, this noble family was restored to their former cheerfulness and tranquillity.

But to return to the situation in which we left our hero; the coach drove on at a round rate, and the children continued in high glee, and thought this kind of conveyance the finest sport imaginable.

When they had entered a space, on the first common, the coachman looked about, to take care that no one was in sight; and turning to the right hand, he held gently on, till he came to another great road, on which he drove at his former rate. This he did again at the next common, and coming to another road that led also to London, and night now approaching, he put up at the first great inn he came to.

Harry's patron had the precaution to keep his great coat muffled about his face, so that no one could observe his beard, till they were shewn to a room, and fire and candles were lighted up. Then

his ancient friend and domestic, having provided scissars and implements for shaving, locked the door, and set to work in the presence of the children.

Harry was all attention during the whole process ; and when the operation was completed, he drew near to his patron, with a cautious little kind of jealousy, and looking up to his face, with the tears in his eyes, speak to me, sir, says he, pray speak to me. It is, answered the old gentleman, the only comfort of my life to be with you, and to speak to you, my Harry. The child hearing the well-known voice of friendship, immediately cleared again, and reaching up his little arms to embrace his patron, O, indeed, said he, I believe you are my own dada, still.

Though Harry was now reconciled to the identity of his friend, yet he felt a secret regret for the absence of his beard ; for he loved all and every part of him so entirely, that the loss of a hair, appeared a loss and a want to the heart of Harry.

After an early supper, and two or three small glasses of wine per man, this gentleman, whom his servants had now announced by the name of Mr. Fenton, proposed hide and go-seek to his associates. This invitation was accepted with transport ; and after they were cloyed with hide and seek, they all played tagg, till they were well warmed.

Mr. Fenton ordered a pallet into the chamber, for James, his faithfull domestic, and little Ned. Then helping to undress Harry, he put him first to bed ; and, hast'ning after, he took his darling to his bosom, and tenderly pressed him to a heart that loved him more than all the world, and more than that world ten times told.

In about three days more, they arrived safe at Hampstead, and stopping at the court of a large house, that was delightfully situated, they were welcomed by a gentlewoman-looking matron, whom James had fixed for a housekeeper, about a fortnight before.

The next day Mr. Fenton, and his blythe companions, were attended at table by James and the two footmen.

As soon as the latter grace was said, and the cloth taken away, Harry, says Mr. Fenton, it is now our turn to wait on James and his fellow-servants ; for God made us all to be servants to each other : one man is not born a bit better than another ; and he is the best and greatest of all, who serves and attends the most, and

requires least to be served and attended upon. And, my precious, he that is a king to-day, if so it shall please God, may become a beggar to-morrow: and it is good that people should be prepared against all that may happen.

Having so said, he took his associates down to the hall, just as the servants had sat down to dinner. He gave his domestic the wink, and beginning to set the example, asked Mrs. Hannah, and Mr. James, and Mr. Frank, and Mr. Andrew, what they would please to have? the servants, readily falling in with their master's scheme, ordered Harry to bring such a thing, and Ned to fetch such a thing, and Harry do this, and Harry do that: while Harry, with a graceful action, and more beautiful than Ganymede, the cup bearer of the gods, flew cheerfully about, from side to side, preventing the wishes of all at table; so that they poured upon him a thousand blessings from the bottom of their hearts, and would not now have parted with him, for the mighty rewards which his father some time after proposed for his recovery.

Within a fortnight after this, Mr. James, the house-steward, furnished a large lumber-room with thousands of coats, out-coats, shirts, waistcoats, breeches, stockings, and shoes, of different sorts and sizes, but all of warm and clean, though homely materials.

When this was done, Mr. Fenton led his favourite up to the stores, and said, My Harry, you see all these things, and I make a present of all these things to my Harry. And now tell me, my love, what will you do with them? why, dada, says Harry, you know that I cannot wear them myself. No, my dear, says Mr. Fenton, for you have clothes enough beside, and some of them would not fit you, and others would smother you. What then will you do with them, will you burn them, or throw them away; O, that would be very naughty and wicked indeed, says Harry. No, dada, as I do not want them myself, I will give them to those that do. That will be very honestly done of you, says Mr. Fenton; for, in truth, they have a better right to them, my Harry, than you have; and that which you cannot use, cannot belong to you. So that, in giving you these things, my darling, it should seem, as if I made you no gift at all. O, a very sweet gift, says Harry. How is that, says Mr. Fenton? why, the gift of doing good to poor people, sir. Mr. Fenton then stepping back, and gazing on our hero, cried, who-

ever attempts to instruct thee, my angel, must, himself, be instructed of Heaven, who speaks by that sweet mouth.

But Harry, it would not be discreet of you to give these things to the common beggars, who come every day to our door; give them victuals and half-pence or pence a-piece, and welcome; but, if you give such beggars twenty suits of clothes, they will cast them all off, and put on their rags again, to move people to pity them. But when you spy any poor travellers going on the road, and your eyes see that they are naked, or your heart tells you that they are hungry, then, do not wait till they beg of you, but go and beg of them to favour you with their acceptance: then take them to the fire and warm them, and feed them; and when you have so done, take them up to your store-room, and clothe them with whatever you think they want: and, believe me, my Harry, whenever you are cold, or hungry, or wounded, or in want, or in sickness, yourself, the very remembrance of your having clothed, and fed, and cured, and comforted, the naked and hungry, the wounded and the afflicted, will be warmth, and food, and medicine, and balm, to your own mind.

While Mr. Fenton spoke, the muscles of Harry's expressive countenance, like an equally-tuned instrument, uttered unisons to every word he heard.

From this day forward, Harry and Ned, by turns, were frequently out on the watch; and often single, or in pairs, or by whole families, Harry would take in a poor father or mother, with their helpless infants, driven, perhaps, from house or home, by fire, or other misfortune, or oppressive landlord, or ruthless creditor; and having warmed, and fed, and clothed, and treated the old ones as his parents, and the little ones as his brothers and sisters, he would give them additional money for charges on the road, and send them away, the happiest of all people, except himself.

By this time, Mr. Fenton had inquired into the circumstances and characters of all the poor in the town, and throughout the precincts; and having refuted or confirmed the intelligence he had received, by a personal inspection and visit from house to house; and having made entries of all such as he deemed real objects, and worthy of his beneficence, he invited the heads of the several families to take a dinner with him, every Sunday, at his hall,

On the following Sunday, there came about thirty of the visitants, which number soon increased to fifty weekly guests.

On entering, they found the cloth ready spread; and Mr. James, having counted heads, laid a crown in silver, upon every plate; which first course was a most relishing sauce to all that followed. A plentiful dinner was then introduced, and the guests being seated, Mr. Fenton, Harry, Ned, and the four domestics attended, and disposed themselves in a manner the most ready to supply the wants of the company. The guests, all abashed and confounded at what they saw, sat some time with open mouth, and unswallowed victuals; much less did they presume to apply to the waiters for any article they wanted; till, being encouraged and spirited up, by the cheerfulness, ease, and readiness of their attendants, they became, by degrees, quite happy and jovial; and, after a saturating meal, and an enlivening cup, they departed with elevated spirits, with humanized manners, and with hearts warmed in affection toward every member of this extraordinary house.

By the means of this weekly bounty, these reviving families were soon enabled to clear their little debts to the chandlers, which had compelled them to take up every thing at the dearest hand. They were also further enabled to purchase wheels and other implements, with the materials of flax and wool, for employing the late idle hands of their household. They now appeared decently clad, and with happy countenances; their wealth increased with their industry; and the product of the employment of so many late useless members, became a real accession of wealth to the public. So true it is, that the prosperity of this world, and of every nation and society therein, depends solely on the industry, or manufactures, of the individuals. And so much more nobly did this private patron act, than all ancient legislators, or modern patrons and landlords, whose selfishness, if they had but common cunning, or common sense, might instruct them to increase their proper rents, and enrich their native country, by supplying the hands of all the poor, within their influence, with the implements and materials of the prosperity of each.

In the mean time, Mrs. Hannah daily instructed the children in the reading of English: neither was Mr. Fenton inattentive to any means that might preserve and promote the health, action, and corporal excellencies of his little champion.

He had a large lawn behind his garden, and hither he summoned, three times every week, all the boys of the vicinage, who were between two years advanced above the age of our hero. To these he appointed premiums for foot-ball, hurling, wrestling, leaping, running, cudgelling, and buffing. But the champions were enjoined to invest their fists with little buffers, insomuch, that how great soever their vigour might be, the bruises that they gave stopped short of mortality.

Now, though these premiums were almost universally adjudged to the party of which Harry then happened to be a member, or individually to himself, for his single prowess and pre-eminence, yet he would never consent to bear the prize from the field; but either gave it to some favourite among those with whom he had been associated, or to the particular champion whom he had worsted in contest; for he felt the shame and defeat of his mortified adversary, and consolingly hinted at the injustice of the judges, and reformed their error by the restoration of the reward.

One day, while Harry was watching to intercept poor travellers, as eagerly as a fowler watches for the rising of his game, he heard a plaintive voice, behind the hedge, as he thought, in the opposite field. He flew across the road, and, passing through a small turn-stile, soon found the objects he sought for. He stood, for some time, like a statue, and his compassion became too strong for tears of utterance: but suddenly turning, and flying back again, rushed with precipitation, into the room where Mr. Fenton was writing a letter. What is the matter? said Mr. Fenton, starting; what has frightened you, my Harry? what makes you look so pale? To this Harry replied not, but catching hold of his hand, and, pulling with all his force, O, come! says he; O, come, dada, and see!

Mr. Fenton then got up, and suffered himself to be led where the child pleased to conduct him, without another word being asked, or answered, on either side.

When they were come into the field, Mr. Fenton observed a man sitting on the ground. His clothes seemed, from head to foot, as the tattered remainder of better days. Through a squalid wig and beard, his pale face appeared just tintured with a faint and sickly red: and his hollow eyes were fixed upon the face of

a woman, whose head he held on his knees; and who looked to be dead, or dying, though without any apparent agony; while a male infant, about four years of age, was half-stretched on the ground, and half across the woman's lap, with its little nose pinched by famine, and its eyes staring about, wildly, though without attention to any thing. Distress seemed to have expended its utmost bitterness on these objects, and the last sigh and tear to have been already exhausted.

Unhappy man! cried Mr. Fenton, pray, who, or what are you? To which the stranger faintly replied, without lifting his eyes, Whoever you may be, disturb not the last hour of those who wish to be at peace.

Run, Harry, says Mr. Fenton, desire all the servants to come to me immediately; and bid Mrs. Hannah bring some hartshorn, and a bottle of cordial.

Away flew Harry, like feathered Mercury on his godlike errand. Forth issued Mr. James, Frank, and Andrew; and last came Mrs. Hannah, with the house-maid and cordials.

Hannah stooped in haste, and applied hartshorn to the nose of the woman, who appeared wholly insensible. After some time, her bosom heaved with a long-rising and subsiding sigh, and her eyes feebly opened, and immediately closed again. Then Hannah and the house-maid, raising her gently between them, got a little of the cordial into her mouth, and bending her backward, they observed that she swallowed it. Then James, Frank, Andrew, and the house-maid, joining their forces, lifted her up, and bore her, as easy as possible, toward the house; while Harry caught up her infant, as a pismire does its favourite embryo in a time of distress, in order to lodge it in a place of protection and safety.

In the mean time, Mr. Fenton and Mrs. Hannah, put their hartshorn, with great tenderness, to the nostrils of the stranger, and requested him to take a sip of the cordial; but he, turning up his dim, though expressive eyes, feebly cried, Are you a man or an angel? and directly fainted away.

They rubbed his temple with the spirits, and did their utmost to recover him; but a sudden gust of grateful passion had proved too strong for his constitution. On the return of the servants he was also carried in. A physician was instantly sent

for, beds were provided and warmed in haste, the new guests were all gently undrest and laid therein; and being compelled to swallow a little sack-whey, they recovered to a kind of languid sensibility.

The physician gave it as his opinion, that this unhappy family were reduced to their present state, by excess of grief and famine; that nourishment should be administered in very small proportions; that they should be kept as quiet as possible, for a fortnight at least.

While all imaginable care is taking for the recovery of these poor people, we beg leave to return to the affairs of their protectors.

FRIEND. A plague upon your return! this is just like a man in whose company I once travelled; we were advanced on our journey, in a fair and happy road, when he took it into his head to ride back again, in search of an old glove. Here you have raised my curiosity to the highest, and equally distressed me in favour of this unhappy family, when, in the instant, you fly off from the satisfaction expected. But here also, I presume, you are upon honour; you are intrusted with secrets, and would not, for the world, betray them to your readers.

AUTHOR. Sir, you never were more mistaken; I know nothing at all of these people's affairs. As soon as they are able, they will speak for themselves. I know of no advantage that they can get by their silence, whatever they may derive from your compassion and generosity, by telling their case. But the doctor, for the present, will not permit them.—Proceed, my friend, I pray you. Your patience will have but a very short trial.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Vindex, a Schoolmaster—revenge for injuries received—surprise and resentment—retaliation—a new scheme of revenge—the adventure of the knocker—fresh cause for alarm—the secret betrayed—Mr. Vindex takes revenge on Harry—More ghosts—Mr. Fenton returns from London—his conversation with Mr. Vindex—emulation excited by rewards—Mr. Vindex is dismissed—critics described—faults of authors—the character of a gentleman.

ABOUT a month before this, Mr. Fenton had engaged one Mr. Vindex, the schoolmaster of the town, to come for an hour every evening, and initiate the two boys in their Latin grammar: But he

had a special caution given him, with respect to the generous disposition of our hero, which was said to be induced to do something by kindness, but to be hardened and roused into opposition by severity.

In about ten days after the late adventure, Mr. Fenton was called to London, where he was detained about three weeks, in settling his books with his Dutch correspondents; and in calling in a very large arrear of interest, that was due to him upon his deposits in the funds.

During his absence, Mr. Vindex began to assume a more expanded authority, and gave a freer scope to the surly terrors of his station.

Ned was, by nature, a very lively, but very petulant boy; and when Vindex reproved him with the imperial brow and voice of the great Mogul, Ned cast upon him an eye of such significant contempt, as no submissions or sufferings, on the part of the offender, could ever after compensate.

The next day, Mr. Vindex returned, doubly armed, with a monstrous birch-rod in one hand, and a ferule in the other. The first, he hung up *in terrorem*, as a meteor is said to hang in the heavens, threatening future castigation to the children of men. The second, he held, as determined upon present action; nor was he unmindful of any hook, whereon to hang a fault; so that, travelling from right to left, and from left to right, he so warmed the hands of the unfortunate Edward, as ruined the funny œconomy of his countenance, and reduced him to a disagreeable partnership with the afflicted.

On the departure of Vindex, though Ned's drollery was dismayed, his resentment was, by no means, eradicated; for the principle of Ned was wholly agreeable to the motto of a very noble escutcheon; and *Nemo me impune lacessit*, was a maxim, of whose impropriety, not St. Anthony himself could persuade him.

All night he lay ruminating, and brooding on mischief in his imagination; and, having formed the outlines of his plan, towards morning, he began to chuckle, and comfort himself, and exult in the execution. He then revealed his project to his bedfellow, Mr. James, who was greatly tickled therewith, and promised to join in the plot.

Full against the portal that opened upon the school-room, there

stood an ancient and elevated chair, whose form was sufficiently expressive of its importance. Mr. Vindex had selected this majestic piece of furniture, as alone suitable to the dignity of his exalted station: for he judiciously considered, that, if thrones and benches were taken from among men, there would be an end of all dominion and justice upon earth.

Through the centre of the seat of this chair of authority, Ned got Mr. James to drill a small hole, not discernable, except on a very minute scrutiny. He then provided a cylindrical stick, of about six inches in length, to one end of which he fastened a piece of lead, and, in the other end, he fixed the head of a large needle. This needle had been a glover's, of approved metal, keen, and polished, and three-square toward the point, for a quick and ready penetration of tough leather. He next fastened two small cords, transversely, to the leaden extremity of the stick; and, James assisting, they turned the chair with the bottom upward, and tacked the four ends of the cords, in such a manner, as answered to the four cardinal points of the compass; while the stick remained suspended in an upright direction, with the point of the needle just so far through the drill, as put it upon a level with the surface of the seat. Lastly, they fastened a long and well-waxed thread about the middle of the stick, and, drawing this thread over the upper ring, they dropped the end of it just under Ned's stool, and replaced the seat of learning in its former position.

Greatly did Ned parade it, when, on a trial, he found that his machine answered to a miracle; for, the stick being restrained from any motion, save that in a direction to the zenith, on the slightest twitch of the thread, the needle instantly mounted four sixths of two inches above the surface of the seat, and was as quickly recalled by the revulsion of the lead.

At the appointed hour of magisterial approach, in comes Mr. Vindex. Mr. Harry and Ned are called. Each seizes his book, and takes his seat, as usual, in a line nearly diagonal to the right and left corner of the chair of authority. Mr. Vindex assumes the throne. But scarce was he down, when Ned gave the premediated intimation to his piercer, and up bounces Vindex, and gives two or three capers, as though he had been suddenly stung by a tarantula. He stares widely about, puts his hand behind him with a touch

of tender condolence, returns to the chair, peers all over it with eyes of the most prying inspection; but, not trusting to the testimony of his ocular sense, in a case that so very feelingly refuted its evidence, he moved his fingers over, and over, every part of the surface; but found all smooth and fair, in spite of the late sensible demonstration to the contrary.

Down again, with slow caution, subsided Mr. Vindex, reconnoitring the premises to the right hand, and to the left.

As his temper was not now in the most dulcet disposition, he first looked sternly at Ned, and then turning toward Harry, with an eye that sought occasion for present quarrel, he questioned him morosely, on some articles of his lesson: when Ned, not enduring such an indignity to the patron of his life and fortunes, gave a second twitch, with better will, and much more lively than the first; and up again sprung Vindex, with redoubled vigour and action, and bounded, plunged, and pranced about the room as bewitched. He glared, and searched all about with a frantic penetration, and pored into every corner, for the visible, or invisible perpetrators of these mischiefs. He now began to imagine that some devil wanted a pincushion, and proposed no other for the purpose than his capacious material.

In this thought he retreated to the next chamber, stripped off his clothes, his shoes, and breeches, and, to know whether a lodgment had been duly made, he groped for the heads of the supposed weapons. He next searched his breeches, and every skirt and posterior fold of coat and waistcoat. But finding the coasts clear of any ensigns of hostility, he writhed and twisted his head and eyes to this side, and to that, to discern, if possible, the devastations that had been made in the field of honour; when, hearing a little titter in the neighbouring school-room, he began to smell a fox; and, dressing himself again, with a malignant determination of better note for the future, he returned with a countenance of dissembled placability, and, resuming his chair, began to examine the boys, with a voice apparently turned by good temper and effection.

During this short serene, poor Ned happened to make a little trip in his rudiments; when Vindex turned, and cried to our hero,

Master Harry, my dear, be so kind as to get up and reach me you ferule.

These words had not fully passed the lips of the luckless preceptor, when Ned plucked the string with his utmost force, and Vindex thought himself, at least, impaled on the spot. Up he shot, once more, like a sudden pyramid of flame. The ground could no longer retain him, he soared aloft, roared, raved, cursed and swore, like a thousand infernals. While Ned, with an aspect of the most condoling hypocrisy, and words broke by a tone of mourning, tenderly inquired of his ailments.

Vindex turned upon him an eye of jealous malignity, and taking a sudden thought, he flew to the scene of his repeated infliction, and turning up the bottom of the seat of pain, this complicated effort of extraordinary genius, lay revealed and exposed to vulgar contemplation.

He first examined, minutely, into the parts and construction of this wonderful machinery, whose efficacy he still so feelingly recollected. He then drew the string, and admired with what a piercing agility the needle could be actuated by so distant a hand. And lastly, and deliberately, he tore away, piece by piece, the whole composition, as his rascally brethren the Turks, have also done, in their antipathy to all the monuments of arts, genius, and learning, throughout the earth.

In the mean while, our friend Edward sat trembling and frying in his skin. All his drollery had forsaken him; nor had he a single cast of contrivance, for evading the mountain of mischiefs that he saw impending. How, indeed, could he palliate? what had he to hope or plead in mitigation of the penalty? where, in the party so highly offended, he saw his judge and his executioner.

Mr. Vindex had now the ball wholly at his own foot; and that Ned was ever to have his turn again, was a matter no way promised by present appearances.

Vindex, at length, looked smilingly about him, with much fun in his face, but more vengeance at his heart. Mr. Edward, said he, perhaps you are not yet apprized of the justice of the Jewish laws, that claim an eye for an eye, and a breech for a breech; but I, my child, will fully instruct you in the fitness and propriety of them.

Then, reaching at the rod, he seized his shrinking prey, as a kite

trusses a robin; he laid him, like a little sack, across his own stool; off go the breeches; and with the left hand he holds him down, while the right is laid at him, with the application of a woodman, who resolves to clear part of the forest before noon.

Harry, who was no way privy to the machination of the needle, now approached, and interposed in behalf of his unhappy servant. He petitioned, he kneeled, he wept; but his prayers and tears were cast to the winds and the rocks, till Vindex had reduced the posteriors of poor Ned, to a plight little different from those of St. Bartholomew.

Mr. Vindex justly deemed, that he had now given a lesson of such ample instruction, as might dispense with his presence for some days at least.

In the mean time, the scalping of Ned's bottom, held him confined to his bed, where he had full time and leisure to contrive, with one end, a just and worthy retribution for the sufferings of the other.

Harry went often to sit and condole with Ned, in this the season of his calamity; and, as he had now conceived a strong aversion to the pedagogue, on account of his barbarity, he offered to assist his friend, in any measures, deemed adequate to the stripes and injuries he had received.

The house of Mr. Vindex was a large and old-fashioned building, with a steep flight of stone-stairs, and a spacious landing-place before the door. Ned was again on his legs, the night was excessive dark, and the family of the preceptor had just finished an early supper.

About this time a gentle rapping was heard; and a servant opening the door, looked this way, and that way, and called out, repeatedly, to know who was there; but no voice replying, he retired, and shut all too again. Scarce was he re-entered, when he hears, rap, rap, rap, rap. The fellow's anger was now kindled, and opening the door suddenly, he bounced out at once, in order to seize the run-away; but, seeing no creature, he began to feel a coming chillness, and his hairs to stir, as though each had got the life of an eel. Back he slunk, closed the door with the greatest tenderness, and crept down to reveal a scantling of his fears to his fellows in the kitchen.

Now, though men and maids laughed heartily at the apprehen-

sions of Hodge, yet they resented this insult on their house, as they called it; and, getting all up together in a group, they slyly crowded behind the door, with the latch in one of their hands, ready to issue, in an instant, and detect the delinquents.

They were not suffered to freeze. Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. Open flies the door, and out rush the servants. Nothing appeared. They all stood silent, and astonished beyond measure. Some, however, with outward bravado, but inward tremblings, went searching along the walls and behind the posts, for some lurcher. Again they gathered to the landing-place, and stood, whisperingly debating what this might be; when, to the inexpressible terror and discomfiture of all present, the spontaneous knocker assumed sudden life and motion, and gave such a peal and alarm to their eyes and ears, as put every sense and resolution to the rout; and in they rushed again, one on the back of the other, and clapped to the door, as in the face of an host of pursuing dæmons.

Mr. Vindex and his lady, for some time past, had been sitting opposite, and nodding over a fire in the back parlour, where they returned each other's salute, with the greatest good manners and punctuality imaginable. He now started, on hearing the rustling in the hall, and angrily called to know what was the matter.

Vindex, from the prejudice of education during his infancy, had conceived the utmost spite to all spectres and hobgoblins, inasmuch, that he wished to deprive them of their very existence, and laboured to persuade himself, as well as others, of their non-entity; but faith proved too strong within him, for all his verbal parade of avowed infidelity.

While the servants, with pale faces and short breath, made their relation, the magisterial philosopher did so sneer, and contemptuously toss that way and t'other, and throw himself back in such affected fits of laughter, as nothing could be like it; till, bouncing at the sound of another peal, he mustered the whole family, boarders and all, to about seventeen in number, together with madam Vindex, who would not be left solo; and now they appeared such an army, as was sufficient to face any single devil, at least; and forth they issued, and filled the landing-place, leaving the the door on the jar.

Here Mr. Vindex turned, and, with his face toward the knocker, thus addressed the assembly:

My honest, but simple friends, quoth he, can any thing persuade you, that a spirit, or ghost, as ye call it, a breath, or being of air, a something, or nothing, that is neither tangible, nor visible, can lay hold of that which is? Or are ye such idiots as to imagine, that yon knocker, (for he did not yet venture to touch it) a substance of solid and molten brass, without members or organs, or any internal system or apparatus for the purpose, can yet be endued with will, design, or any kind of intelligence? when the least locomotive faculty, in the meanest-reptile, must, of necessity, be provided with an infinitely varied mechanism of nerves, tubes, reservoirs, levers, and pulleys, for the nonce. I should discredit my own senses, on any appearance contrary to such palpable demonstration. In all lights—soft—break we off—look where it comes again!—for, in this instant of affirmation, so peremptory and conclusive, the knocker, as in contempt and bitter despight to philosophy, so loudly refuted every syllable of the premises, as left neither time nor inclination to Vindex, for a reply; but, rushing desperately forward, he burst in at the portal, with such as had presence of mind to take advantage of the opening; and, turning again, and shutting the door, violently, in the face of half his family, he ran and threw himself into his chair, in an agony of spirits.

The servants and boarders, whom Vindex had shut out, not abiding to stay in presence of the object of their terrors, tumbled, in a heap, down the stairs, and gathering themselves up again, ran, diversely, to communicate to all their neighbours and acquaintance, the tidings of the enchanted knocker. Their contagious looks and words gave the panic throughout; but curiosity prevailing above apprehension, the town began to gather, though first in thin parties, and at a cautious distance; till the crowd, increasing, took heart and resolution from number, and venturing up a step or two of the stairs, and being still pressed and urged forward, by new comers from behind, they, at length, filled the whole flight and the landing-place, and one of them growing bold enough to lift his hand toward the knocker, the knocker generously convinced him that no assistance was wanting, Rap, rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Back recoil the foremost ranks, casting off and

tumbling over the ranks behind. No one staid to give help or hand to friend or brother: but, rising, or scrambling off on all fours, each made the best of his way to the first asylum; and, in less than ten seconds, there was not a mouse stirring throughout the street.

If I had the ill-nature of such authors as love to puzzle, I also might leave the foregoing ænigma to be solved, or rather made more implicit, in such ways as philosophy might happen to account for; but, in compassion to the pains of a labouring imagination, I chuse to deliver my reader, with all possible ease and dispatch.

The fact is, that these astonishing and tremendous phenomena, that discomfited a little city, alarmed the country round, and resuscitated the stories and legends of the old women, of all the parishes, from Barnet to London, were the whole, and sole, contrivance of our hero's petulant foundling, during a nightly lucubration.

Ned, had, accordingly, imparted his plan of operations to Harry, and Harry had engaged Mrs. Hannah in the plot.

Now, Mrs. Hannah had a house in a narrow part of the street, just opposite to that of Mr. Vindex, where her niece and an old servant resided. This house was narrow, but of the height of four stories; and, on the said memorable night, Ned dropped the end of a bottom of small twine, from the garret-window, which Hannah took across the way, and fastened, with a double knot, to the knocker of Vindex's door. And now it is twenty to one, that if Vindex's family, and the rest of the neighbourhood, had been ever thus far let into the secret, they would not have been altogether so much alarmed at the consequences.

I have read of generals who could gain, but not maintain, conquests; and of women who could keep all secrets but their own. Thus it happened to Ned. His vanity was, at least, on a level with his ingenuity; he was so elated with the success of his recent stratagem, that he boasted of it to some, and half-whispered it to others, till it came to the ears of the much-exasperated Vindex. Vindex, in the first heat, and very broil of his passions, snatches up a huge rod, just cut from the tree, whose bare name strikes terror through all our seminaries of learning, and taking with him one of his boarders, he marches directly down to the house of Mr. Fenton, and thus formidably armed, he enters the fatal school-room.

Ned, by great good fortune for himself, was then absent; but our hero happening to be there, Vindex instantly shut the door, and called him to task.

Master Harry, says he, did you know any thing of the strange knocking at my door, last Tuesday night? to this question, Harry, who was too valiant to be tempted to tell a lie through fear, without hesitation, answered in the affirmative. You did, sirrah, replied the pedagogue, and have you the impudence, also, to confess it to my face? here, Jacky, down with his breeches, and horse him, for me, directly.

Jack was a lusty lubberly boy, about ten years of age, and stooping to unbutton Harry, our hero, according to order, gave him such a sudden fist in the mouth, as dashed in two of his teeth, that then happened to be moulting, and set him a crying and bleeding, in a piteous manner. Vindex then rose, in ten-fold fury, and took our hero in hands himself; and, notwithstanding that, he cuffed and kicked, and fought most manfully; Vindex, at length, unbuttoned his breeches, and set him, in due form, on the back of his boarder.

The pedagogue, at first, gave him the thrée accustomed strokes, as hard as he could draw. So much, my friend, says he, is for your own share of the burden; and now tell me, who were your confederates and abettors in this fine plot? That I will never tell you, deliberately and resolutely, answered our hero. What, shall I be bullied and outbraved, replied the frantic savage, by such an one as you? you little stubborn villian, I will flea you alive; I will carbonade you on the spot. So saying, he laid at him, as though he had been a sheaf of wheat; while Harry, indignantly, endured the torture, and, holding in his breath, that he might not give Vindex the satisfaction of a groan, he determined to perish, rather than betray.

In the mean time, Ned had peeped in at the key-hole, and spying the situation and plight of his loved patron, he ran to Mrs. Hannah, and imparted the horrid tidings. Hannah rose, with all the wrath of Tisiphone in her countenance, and, flying to the school-room, she rushed voilently against the door, burst it open in a twinkling, and springing forward, fastened every nail she had in the face and eyes of Vindex, and tore away and cuffed at a fearful rate. Jack,

EARL OF MORELAND



Harry discovers M^r Clement and his Family in the utmost distress

Engraved by W. G. & Co. from a drawing by J. G. & Co.

at this period, had let his rider to the ground, when Harry, catching at a sword that hung against a wainscoat, whipt it down, and drawing it from the sheath, as quick as lightning, he sprung at Vindex, in order to run him through the body; but, happily, not having had the patience to put up his breeches, they trammelled him in his advance, and he fell prostrate, with the sword in his hand, which reached the leg of the pedagogue, and gave him a slight wound, just as he was endeavouring to make his way through the door. Jack had already made his escape, and the mauled preceptor scampered after, with his ears much better warmed, and his temper better cooled, than when he entered.

Harry bore his misfortune with a sort of sullen, though shame-faced philosophy. But every other member of this honourable family, almost adored him for the bloody proof that he had given of his virtue; and vowed unpitiful vengeance on the ungenerous Vindex.

During the above transactions, the strangers, whom Mr. Fenton had received into his house, had been tended with great humanity, and were now on the recovery.

Mr. James, on conversing with the head of this little family, observed, that he was an exceeding sensible person, and had provided him with a decent, though cast-off suit of his master's; and had also, with the assistance of Mrs. Hannah, put his wife and little boy, into clean and seemly apparel.

As James's invention was on the rack to get adequate satisfaction on the base-spirited Vindex, he went to consult his new friend, who dropped a tear of generosity and admiration, on hearing the story of Harry's heroism and nobility of soul!

By his advice, Mr. James dispatched a messenger to a druggist at London, and to several other shops, for sundry apparatus; and having all things in readiness, and Harry being now able to bear a part in the play, James sent a strange porter to Vindex, with compliments from his master, as though he were just come home, and requested to speak with him.

Vindex accordingly comes, and knocks; the door opens, he enters, and it instantly shuts upon him. He starts back with horror, as at the sight of Medusa. He perceives the hall all in black, without a single ray, save what proceeded from a sickly

lamp, that made the gloom visible. He is suddenly seized upon by two robust devils, covered over with painted flames. They drag him to the school-room; but, O, terror of terrors! he knows the place of his pristine authority no more. He beholds a hell more fearful than his fancy had yet framed. The ceiling seemed to be vaulted with serpents, harpies, and hydras, that dropt livid fire. On one side ran Phlegeton, in waves of burning sulphur. And here the Tisiphone, Mægara, and Alecto of the heathens, appeared to contend, for frightfulness, with Milton's death and sin. Four fiends, and two little imps, at once, laid their fangs upon him, and would have dragged him to the ground: but the pedagogue was a sturdy athletic fellow, and cuffed, and scratched, and roared it out most manfully. The devil, however, proving too strong for the sinner, he was cast prostrate to the earth; and, being left, in retrospection, as bare as father Time, some sat upon his shoulders to keep him down, while others, on each side, alternately keeping time, like the threshers of barley, gave our flogger such a scoring, as imprinted on his memory, to his last state of magistracy, a fellow-feeling for the sufferings of petty delinquents.

Being all out-breathed in turns, they remitted from their toil; and now appeared to be a set of the merriest devils that ever associated. They fastened the clothes of the disconsolate Vindex about his neck, with his own garters; and having manacled his hands before him, they turned him loose to the street. While he, with a wonderful presence of mind, in the midst of his terrors, raised his hands, the best he could, to cover his face, and hurried homeward, judiciously recollecting, that forty-nine in fifty, would have recognised the one end, who could not recognise the other, especially in the present pickle.

Within a few days after this adventure, Mr. Fenton returned. At the first sight of one another, he and his Harry grew together for near half an hour. He then addressed every member of his family, one by one; and, with a familiar goodness, inquired after their several healths and concerns. He also asked after his late guests, and desired to see them; but, on Mr. James's intimation that he had somewhat of consequence to impart to him, they retired to the next room.

Here James made him a minute recital of the preceding adven-

tures; and set forth, in due contrast, the baseness and barbarity of Vindex, on the one part, and the unassailable worthiness of his Harry, on the other; while the praise of this chosen of the old gentleman's soul, sunk like the balm of Gilead, upon his wounded mind, and almost eradicated every memorial of former grief, and planted a new spring of hope and joy in their room.

The table being spread for dinner, Mr. Fenton sent to desire that the stranger and his little family should join company. They came, according to order; but entered, evidently overcome with a weight of shame and gratitude, too grievous to be borne.

Mr. Fenton saw their oppression, and felt the whole burden upon his own shoulders. He accordingly was interested and solicitous in the removal, which he effected with all that address of which his humanity had made him a finished master.

Through the enfoldings of the stranger's modesty, Mr. Fenton discerned many things exceeding the vulgar rank of men. Mr. Clement, said he, I am astonished, beyond measure, that a person of letters, as you are, and who has so much of the gentleman in his person and manner, should yet be reduced to such extremity in a christian country, and among a people distinguished for their humanity. There must be something very singular and extraordinary in your case: and this night, if you are at leisure, and that the recital is not disagreeable to you, you would oblige me by your story.

Sir, answered Mr. Clement, since my life is your's, you have, surely, a right to an account of your property. Whenever you think proper, I will cheerfully obey you.

Mr. Fenton now rose, and stepping into town, and calling upon a neighbour, whom he took to the tavern, he sent for Mr. Vindex, who came upon the sunmons.

Mr. Vindex, says he, pray take your seat. I am sorry, Mr. Vindex, for the treatment you have got in my house, and still sorrier that you have got it so very deservedly.

I have long thought, Mr. Vindex, that the method of school-masters, in the instruction of our children, is altogether the reverse of what it out to be. They generally lay hold on the human constitution, as a pilot lays hold on the rudder of a ship, by the tail, by the single motive of fear alone.

Now, as fear has no concern with any thing but itself, it is the most confined, most malignant, and the basest, though the strongest of all passions.

The party, who is possessed with it, will listen to nothing but the dictates of his own terror, nor scruple anything that may cover him from the evil apprehended, he will prevaricate and lie; if that lie is questioned, he will vouch it by perjury; and if he happens to do an injury, he will be tempted to commit murder, to prevent the effects of resentment.

Fear never was a friend to the love of God, or man, to duty or conscience, truth, probity, or honour. It, therefore, can never make a good subject, a good citizen, or a good soldier; and, least of all, a good christian; except the devils, who believe and tremble, are to be accounted good christians.

How very different is the lesson which our master, CHRIST, teacheth, who commandeth us, not to fear what man can do unto us; to smile at sickness and calamity; to rise superior to pain and death; and to regard nothing but as it leads to the goal of that immortality, which his gospel has brought to light!

There is, Mr. Vindex, but one occasion, wherein fear may be useful, in schools, or common-wealths; and that is, when it is placed as a guard against evil, and appears with its insignia of robes, ropes, and axes, to deter all who behold, from approaching thereto.

But this, Mr. Vindex, is far from being the sole occasion on which school-masters apply the motive of fear and castigation. They associate the ideas of pain to those lessons and virtues, which the pleasure of encouragement ought alone to inculcate: they yet, more frequently apply the lash, for the indulgence of their own weaknesses, and for the gratification of the virulence of their own naughty passions; and I have seen a giant of a pedagogue, raving, raging, and foaming over a group of shrinking infants, like a kite over a crouching parcel of young turkies.

There are, I admit, some parents and preceptors, who annex other motives to that of the rod: they promise money, gaudy clothes, and sweet-meats to children; and, in their manner of expatiating on the use and value of such articles, they often excite, in their little minds, the appetites of avarice, of vanity and sensuality: they,

also, sometimes add the motive of what they call emulation, but which, in fact, is rank envy, by telling one boy how much happier, or richer, or finer, another is, than himself.

Now, though envy and emulation are often confounded, in terms; there are not two things more different, both in respect to their object, and in respect to their operation; the object of envy is the person, and not the excellence of any one; but the object of emulation is excellence alone; as when CHRIST, exciting us to be emulous of the excellence of God himself, bids us be perfect, as our father which is in heaven is perfect; the operation of envy is to pull others down; but the act of emulation, is to exalt ourselves to some eminence or height proposed: the eyes of envy are sore and sickly, and hate to look at the light; but emulation has the eye of an eagle, and soars, while it gazes in the face of the sun.

Were tutors half as solicitous, throughout their academies, to make men of worth, as to make men of letters; there are a hundred pretty artifices, very obvious to be contrived and practised, for the purpose. They might institute caps of shame, and wreaths of honour in their schools; they might have little medals, expressive of particular virtues, to be fixed on the breasts of the achiever, till forfeited by default: and on the report of any boy's having performed a signal action of goodnature, friendship, gratitude, generosity, or honour, a place of eminence might be appointed for him to sit on, while all the rest of the school, should bow in deference as they passed. Such arts as these, I say, with that distinguishing affection and approbation, which all persons ought to shew to children of merit, would soon make a new nation of infants, and, consequently, of men.

When you, Mr. Vindex, iniquitously took upon you to chastise my most noble and most incomparable boy, you first whipt him for his gallant and generous avowal of the truth; and, next, you barbarously fled him, because he refused to betray those who had confined in his integrity.

When I behold so many scoundrels walking openly throughout the land, who are styled your honour, and your honour; and who impudently usurp the most exalted of all characters, the character of a gentleman, I no longer wonder, when I reflect, that they have been principled, or rather unprincipled, by such tutors as Mr. Vindex.

The merry devils, Mr. Vindex, who took you in hand, were not of a species so alienated from humanity, as you might imagine: they have, therefore, appointed me their vehicle of some smart-money, in recompence, but desire no further advantage from your company or instructions.

So saying, Mr. Fenton put a purse of five-and-twenty guineas into the hands of the preceptor, and withdrew without speaking another word.

FRIEND. Upon my credit, this Mr. Fenton—I long to know something more of him—he is a sensible kind of a man, and has given us some very valuable hints upon education. But, may I be so free with you, as to drop some general remarks upon the whole of what I have read?

AUTHOR. Free, Sir?—by all means—as free as you please, to be sure.—Believe me, you cannot do me a greater favour.

F. Why, there's the plague on't now—you begin to kindle already.—Ah, were you authors to know the thousandth part of the liberties that are taken behind your backs, you would learn to bear, with more humility, a gentle admonition, though uttered to your faces.—Few, indeed, have the generosity, or even humanity, to intimate what they themselves think, or what the world speaks of you. We are seldom over forward to say any thing that might give displeasure to others, because we like that others should be pleased with ourselves; but, in your absence, we pay ourselves largely for our taciturnity in your presence; and I have often been in company, where the intimates and confidants of your authors, have depreciated and ridiculed the very same passages, which they applauded with cries and claps in their closets. The world, my friend, has substituted good manners in the place of good nature; whoever conform to the former, is dispensed with from any observance of the latter. Shall I add, (for the misfortune of you authors) that there is a set of men, who, at once dispense with common manners, and common humanity. They go under the name of critics; and must be men of wealth, that the difference paid to fortune may give a sort of stamp and currency to the dross of their erudition. In the strictest sense, indeed, they may be called men of letters; their study, as well as capacity, being nearly confined to a just or orthographical disposition of the alphabet. Their business is to reconnoitre the outworks of genius, as they have no key to the gates of nature or sentiment. They snuff faults from afar, as crows scent carrion, and delight to pick, and to prey, and to dwell upon them. They enter, like wasps, upon the gardens of literature, not to relish any fragrance, or select any sweets, but to pamper their malevolence, with every thing that savours of rankness or offence. Happily for them, their sagacity does not tend to the discovery of merit; in such a case, a work of genius would

give them the spleen for a month, or possibly depress their spirits beyond discovery.

To these high and dreaded lords, justiciaries, the critics, authors deemed it incumbent to submit the products of their lucubrations; not in the prospect of any advantage from their advice or animadversions, neither in the hopes of acquiring their friendship or patronage, but merely to soothe and deprecate the effects of their malignity. Accordingly, I have been present when some of these dictators have been presented with a manuscript, as with an humble petition; they have thereupon assumed the chair, as a judge assumes the bench when a criminal is called before him, not in order to trial or hearing, but to sentence and condemnation. To what scenes of mortification have I been witness on such occasions! to what a state of abatement, of abasement, of annihilation, have these entertainers of the public been depressed?—‘I am sorry, sir, to tell you, that this will not do;—a few attempts here and there, but that will not compensate;—here, again, how injudicious, absurd, unpardonable!—Lord, sir, you should have considered, that when a man sits down to write for the public, the least compliment they expect from him is, that he should think.—Here, my friend, I have seen enough; I cannot affront my judgment so much as either to recommend or patronise your performance; all I can do for you is, to be silent on the subject, and permit fools to approve who have not sense to discern.’—Thus do these critics, paramount with the delicacy and compassion of the tortures of the inquisition, search out all the seats of sensibility and self-complacence, in order to sting with the more quick and killing poignancy.

Now, my dear friend, as you have not applied for the favour of these established arbitrators of genius and literature, you are not to expect the least mercy from them; and I am also free to tell you, that I know of no writer who lies more open to their attacks. You are excessively incorrect; your works, on the one hand, have not the least appearance of the *limæ labor*; nor, on the other, have they that ease which ought to attend the haste with which they seem to be written. Again, you are extremely unequal and disproportioned; one moment you soar where no eye can see, and strait descend, with rapidity, to creep in the vulgar phrase of chambermaids and children. Then you are so desultory, that we know not where to have you; you no sooner interest us in one subject, than you drag us, however reluctant, to another. In short, I doubt whether you laid any kind of plan before you set about the building; but we shall see how your fortuitous concourse of atoms will turn out.

A. Do I want nature?

F. No.

A. Do I want spirit?

F. Rather too much of fire, at time.

A. Do I want sentiment?

F. Not altogether.

A. Then, Sir, I shall be read, and read again, in despite of

my own defects, and of all that you or your critics can say or do against me. The truth is, that the critics are very far from being bugbears to me; they have always proved my friends, my best benefactors; they were the first who writ me into any kind of reputation; and I am more beholden to their invectives, than I am to my genius, for any little name I may have got in the world; all I have to fear is, that they are already tired of railing, and may not deem me worth their further notice.—But, pray, my good sir, if you desire that I should profit by your admonitions, ought you not to give me instances of the faults with which you reproach me?

F. That would be time and labour altogether thrown away, as I have not the smallest hope of bringing you to confession. You are a disputant, a casuist, by your education; you are equally studied and practised in turning any thing into nothing, or bringing all things thereout. But do not flatter yourself that I have yet given you the detail of half your faults; you are often paradoxical, and extremely peremptory and desperate in your assertions. In this very last page you affirm, that the character of a gentleman is the most reverable—the highest of all characters;

A. I did, sir, I do affirm it, and will make it good.

F. I knew it, sir, I knew it; but do not chuse at present, to enter into the discussion. At the next pause I shall willingly hear you on this question.

CHAPTER VII.

History of the man of letters—Mr. Clements letter to his son—his answer—Mr. Clement meets with a friend—he is disappointed—new difficulties—Mr. Clement meets with an adventure—he is assaulted and wounded—Mrs. Greaves conducts him to her house—he recovers—gratitude—Mrs. Greaves visits Mr. Clement's father—her reception at his house—Mr. Clement's conversation with a bookseller—commences author—he is elated at his success—converses with Arabella—he is married—is arrested for a libel—a release—Mrs. Greaves is taken ill—a death—sorrow—Lord Stiver's first visit—a descant on liberty—Lord Stiver's second visit—Mr. Clement is again arrested—a visit in consequence—Lord Stiver importunes Mrs. Clement—he makes an attempt on her chastity—she stabs him—escapes with her husband—relates the cause of her distress—an advertisement—an apostrophe^s—desperation—charity—Mr. Clement resolves to visit his father—rescues a stranger—he discovers his father—a digression.

ON his return, he ordered a fire and a bottle of wine into his study, and sent for Mr. Clement. Mr. Clement, says he, sit down.

I assure you, Mr. Clement, I am inclined to think very well of you. But pray let me have the narrative of your life and manners, without disguise. An ingenuous confession and sense of past errors, has something in it; to me, full as amiable, or more; than if a man had never strayed.

Sir, says Mr. Clement, I have, indeed, been faulty, very faulty, in my intentions; though God has hitherto preserved me from any very capital act, and has, by your hand, wonderfully brought me to this day.

History of the Man of Letters.

Bartholomew Clement, sir, a retailer of hard-ware, in the Strand, is my father. He was low bred, and, as I believe, of narrow capacity; but proceeding in what they call the dog-trot of life, and having a single eye to the making of money, he became vastly rich, and has now a large income from houses and ground-rents in the city of Westminster, the fruits and acquisition of his own application.

I remember nothing of my mother, except her fondness for me; nor of her character, except the tears that I have seen my father shed, when occasional circumstances have brought her fresh to his memory. She died when I was in my seventh year. I was their only surviving child, and my father transferred all his tenderness for her to me.

The love of my father was not the mere partiality or prejudice of a parent; it was not an affection; he had a passion for me, that could be equalled by nothing but his vanity in my behalf. He resolved, he said, that there should be one gentleman in the family, and, with this view, he resisted his desire of having me always in his sight, and sent me to Westminster school, and from thence to Cambridge, where I continued till I was twenty years of age, without any thing happening that was uncommon, or deserving of your attention.

In the mean time, my father was as prodigal of his purse towards me, as he was of his caresses. He had me with him every vacation. He visited me frequently during term, and seemed to lose the better half of his existence when we parted.

He had infused into me a strong tincture of his own vanity and

views. I lost even a portion of that tenderness and respect which I had felt in his regard. He was a trader, a mechanic; I sighed for his reptile state; and I looked down upon him, as Icarus did on that very father from whom he had derived wings for so exalted a flight.

My application, accordingly, was equal to my ambition. I was not merely a master, I was a critic in the classical languages. I relished, and commented on the beauties of the Greek and Latin authors; was a thorough connoisseur in the customs and manners of the ancients; and could detect the slightest transgression of a sculptor or designer, in the folding of the Roman toga. I also had the honour to be intimate with all the Great of antiquity; I frequently sat in Synod, with the whole posse of heathen gods, on Olympus, and I kept them, as I imagined, in a kind of dependence, by my perfect knowledge of all their secret lapses and mistreadings. I had traced the system of nature from Aristotle and Pathagoras, down to Epicurus and Lucretius, and from them down to Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; and I was so thorough paced an adept in all the subtleties of logic, that I could confute and change sides, without losing an inch of the ground that I had gained upon my adversary.

I now imagined that I was arrived at the very pinnacle of human excellence, and that fortune and honour were within my grasp on either hand. I looked on the chancellorship, or primacy, as things that must come, in course, and I was contriving some station more adequate to the height of my merits and ambition, when I received this letter.

SON HAMMEL,

‘Have lately inquired into thy life and character; am sorry to find them too bad to give hope of amendment. Have lost my money and my child. Thou hast cut thyself from my love: I have cut thee from my fortune. To comfort myself, have taken a neighbours’s widow to wife. Come not near me, I will not see thee. Would pray for thee, if I did not think it in vain.

‘BARTHOLOMEW CLEMENT.’

For some time after the receipt of this cruel letter, I remained in a state of stupidity. I could not believe the testimony of my senses. I gave a kind of discredit to all things. But, awaking

from this lethargy into inexpressible anguish, my soul was rent by different and contending passions.

Whatever contempt I might have for the station of my father, I still loved his person better than riches and honours. But he loved me no more, he was gone, he was lost; he was already dead and buried, at least to me. I cast myself on the ground, I groaned, I wept aloud, I bewailed him, as though he had lain a lifeless corpse before me. At length, having vented the first ravings of my passion, I rose, and wrote to my father an answer, of which this, in my pocket-book, is the copy :

SIR,

‘ If you had not wished to find those faults, you sent to seek after, in a life that defies malice, and is wholly irreproachable, you would not have given credit to scoundrels, who cannot judge of the conduct of a gentleman; nor have condemned your only child, without hearing or defence.

‘ In cutting me from your fortune, you only cut me from what I despise; but in cutting me from your love, you have unjustly robbed me of what no fortune can repair. I see that you are irretrievably taken away from me; I shall never more behold my long-indulgent and fond father; and I shall not cease to lament his loss with tears of filial affection. But for this new father, whose heart could dictate so unnatural and inhuman a letter, I equally disclaim all commerce and concern with him. And, could it be possible, that a person of my talents and abilities should be reduced to indigence or distress, you, sir, are the very last man upon earth to whom I would apply, or from whom I would deign to accept relief.

‘ But if, on the other hand, it should please God, hereafter to visit your hard-heartedness, with affliction and poverty; and that I, like the son of the blacksmith, in the days of our eighth Harry, should stand next the throne in dignity and honours, you will then find me desirous of making you all sorts of submissions, you will then find the dutifullest, the fondest, and tenderest of children, in, sir,

‘ Your little known, and much injured

‘ HAMMEL CLEMENT.’

Having thus vented the gusts and feelings of my heart, I began,

seriously, to think of the course I ought to take; and considered London as the sphere, in which a luminary would appear with the greatest lustre.

I discharged my servant, sold my two geldings, disposed of my room, my furniture, and most of my books, and having mustered somewhat upwards of three hundred and fifty pounds, I lodged the three hundred pounds with a Cambridge dealer, from whom I took bills on his correspondent in London; and set out, on my expedition, in the first stage.

I took cheap lodgings near Charing-cross. I was altogether unknowing and unknown in that great city; and reflecting, that a hidden treasure cannot be duly estimated, I daily frequented Markham's coffee-house, amidst a promiscuous resort of swords-men, literati, beaux, and politicians.

Here, happening to distinguish myself, on a few occasions, where some articles of ancient history, or tenet of Thales, or law of Lycurgus, chanced to be in question, I began to be regarded with better advantage.

An elderly gentleman, one day, who sat attentive in a corner, got up and whispered that he would be glad of my company, to take share of a pint in the next room. I gratefully obeyed the summons, and, when we had drank a glass a-piece, Mr. Clement, says he, you appear to have but few acquaintance, and may possibly want a friend. My fortune is small, but I have some influence in this town, and, as I have taken an inclination to you, I should be glad to serve you. If the question is not too free, pray what is your present dependence and prospect for life?

Having, with a grateful warmth, acknowledged his goodness to me, I ingenuously confessed, that my circumstances were very slender, and that I should be glad of any place, wherein I could be useful to myself and my employer. And pray, says my friend, what place would best suit you? I hope, sir, answered I, my education has been such, that, laying aside the manual crafts, there is not anything for which I am not qualified. I am greatly pleased to hear it, replied Mr. Goodville, and hope soon to bring you news that will not be disagreeable.

Within a few days, Mr. Goodville again entered the coffee-house, with a happy aspect. He beckoned me aside. Clement, says he,

I have the pleasure to tell you, that I have brought you the choice of two very advantageous places. Mr. Giles, the banker, wants a clerk, who can write a fine hand, and has made some proficiency in arithmetic. And, my good friend, Mr. Tradewell, an eminent merchant, would give large encouragement to a youth who understands the Italian method of book-keeping, as his business is very extensive, and requires the shortest and clearest manner of entry and reference.

My friend here paused: and I blushed, hung down my head, and was wholly confounded. At length I answered, hesitatingly, Perhaps, sir, you have happened on the only two articles in the universe, (mechanics, as I said, apart), of which I have no knowledge. Well, well, my boy, says he, don't be discouraged, I will try what further may be done in your behalf.

Within about a fortnight after, Mr. Goodville sent me a note to attend him at his lodgings, in Red Lion-square. I went, flushed with reviving hope. My child, said he, as I entered, I have now brought you the offer of three different places, and some one of them, as I trust, must surely fit you.

Our East-India Company propose to make a settlement on the coast of Coromandel, and are inquisitive after some youths who have made a progress in geometry, and are, more especially, studied in the science of fortification. There is, also, the colonel of a regiment, an old intimate of mine, who is going on foreign service, and he, in truth, applied to me, to recommend a person who was skilled in the mechanic powers, and, more particularly, who had applied himself to gunnery and engineering. There is, lastly, the son of a nobleman, to whom I have the honour to be known; he is captain of a man of war, and would give any consideration to a young man of sense and letters, who is a proficient in navigation, and in the use of the charts and compass, and who, at the same time, might serve as a friend and companion.

Sir, said I, quite astonished, I have been a student, as Goliath was a man of war, from my childhood. If all my tutors did not flatter me, my genius was extensive, and my progress in learning may prove, that my application has been indefatigable. I know all things, from the beginning of time, that the ancient or modern world, as I was told, accounted matters of valuable crudition or

recognizance ; and, yet, I have not so much as heard of the use or estimation of any of these sciences, required, as you say, by persons in high trust and commission.

Mr. Goodville, hereupon, looked concerned, and shook his head. My dear Mr. Clement, says he, I do not doubt your talents or learning ; but I now begin to doubt whether they have been directed, or applied, to any useful purpose. My cousin Goodville informs me, that the bishop of St. Asaph is in distress for a young gentleman, a man of morals and a linguist, who has some knowledge in the canon and civil law, as his vicar-general is lately dead. He tells me further, that a gentleman, a friend of his, who is in great circumstances, and who is now about purchasing the place of surveyor-general, wants a youth who has got some little smattering in architecture, and has an elegant hand at the drawing of plans and sections. I am also known to one of the commissioners of excise, and if you are barely initiated in guaging, or surveying, I think I could get you into some way of bread.

Alas, sir ! I replied, in a desponding tone, I am equally a stranger to all these matters,

Perhaps, said Mr. Goodville, I could get you into holy orders, if you are that way inclined. Are you well read in theology ?

Yes, yes, sir, I briskly answered ; I am perfectly acquainted with the gods, and manners of worship, through all nations since the deluge.

But are you, replied my friend, equally versed in the christian dispensation ? Have you studied our learned commentators on the creeds ? Are you read in the Polemic divinity ? and, are you a master of the sense and emblematical reference that the Old Testament bears to the New ?

Sir, said I, I have often dipped, with pleasure, into the Bible, as there are many passages in it extremely affecting ; and others full of fine imagery, and the true sublime.

My poor dear child (mournfully answered Mr. Goodville), by all I can find, you know no one thing of use to yourself, or any other person living, either with respect to this world, or the world to come. Could you make a pin, or a waistcoat button, or form a pill-box, or weave a cabbage-net, or shape a cobbler's last, or hew a block for a barber, or do any of those things by which millions

daily maintain themselves, in supplying the wants and occasions, or fashions and vanities of others, you might not be under the necessity of perishing.

The ways of life, for which your studies have best prepared you, are physic and the law. But then they require great expence, and an intense application of many years to come, before you can propose to enter on a livelihood, by either of those professions. And, after all, your success would be very precarious, if you were not supported by many friends, and a strong interest, at least, on your setting out.

I have already told you, Clement, that I am not rich; and, if I were, it is not he who gives you money, but he who puts you into a way of getting it, that does you a friendship.

I am advised to go to Montpellier, for the establishment of my health, after a tedious fit of sickness that I had at Bath. I shall set out in about a month. But, before I go, my child, I earnestly wish, and advise you, to fix on some craft, or trade, or manner of employing your time, that will enable you to earn a certain subsistence, and, at the same time, make you a worthy member of the community. For, believe me, my boy, that it is not speculative science; no, nor all the money and jewels upon earth, that make any part of the real wealth of this world. It is industry, alone, employed on articles that are useful and beneficial to society, that constitutes the true riches of all mankind.

As soon as you have made your election, let me see you again. And, at all events, let me see you before I set out.

Hereupon I bowed and retired, the most mortified and dejected of all beings. I was so low and dispirited, that I could scarce get to my lodgings. I threw myself on the bed. The gilding of the vapours of grandeur and ambition, like the sky of a summer's evening, had delighted my prospects, now wholly disappeared, and a night of succeeding darkness fell heavy on my soul.

One third of my principal fund was almost sunk; and my imagination considered the remainder as already vanished, without the possibility of supply or resource. I, now, secretly cursed the vanity of my father: he must breed me a gentleman, thought I, as though I had been born to no manner of end. Had I been the son of a cobbler, of a porter, an ostler, of the lowest wretch, who wins

his bread by the sweat of his brow, I should not have been reduced to the worst species of beggary, that of begging with sound limbs and a reasonable soul, the least pitied, though most pitiable object of the creation; for, surely, that is the case of a poor scholar, and a poor gentleman!

For some following days, I went about prying and inquiring into the various numberless occupations, that maintained so many thousands of active hands and busy faces, throughout that wonderful city.

One evening, as I returned late, and fatigued, through Cheapside, I observed a man very importunate with a woman who walked before me. Sometimes she would hurry on, and again make a full stop, and earnestly beseech him to go about his business; but, in spite of her intreaties, he still stuck close to her, till coming to the end of blind-alley, he, suddenly, seized her by the arm, and pulled her in after him.

She shrieked out for help, with repeated vociferation; when, re-collecting all my force, and drawing my sword, villain, I cried out, quit the woman instantly, or you are a dead man. He perceived the glittering of the weapon, and retired a few paces; but, taking out a pocket pistol, he discharged it full at me, and ran off with precipitation.

The ball entered my clothes and flesh, and lodged on the rotula of my left arm. I felt a short pang, but, not attending to it, I took the woman under the arm, and, returning with her to the street, I told her we had no time to lose, and desired to know where she lived. She answered, at the sign of the Fan and Ruffle, in Fleet-street, where she kept a milliner's shop. We had not far to go; we made the best of our speed, and were let in by a servant maid, who shewed us to a back parlour.

Jenny, said Mrs. Graves, (that was her name) bring a glass and a bottle of the cordial wine. You look a little pale, sir; I hope you are not hurt. Not much, I think, madam, but I feel a small pain in my left shoulder. Sir, here is my best service to you, with my blessings and prayers for you to the last hour of my life. You must drink it off, sir, we both stand in need of it; this was a frightful affair. Jenny, where's Arabella? within a few doors, madam, at the Miss Hodgins's. Come, sir, said Mrs. Graves, I must look

at your shoulder; then, opening the top of my waistcoat, she instantly screamed out, God preserve my deliverer! I fear he is wounded dangerously. Jenny, fly to Mr. Weldon's, bring him with you, immediately, do not come without him. Dearest, worthiest of men, let me press another glass upon you. It is necessary in such a waste of blood and spirits. Madam, I replied, the wound cannot be of consequence; but, I was greatly fatigued, at the time I had the happiness to rescue you from that ruffian.

The surgeon soon came, and looking at my wound, said something apart to Mrs. Graves, who, thereupon, ordered Jenny to get a fire, and to make and warm the bed in the best chamber.

Sir, said I to Mr. Weldon, do not alarm the gentlewoman. I am not of a fearful temper, and hope to bear my fortune like a man. Sir, said he, your wound has been made by a rifle ball, and it may cost you much pain to extract it. You must not think of stirring from hence for the present. By the time your bed is ready, I will be back with the dressings.

During the surgeon's absence, Mrs. Graves was in tears; while I sat suspended between my natural fears of an approaching dissolution, and my hopes of being suddenly and lastingly provided for. The cruelty of my father, the disappointment and overthrow of all my elevated expectations, and my utter incapacity of being of the smallest use to myself or mankind, had given me a kind of loathing to life. I had not, indeed, attended to my duty as a christian; but I was then innocent of any actual or intentional evil; and as my conscience did not condemn me, I looked to mercy with a kind of humble resignation.

Mr. Weldon came with the dressings, his eldest apprentice, and a man-servant. I was then conducted to my chamber, and helped to bed, where I was put to great anguish in the extraction of the ball; as the periostium had been lacerated, and the lead, being flattened, extended much beyond the wound it had made.

Having passed a very painful and restless night, I remembered nothing further, till, at the expiration of one-and-twenty days, I seemed to awaken out of a long and uneasy dream.

I turned my head, and beheld, as I imagined, all arrayed in shining white, and at my bed-side, an inhabitant of some superior region:

for never, till then, had I seen, or even conceived an idea of any form so lovely.

Tell me, said I, fair creature, on what world am I thrown? But, instead of replying, it flew out of my apartment, and soon after returned, accompanied by Mrs. Graves, whose hands and eyes were elevated, as in some extraordinary emotion.

Mrs. Graves, said I, how do you do? I hope you are well. I now begin to conjecture whereabouts I am. But, neither did she answer; but, falling on her knees by my bed, and taking hold of my hand, I thank, I thank thee, O my God, she cried; and bursting into tears, she wept and sobbed like an infant. Ah, Mrs. Graves, said I, I fear that you have had a troublesome guest of me. But, then, says she, we remember that trouble no more, now that you are, once again, born into the world.

During the few succeeding days, in which I kept my bed, Mrs. Graves and her fair niece, Arabella, whom I had taken for a vision, constantly breakfasted and spent their evening in my apartment. I gave them a short narrative of my foregoing history; and understood, on their part, that they were the sister and daughter of the late reverend Mr. Graves, of Putney, who had little more to bequeath, than his books and furniture, amounting to above five hundred pounds, which they held in joint stock, and had hitherto rather increased than diminished.

As I scarce remembered my mother, and had now, as it were, no father, relation, nor friend upon earth, I felt a vacuity in my soul, somewhat like that of an empty stomach, desirous of seizing on the first food that should present itself to my cravings. Delightful sensibilities! sweet hungerings of nature after its kind! this good woman and her niece became all the world to me. The one had conceived, for me, all the passion of a parent: the other, that of the fondest and tenderest of sisters. On the other hand, I had, for Mrs. Graves, all the feeling of a child, who conceives himself a part of the existence of her who bore him; and my eyes and actions could not forbear to discover to Arabella, that my heart was that of the most affectionate of brothers, though too delicate to indulge itself in those familiar endearments which the nearest of kindred might venture to claim.

When I was up and about the house, I requested Mrs. Graves to make out her bill for my board, and for physician, surgeon, drugs,

&c. during my long illness. Hereupon she looked eagerly and tenderly at me. Mr. Clement, says she, I think you are too generous, designedly to approach us with what we owe you. But for what is it, my child, that you desire us to charge you? is it for rescuing me from death, or a shame worse than death? probably from both? or, is it for delivering this, my darling, from the bitter grief and distress that my loss must have brought upon her? or, do you, rather, desire to pay us for the fearful pains and sickness which you suffered on our account, and for having, nearly, forfeited your life in our defence? No, Mr. Clement, you must not think of paying us the very debts that we owe you; more, indeed, Mr. Clement, than all our little fortune, than the product of the industry of our lives can ever repay.

Here I was silenced for the present, but in no degree convinced; and I felt, in a sort, the disgust of an injured person, uneasy and studious, till some revenge might be had.

In two days after, while Mrs. Graves was at market, and Arabella gone with a Brussels head and ruffles, to a young lady of distinction, I stepped into the shop, where Jenny waited the commands of those that should call. I had scarce entered, when a sheriff's officer appeared at the door, and bolting in, laid an execution on the shop for eighty-five pounds odd shillings, at the suit of Mr. Hardgrave, the cambric and lace merchant.

I was, at first surprised and grieved, but pleasure quickly succeeded to my concern on the occasion. I took out my pocket-book, immediately discharged the debt, with costs, and gave a crown to Jenny, on her solemn assurance, that she would not betray a syllable of what had happened to her mistress or Arabella.

Soon after, this good gentlewoman and her neice returned, dinner was ordered up, and I sat down to table, with a heart and countenance more easy and cheerful than ordinary.

Before the cloth was removed, Jenny came and delivered a note to her mistress. She read it over and over, with apparent surprise and attention, asked if the messenger was waiting, and stepped to the door. Again she returned, sat down without speaking a word, and the muscles of her countenance being strongly affected, she could no longer retain her passion, and her tears burst forth.

What is the matter, cried Arabella, my aunt, my dear dear mother, my only friend and parent? and, breaking also into tears, she threw herself about her neck.

O, there is no bearing of this! exclaimed Mrs. Graves. This young man, my Arabella, distresses us beyond expression. He has, this very day, my love, for the second time, snatched us from instant ruin. I would tell you, if I could speak; but read that note. Which she did accordingly.

The note was signed Freestone Hardgrave, and imported, how sorry he was, that his late losses by sea, had put him under the necessity of laying an execution on her house, without customary notice.

That he was glad, however, she had so large a sum ready as ninety pounds, the receipt of which he acknowledged; and hoped this affair would make no difference with respect to their future dealings.

And why, best and dearest of women, said I to Mrs. Graves, why would you grieve that I should endeavour to relieve myself from a part of that burden, with which your goodness and obligations have so greatly oppressed me? O, that it were in my power! I cried, and my hands pressed each other with an involuntary ardour; but it never will, it never can be possible for me to prove the passion that my soul has for you, and—there I hesitated—to shew you, I say, the love that I have for you, Mrs. Graves. You two make my world, and all that I am concerned for, or desire therein.

Since that is the case, said Mrs. Graves, with a smile and a tear, that glistened together, if you will admit an equal passion from one so old as I am, it were pity we should ever part. Send, my child, this very day, and discharge your former lodgings. The time that we spend together cannot be but happy. All cares are lessened by the society of those we love; and our satisfaction will be doubled by feeling for each other.

I did not, at that time, know the whole reason of delight with which I accepted this generous invitation. I settled at Mrs. Graves's without any formal agreement, and all my little matters were directly brought home.

O, how happy were many succeeding days! how still more happy, when contrasted with the misery that ensued! We spent all the time together that business and attention to the shop would permit; and we grudged every moment that was spent asunder. I related to them a thousand entertaining stories, and passages occasionally recollected from the poets and historians of antiquity; and a secret emotion, and inward ardour for pleasing, give me, fluently, to intersperse sentimental observations, and pertinent digressions, more delightful to my auditory, than all my quoted authorities.

I was now daily gathering health and strength, to which the complacency of my mind greatly contributed; when, one evening, Mrs. Graves returned, more dejected than ordinary. I enquired into the cause, with a solicitude and countenance that naturally expressed the interest I took in her concerns. Why, my dear child, says she, perhaps I have been both impertinent and indiscreet, but I meant all for the best. You must know, then, that I have been on a visit to your father. To my father, madam? Even so. I would to heaven that he were worthy to be called father to such a son. But, as I was saying:

Your father, Mr. Clement, is in great circumstances; he keeps his coach, has taken a fine new house, and lives at a high rate. I sent in my name, with notice that I came to him on business of consequence. I was, thereupon, shewn to a back parlour, where he sat, in company with Mrs. Clement, and a lusty ill-looking young gentleman; but your stepmother has a comely good-humoured countenance; she also appears to be far advanced in her pregnancy. Mrs. Graves, said your father, take a seat. What are your commands with me, madam? I came, sir, to let you know, that your son, Mr. Hammel Clement, the best of human beings, has been at the point of death. Have you nothing to say to me, madam, but what concerns my son Hammel? I have not, I confess, sir, but that is more than enough; it is very interesting and affecting, and concerns you most nearly. Here Mr. Clement, for I will never more call him by the sacred name of father, here, I say, he started up, and, catching at a book, he pressed it to his lips, and cried, I swear, by the virtue of this, and all other holy books, that I will never listen to any person who would speak a single word in

belial of Hammel Clement ; and so, Mrs. give me leave to shew you the way out again. So saying, he caught my hand, and drew me to the door, while I turned, and cried to your stepmother, O madam, what sort of a heart is your's, that refuses its intercession on this occasion ? but she gave me an eye and sneer, of such a mischievous meaning, as expressed the whole fiend, under the guise of an angel. When Mr. Clement had taken me to the outward door, I just turned, and said, I am sorry, sir, that a man of your grave and sensible appearance, should suffer yourself to be so duped by people, whose interest it is to deceive you. But swelling into choler, he gave me a violent push from him, and clapped too the door in my face. So that, in short, my dear child, I fear I have done you harm, where I meant you true service.

It matters not, my mother, said I, (endeavouring to suppress a tear of tender resentment) I will soon, I trust, procure some kind of independence on that barbarian and his fortune ; and while I have you and your Arabella, I shall want neither father nor friend.

Being, now very nearly re-established in my health, I set out again, in search after some employment that might suit me. As I was strolling on Tower-hill, I observed a shop on my left hand ; it was that of Mr. Wellcot, a bookseller and printer. I stepped in, and, after some introductory discourse, I asked him if he had occasion, in the way of his business, for a friend of mine ; a gentleman in distress, but of parts and learning. Alas, sir, cried Wellcot, such creatures as you mention, are a drug upon earth, there is a glut of them in all markets. I would give any one a broad piece per man, who should deliver me from three or four of them, who lie heavy on my hands. Not, sir, that they are greedy, or idle, in the least. I can get one of these gentlemen, as you are pleased to call them, on whose education more money has been expended, than at the common and legal interest, would maintain a decent family to the end of the world ; I can get one of them, I say, to labour like an hackney horse, from morning to night, at less wages than I could hire a rascally porter, or shoe-boy, for three hours. I employ them occasionally, in correcting the press, or folding, or stitching the sheets, or running of errands. But then, sir, they have, all of them, aspects of such a billious despondence, that a man

may, with less melancholy, behold a death's head. And really, sir, I could not stand it, if custom, as I may say, did not harden me, by the perpetual vision of these spectres.

While Wellcot was speaking, I made a secret vow against having any kind of commerce or concern with booksellers or printers, for, at least, a century to come. But, fearing to be suspected a party concerned, I affected an air as easy as possible, and observing some females who were busy in stitching some pamphlets, I asked him if they contained any thing new or entertaining.

Sir, said Wellcot, this is an elaborate performance of the most eminent of our patriot writers ; I pay him, at the lowest, five guineas weekly. And, could any man write, with double his spirit and genius, I could better afford to give that author a hundred. For good writings are like diamonds, that are valued according to their carats ; do but double their weight, and they immediately become of twenty times the estimation.

This pamphlet consisted of a sheet, sewed in blue paper. I instantly paid my two-pence, and sat down to peruse it. I found that it contained several very free remonstrances against his majesty, and the ministers, for joining with France in the war against Holland, in opposition to the civil and religious interests of England ; together with a few collateral digressions, in assertion of Magna Charta, of the freedom of man in general, and of Britons in particular. I perceived that it was written with much more judgment than genius. And what, said I to Wellcot, will you give to that man who shall, confessedly, excell this your most eminent of patriot writers, upon his own subject, and in his own way ? give, sir ! cried the bookseller, many thanks, and a proportionable increase of profits. Enough, sir, I answered, you shall soon hear from me again, I wish you a good-morrow.

On my return, I called at Mr. Goodville's, but, he had sailed for France about a fortnight before. I then went about to a number of pamphlet shops, and bought up all the political papers that had any reference to the matter in hand.

I sat down to my work like a hungry man to his victuals ; and I grudged my heart, those short indulgencies which it enjoyed, in the society of the two objects of its fondest affections.

Having finished my first paper in about a fortnight, I entitled it

The WEEKLY MONITOR, and took it directly to Wellcot's. Here, sir, said I, is my friend's first venture. But has your friend, demanded Wellcot, in a discouraging accent, sent the usual indemnity for the first impression of a young author? that shall not be wanting, I answered, if you require it, Mr. Wellcot. Why, said he, I do not take upon me to be a judge in these matters; and yet custom has given me a shrewd sort of a guess. Come, sir, I have a few minutes to throw away, and they are at your service.

He then sat down, and having read about a dozen lines, Ay, ay! says he, they don't always do thus at Newmarket; your friend, I find, has set out at the top of his speed. Going on something further, he cried, Well supported, by Jupiter! and then, proceeding to the third page, this, says he, must have been stolen from one of the ancients, because, there is no modern who could write like it. Well, sir, you need not give yourself further trouble for the present, I will print this first paper at my own suit. Desire your friend to be careful about the second. Call on me in a week, and I think I shall be able to tell you something that will please you.

How diligent is expectation, how elevated is hope! I returned with the feathers of Mercury at my heels. I set about my second paper with double genius and application. My ideas were more expanded, my spirits more sublimed. All the persuasives of Cicero; all the thunder of Demosthenes; all that I had read on the topic of liberty, in popular governments or commonwealths, occurred to my remembrance.

I finished my second essay within the week. I went with it to Wellcot, and he presented me, at sight, with twenty guineas. It is more, said he, than hitherto comes to your share; but I love to encourage, and I trust that, in the run, I shall not be a loser. I sell this pamphlet for only two-pence. Nearly two-fourths thereof go to printing, paper, &c. another fourth I reserve as an equivalent for my application and knowledge in this way; and the remainder is a redundance, which, on extraordinary tides, ought to flow to the writer. The demand for this paper has been very uncommon; and, by what I can judge, the sale may, in time, amount to twelve thousand. You need not, Sir, be ashamed to acknowledge yourself

the author. Preserve but a moiety of this spirit of the Elijah, with which you have set out, and my own interests will instruct me to serve you effectually.

I now returned, as in a triumphal chariot. I never before received the prize, as I may say, of personal prowess. The fortune of my father, the fortune of all men living, who were merely born to fortune, diminished beneath me. O how sweet, said I to myself, how delicious are the fruits of a man's own plantation! Then, like the sagacious and independent spider, his labours will be crowned with personal honour and success, while he spins his subsistence from his proper bowels. It is then, and then only, that a man may be said, to be the true proprietor of what he possesses; and the value is endeared, and the enjoyment doubled thereby.

I hastened to impart my transports to the two loved objects of all my cares and satisfactions. Jenny told me that her mistress was not at home, but that Miss Arabella was above in her closet. I ran up. I tapped at the door, but no one answered. Again I tapped, and added the soft voice of affection, requesting to be admitted. At length she opened, but looked pale, and with swollen and downcast eyes. I perceived she had been in tears, and a sudden frost fell upon all my delights. What is the matter, Miss, I cried, my sister, my sweet friend, my dearest Arabella? and I gently took her hand between both of mine. I wish you had not come, at this time, Clement, said she, coolly. But you must permit me to keep my little griefs to myself. Yes, I replied, if it is your pleasure to torture, to kill me outright, refuse me my portion in your interests and concerns. O, Mr. Clement, says she, your soul is too generous, I dare not tell you. I feel what you would suffer, should you know that you are concerned in the cause of my tears. But we must part, sir, indeed we must; we must part, Mr. Clement, and that suddenly.

Here her voice failed, and throwing herself into a chair, she burst out afresh into a gush of affliction—while I stood astonished; and dropping beside her on one knee, awaited, with unspeakable anguish, the suspension of her grief.

At length, perceiving my situation, rise, sir, she cried, I intreat you to rise and take a chair beside me, and I will tell you as fast as I can of this distressful business.

You must know, that I was a while ago, at the Miss Hodgins'. They are very friendly, and good young women, and told me, in confidence, though with much concern, of a whisper in the neighbourhood, that my aunt had entertained a young gentleman in the house, who was admitted to such familiar and convenient intimacies, as could not, at all times, be without their consequence, especially, between persons of our age and sex.

Now, Mr. Clement, I am no way ashamed to confess that I have nothing in heaven, but my innocence; nor on earth, but my character; and I think you wish me better, than to desire that I should forfeit the one or the other. Desire it! O heavens! I suddenly exclaimed, I will for ever guard them both, to the last drop of my blood, and last breath of my life. Alas, cried Arabella, you are the man of all others, whom the world would not admit for my champion in this case; they are absolute judges; they ought to be obeyed; our parting will be painful, but it must be complied with.

But, my sister, my Arabella, most lovely and most beloved of all the human species! tell me, says I, my angel, is there no other way, no expedient to satisfy a misdeeming world, save a remedy that is worse than death itself? No, said she, with an air somewhat resolute and exalted, there is no other expedient; at least, no other to which I can consent. O, Miss Graves, answered I, with a hasty dejection, if that is the case, you shall be obeyed; I am, indeed, very unhappy, but I will not be importunate. Adieu, dearest of creatures, adieu, for ever! I spoke, and suddenly withdrew, and gave her, as I imagined, the last farewell look.

Hold, sir, she cried, pray stay a moment. I should be wretched, beyond expression, if you went away in the greatest of all errors. But, is it possible, you should think that I could mean any slight to you, Mr. Clement? no, sir, no, of all men living, indeed, it was not possible. I spoke through an humble sense of my own demerits; my determination was just; I do not repent me of it. I—I—perhaps, sir, I have not understood you—Indeed I scarce know what I say or mean, myself.—Of this, however, be assured, that I neither do, nor ever did, nor ever can, mean any offence to Mr. Clement.

While she spoke I had kneeled before her. I took her hand, pressed it to my lips and bosom. My Arabella, said I, I confess

that this was no premeditated notion of mine. Nay, this very morning, the world should not have prevailed with me to have accepted this hand, for which I now kneel. I was then poor and wretched, without resource; and I could not think of bringing distress upon her, independent of whose happiness I could have no enjoyment. I was sensible that I loved you, with infinite tenderness, with unspeakable ardour; but my passion did not dare to admit of desire. I could have suffered all things to have heaped blessings upon you; but I would not permit to my soul the distant, though dear wish, of being happy with you. Ah, what posture is this! exclaimed Arabella. Nay, you shall not stir, I cried, nor will I rise till you have heard me a few words. Since morning, I say, I have got room to hope, that my Arabella would not be so unhappy as I feared, in being united to me. I will not urge her, however. I leave her free, I leave her mistress of her own will and actions. But here I vow to heaven, that whether she live or die, consent, or not consent, I will never marry another, I am, from this moment, her wedded for eternity, the faithful and fond husband of her image and remembrance!

So saying, I rose and seated myself beside her. She looked astonished, and affected beyond the power of utterance. But, covering her face with a handkerchief, she gently leaned toward me, and shed a plenteous shower of tears upon my bosom.

When Mrs. Graves returned, I told her of my extraordinary success at the bookseller's. I had, before, made her the treasurer of my little possessions, and I poured my twenty pieces into her lap.

Arabella, as I conjectured, did not delay to impart, to her aunt, the late adventure; for I observed that the eyes of that good woman dwelt upon me with a fresh accession of fondness and delight.

Having finished my third paper, I took it to Wellcott, who presented me with twenty guineas, and, further, acknowledged himself my debtor. Returning homeward, I cast up, in a pleasing kind of mental arithmetic, how much my weekly twenty guineas would amount to at the year's end, and found it much beyond my occasions, even in the state of matrimony.

I now looked upon myself as in the certain receipt of a plentiful income; and this encouraged me to press for the completion of my happiness. Decency, alone, could give difficulty or delay, in an

affair that was equally the wish of all parties. We were privately married, in the presence of the Miss Hodgins', and two or three other neighbours; and I was put into possession of the blushingest, fearfulest, and fondest of all brides.

Job very justly says, "Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and not evil?" and yet, I imagine, that the recollection of past happiness, rather heightens than alleviates the sense of present distress. My soul, in those days, enjoyed a tide of delight, to the fulness of its wishes, and to the stretch of its capacity. I thought that, till then, no person had ever loved as I loved. But the love of my Arabella was a kind of passion, that wanted a new name whereby to express it. It was an absence, a sort of death to all other objects. It was a pleasure to paining, a distressful attention, the avarice of a miser who watches over his hoard, and joins to the rapture, with which he beholds it, the terrifying ideas of robbery and loss.

I had now, within the space of five weeks, received about one hundred and twenty guineas, on the sale of my Monitor: when going abroad, one evening, I was stopped within a few doors of my house, by a genteel looking person, who asked if my name was Clement? it is, sir, I answered. Then, sir, says he, I arrest you, in his majesty's name, for sedition and a libel against the government. Then, beckoning to three or four serjeants that attended, had me directly seized and conveyed toward Newgate.

As I was not of a timorous temper, nor conscious of the smallest tincture of the crimes with which I was charged, I should have made little more than a jest of this business; had I not trembled for the apprehensions of those who I knew would tremble for me.

On the way, this officer informed me that my bookseller had betrayed me, and had confessed, to the ministers, that I was the author of a famous pamphlet, intitled *The WEEKLY MONITOR*. Being delivered to the keeper, I put a few pieces into his hand, and was conducted to a decent apartment, considering the place.

I immediately sent for Humphry Cypher, Esq. serjeant at law, whom I had occasionally feed in behalf of Mrs. Graves; and I sent, at the same time, for a set of *The WEEKLY MONITOR*. When Mr. Cypher came, I put five pieces into his hand; and, hav-

ing told him my case, I requested him to peruse the papers in question, and to give me his opinion thereon.

Having read them with due attention; Mr. Clement, says he, I perceive that you are a learned and ingenious young gentlemen! but I find that you are better acquainted with the republics of Greece, than with the nature and constitution of our limited monarchy. Hence, alone, hath proceeded some lapses, and misapplications, that your adversaries would lay hold of. Yet, there is nothing grossly scurrilous, or malicious, throughout; nor what may amount to the incurring of a *præmunire*, by the most violent constraint or wrestling of the sense. If you are inclined, says he, to proceed in the course of these papers, I would advise you to put in bail, and to stand the action. But, as I am persuaded that the court have commenced this prosecution, as a matter merely *in terrorem*, to deter you from a work that gives them great disgust, if you have any genteel friend, who would solicit in your favour, and promise a future conduct more amenable to power, you would undoubtedly be discharged, without further cost or trouble.

I returned my warm acknowledgments to the serjeant for his friendly counsel, and told him I would consider of it, before I gave him further trouble. When he was gone, I dispatched a letter to Mrs. Graves, wherein I gave her an account of my present situation, in a manner as little alarming as possible. I requested her to provide bail for my appearance at bar; but insisted that, till this was done, neither she nor Arabella should come to my prison; and that I had given express orders that they should not be admitted.

Alas! had they complied with my directions, how happy might we have been, altogether, at this day. But the excess of their goodness was the cause of our common ruin. Their affection would not be satisfied with simple bail; and they resolved never to rest till they had procured my full discharge.

They went about to all their customers of any distinction. They solicited, petitioned, and bribed without measure. They borrowed money to the utmost extent of their credit; and pawned, or sold all their effects under prime cost. They gave a purse to one, to bring them acquainted with another; on whom they bestowed a larger sum, to introduce them to a third. Having, at length, made their way to lord Stivers, an agent of the minister's, he thought he

saw an advantage in granting their request, and my discharge was made out, without further delay.

On the fifth evening from my imprisonment, the door of my chamber opened, and in came my dear aunt, with my dearer Arabella. They flew upon me; they clasped me, on each side, in their arms; and my wife instantly swooned away upon my bosom. She soon revived, however, at the known voice of love; and as every door of my enlargement had been previously opened, we went down, stepped into the coach, and drove home directly.

Here I saw the first subject and cause of alarm—the shop was shut up! I was shocked, and felt a sudden chillness come upon me; but did not venture to enquire except by my eyes.

The kettle being down, and all seated to tea, I introduced the affair, with an affected unconcern; and, by question after question, artfully extracted, from my companions, the whole history and adventures of the five preceding days: whereby I found, that they had expended, in my behalf, beyond the last penny of their own substance; and that nothing remained, save one hundred and fifty pounds, to which the several deposits amounted which I had made with Mrs. Graves.

I could now no longer contain myself. Cruel woman, inhuman friends! I cried: the bitterness of enmity, the rancour of malice, could never have brought an evil like this upon me: Accursed wretch that I am, ordained to be the instrument of perdition to those whom I would feed with my blood, and foster with my vitals! Would to heaven I had not been born! or, would I had been cut off by some quick and horrid judgment ere this had happened!

Here Mrs. Graves drew her chair close to mine, and catching me about the neck, and dropping a few tears, that she struggled to suppress: Do not grieve, my child, she cried, do not afflict yourself for nothing. All is as it should be. There is no harm done. Your Arabella and I can always earn genteel and independent bread, without shop or other means than the work of our hands. We can never want, my Hammy. We have done nothing for you. Neither has any thing happened wherewith you ought to reproach yourself. What we did was for ourselves, for the relief of the anguish of our own hearts; to bring you home to us again, as soon as possible, my son, since we found that we could no longer live without you.

Within a few days, I perceived that my dear aunt began to decline in her health, perhaps occasioned by her late fatigue and anxiety of spirits, I brought an able physician to her, but he could form no judgment of the nature of her disorder, till some time after, when her complexion began to change, and the doctor declared her to be in the jaundice. He began to apply the customary medicines, and no care nor expence was spared for her recovery. Arabella and I sat up with her, alternately, every night; and, all the day we read to her some book of amusement, in order to dissipate the melancholy of her disease. But, alas! all our cares and remedies, our attention and sollicitude, our prayers and our tears, proved equally unsuccessful; and, at the end of five months, she expired within our arms!

Arabella then quitted her hold, and crossing her arms upon her bosom, and looking eagerly on the face, once so lovely, and always beloved, You are then at peace, said she, my mother: O death! hadst thou not enough of terrors in thy aspect, without adding to thy agonies those of tearing from us that which we prized above life? O my friend! my only parent! my dearest, dearest mother!—She could no more, but immediately fainted away upon the body.

I took her up in my arms, and, carrying her into the next room, I laid her on the bed; I ordered Jenny, and the two nurses, to take care of her recovery, and charged them not to permit her to see her aunt any more.

I then returned to the chamber, wherein the precious ruins of my half of the world was laid. I locked the door within side. I approached the body, and hung over it, and gazed upon it, with inexpressible emotion: I repeatedly clapped my hands together. I stooped down, and kissed and re-kissed her cold lips, in an agony of affection. I gave a free scope to my tears, sobs and lamentations. Ah! I cried, my parent, my patroness; ah, mother to the son of your unhappy election; Have I lost you, my only prop? Are you for ever departed from me, my support and consolation? I was abandoned by the world, by friends, father and relations; but you became the world and all relations to me. "I was a stranger, and you took me in; I was sick, and in prison, and you ministred unto me." But you are gone, you are gone from me, afar off; and I die a thousand deaths in the anguish of surviving you. Here you

lie, my mother, the victim of your goodness to your unlucky guest. Wretch that I am! doomed to bring no portion, save that of calamity, to those who regard me. Woe of woes! where, now, shall I ease my soul of its insupportable burden? of the debt with which it labours, to this kind creature? She will no more return, to take aught at my hands; and I must suffer the oppression through life, and through eternity!

Having thus vented the excesses of my passion, my spirits subsided into a kind of gloomy calm. I returned to my wife.—But, I see, sir, you are too much affected. I will not dwell on this melancholy scene any longer.

When I had discharged doctor's fees, apothecary's bills and funeral expenses, I found that our fortune did not amount to fifty pounds. My wife was now far advanced in her pregnancy; her labour was hastened by her grief and late fatigues; and she was delivered of that boy whom your charity a second time brought into this world.

As I was now all things to my Arabella, the only consolation she had upon earth, I never left her during her illness. By the time she was up and about, what with the charges of child-bearing, and a quarter's rent, &c. our fund was again sunk within the sum of ten pounds; and I was going, one evening, to look out for some employment, when we heard a rap of distinction at the door.

Jenny came, in a hurry, and brought us word that lord Stivers was in the parlour, and desired to speak with me. I went down, greatly surprised, and something alarmed at his visit. Mr. Clement, says he, with a familiar air, I have long wished to see you; but I did not think it seasonable to disturb you, during the misfortune of your family, and the illness of your wife. Your WEEKLY MONITORS have genius and spirit, but they have done some mischief, which we wish to have remedied. As how, pray, my lord? Why, Mr. Clement, I never new a writing in favour of liberty, or against any measures of government, which the populace did not wrest in favour of licentiousness, and to the casting aside of all manner of rule. Now, Mr. Clement, we want you to undertake our cause, which is, by much, the more reasonable and orderly side of the argument; in short, we want you to refute your own papers.

O my lord, I answered, I should think it an honour to your lord-

ship or the ministry, on any other occasion; but in a matter that must bring public infamy upon me, indeed, my lord, you must excuse me. I should be pointed at, as an apostate and prostitute, by all men, and bring my person and writings into such disgrace, as would for ever disable me from serving either myself or your lordship.

Well, sir, replied my lord, I will not, then, insist on a formal refutation of your own writings. I only ask, if you are willing to engage in our quarrel, as far as is consistent with honour and truth; I am, my lord, I rejoined, as far as is consistent with my own credit and the good of my country.

The good of your country, Mr Clement! says my lord, I hope you do not think that government is contrary to the good of our country. Pray, in what do you make this LIBERTY consist, of which you are become so eminent a patron?

There are two sorts of LIBERTY, my lord, I answered: the first constitutes the duty and happiness of a man, independent of community; the second constitutes the privilege and happiness of a man, merely as he is a member of any state or commonwealth.

Independent of community, a man is so far free, and no further, than he acts up to the dictates of reason and duty, in despite of inward appetite and outward influence.

As a member of community, a man is so far free, and no further, than, as every other member of that community is, legally restrained from injuring his person, or encroaching on his property.

Inimitably well defined, cried his lordship! I have read volumes, in folio, upon the subject, but never knew what LIBERTY was before. Well, Mr. Clement, as this LIBERTY of your's is, in all respects, so opposite to the licentiousness I was talking of, it cannot but make, mainly, in favour of a good government. I therefore request you to write a treatise to the purpose of your definition; and to take us with you as far as you can. We shall not be ungrateful; we are good pay-masters, sir. Why do you hesitate? Did you not tell me you were disposed to serve us?

My lord, I replied, I fear I should fall greatly short of your expectations. I am not studied in the constitution of modern states, and how should I be able to justify any government, with respect to measures, that perhaps are a secret to all, except the ministers? I must further observe to your lordship, that my former field would

be greatly contracted on this occasion. It is very easy and obvious to find fault, and to call in question; but to vindicate truth, itself, against popular prejudice, *hoc opus hic labor est*.

Mr. Clement, says my lord, I am proud that we have got a gentleman of so much honesty and ingenuity to befriend us. It shall be my care to provide you with materials, and I am confident that so great a master of his instrument, as you are, will make excellent music on a few fundamental notes. Here are twenty guineas earnest, and ten guineas shall be paid you weekly, till we can fix you in some station of due honour and advantage. I will take a glass, or a dish of tea with you, in a few days, and I wish you a good evening.

On the third morning after this interview, my lord returned, with a large bundle of *anti-patria* pamphlets in his chariot, and some manuscript notes and hints for my instruction. He breakfasted with us, and was easy, polite, and cheerful.

I now entered on my new province, but not with usual ardour. As I had, formerly, lashed the insolence, encroachments, and rapaciousness of power, less ambitious of conquest over aliens and enemies, than over the very people it was ordained to protect; I now, on the other hand, rebuked with like acrimony, the riotous, factious, and seditious propensities of a turbulent, licentious, and unsatisfied people, ever repugnant to government, and reluctant to the rein of the gentlest ruler. I proved, from many authorities and instances, derived from Greece and Rome, that power is never so dangerous to a populace, as when it is taken into their own hands; that the governors and governed, by the violence of collision, are apt to fly to extremes, on either side; that anarchy is the most direct of all roads to tyranny; and that people, who have no will to be governed, reduce themselves to the necessity of being crushed, insulted, and governed, whether they will or no.

Now, sir, though I thus, alternately, sided with the people against power, and with power against the people; yet I struck at nothing but faults, on either hand; and equally asserted, on both sides of the question, the cause of my country, of liberty, and truth.

I took five times the pains with these latter papers than I had with the former; and yet, I confess, I had not equal pleasure in the delivery. I am also persuaded, that these had more than double the

merit of the other; and in point of sentiment, moral and general instruction, were of twenty times the value to mankind: but how can that instruct which is not attended to? It was intimated to the people, that these had been written at the instance of their governors; and they would not have listened to an oracle, if uttered from that quarter.

Six months had now elapsed in these lucubrations. I had delivered to my wife two hundred and sixty guineas, the weekly price of my labours. We had lived with great frugality. Arabella had again taken in as much work as her nursing and attention to the child would admit. And we had some pieces left of our former remnant, when lord Stivers called in upon me, with pleasure and good news, as it were, prologue in his aspect.

Mr. Clement, says he, I want to speak to you, apart. I had, yesterday, some talk with the minister about you, and he has promised me four hundred a-year pension for you, till something better can be done; and this is to be wholly clear and over your weekly wages of ten guineas, while we keep you so hard at work. But, tell me, Clement, says he, laying his hand with an affectionate familiarity upon my shoulder, are you of a jealous temper? The furthest from it, my lord, of any man breathing. O, I am glad of that; but, if you were, I have nothing exceptionable to propose. To be short; half a dozen of noblemen, all my friends, and people of strict probity and virtue, have engaged to spend a share of to-morrow in a party of pleasure upon the Thames; and we have, each of us, laid a bet of a hundred guineas, that, from the number of his relations, his friends, or acquaintance, he will bring the prettiest woman to this field of contention. I had fixed on lady Fanny Standish, a lovely creature, and a relation of my own, but she, unfortunately happened to be pre-engaged to one of my rivals. I am, therefore, quite at a loss, and must, infallibly, lose my wager, if you do not favour me with the company of Mrs. Clement. With her I can make no question of conquest; and I give you my honour to pour into her lap the whole five hundred guineas, the just prize of her beauty.

Why, my lord, I answered, this is indeed, a very pleasant project, and has nothing in it exceptionable, that I can perceive, if no one was to know any thing of the matter. But what will the world say to see your lordship so paired? Psha, damn the world, Clement;

I am your world, man. Your lordship has a very good right to damn an inferior world, I rejoined; but the world has an equal right, and would certainly make use of it, in the damnation of my wife. What, said he, warmly, you will not then confide her to my friendship and honour? I will not, my lord, confide her honour, unnecessarily, to any man, from under that guardianship and protection which I vowed to her in marriage. It is very well, Mr. Clement, you may hear from me to-morrow. And away he went.

He was equal to his word. The very next morning I was arrested, at his suit, for two hundred and fourscore guineas, the amount of all that I had received from him; and I was hurried to the Fleet-prison, without being permitted to speak to any one.

As my lord knew that, on issue, I must cast him in his action, and, further, come upon him for special damage and false duress, it instantly occurred, that this was merely a stratagem, for the seduction of my Arabella, and her defenceless state gave me inexpressible torture. I immediately wrote her an account of my situation and apprehensions, which, unhappily for all parties, were too well founded.—But, sir, I will give you a detail of these extraordinary events, in the order of time in which they happened, as I afterwards learned them, from the mouth of my wife, and from the testimony of others, on trial in public court.

Before my wife could have the least intelligence of my confinement, my lord paid her a visit; and entering with his accustomed freedom and good humour, Mrs. Clement, says he, I am come to prevent your being alarmed, when you should hear that I sent your husband to the Fleet-prison this morning. But to convince you that I intend him no manner of harm, I have here brought you the money for which he was arrested; and it is at your own choice to release him within this hour, or on the feast of St. Simpleton, if you are not in a hurry. So saying, he put a large purse into her hand. And pray, my lord, then demanded Arabella, on what account was it that you had him arrested? To punish him, answered my lord, for being the most jealous-pated coxcomb in Europe. Jealous, my lord! pray, of whom can he be jealous? Of you and I, Madam. Of us, my lord? sure we never gave him cause. No, that I'll be sworn, rejoined my lord; but more is the pity; the

jealousy came first, and the cause ought now, in all conscience to follow.

Before the last words had escaped his mouth, he sprung forward, and catching her in his arms, he pressed and kissed her with the rudest ardour. But quickly disengaging herself, and pushing him violently from her, I see you are a villain, she cried, and desire that you will instantly quit my house; and, so saying, she threw the purse out at the door. My lord, however, stood his ground; and looking at her with astonishing ease and unconcern, Mrs. Clement, says he, the destiny of your husband and yourself is in my hands, and I must tell you, it does not become you to treat your best friend in so injurious a manner. I have here brought you a settlement of five hundred a-year, for life. It is perfected to you without condition; and how far you will be grateful, lies wholly at your own election. May Heaven forsake me, she cried, when I accept the smallest advantage from you or your fortune! Well, well, Arabella, replied my lord, I must and will have you, on your terms, or my own; but if you had really a mind to contest this business with me, what a little fool you were, so simply to cast away the sinews of war? I leave you, child, for the present, to wiser reflections! then, insolently smiling in her face, he retired.

As soon as he was gone, my wife hurried to the Miss Hodgins', and prevailed upon one of them to keep her company till she should be able to procure my enlargement. She then went to a person who dealt in household furniture, and requested him to come the next morning and make a purchase of some goods that she had to dispose of. And, lastly, she wrote me a letter, with an account of all these matters; and a promise to be with me the day following.

I should have apprised you, before this, that our faithful and affectionate Jenny had forsaken us. A small legacy had been left her, whereupon she quitted service, and went to live with her parents, and we were obliged to hire a strange maid in her room.

The next day, Arabella sold as much of her furniture to the fore-mentioned dealer and some neighbours, as amounted to upward of forty guineas. She had put these, with her former deposit of two hundred and sixty, into her pocket: it was now afternoon, and she was joyfully preparing to come and give me freedom, when our new maid entered, and told Miss Hodgins, that a lady waited

for her at home, on earnest business, but promised not to detain her above five minutes. Alas! Miss Hodgins was scarce gone, when lord Stivers entered, and my wife, giving a violent shriek, dropped backward in a chair.

Lord Stivers thereupon drew another chair, and with an impudent appearance of tenderness, seated himself beside her. My dear Arabella, said he, don't be alarmed. By heaven, I am not come to do you the smallest injury. I tell you, however, that you are wholly in my power. Your street-door is bolted. I have two able footmen below in your kitchen; and the maid who contrived to get your friend out of the way, is much more my servant than your's, I assure you. I have loved you long, my Arabella; and the frequent visits I paid, are to be placed to your credit, and not to that of the stupid politics with which I amused your husband. And now, my angel, if you will make any concession, but the slightest return to the excess of my passion and fondness for you, I here vow to you perpetual faith and constancy for life; and both my fortune and person shall be wholly devoted to you. But don't attempt to impose, don't hope to deceive me.

No, no, my lord, she cried, I will not deceive you, by pretending to sacrifice the least article of duty to your person or fortune. I see that I am in danger; on the brink of perdition. I see that Hell is strong, and subtle at devices. Heaven save me, any how! strike, strike me dead, this instant! You thunders and earthquakes, that once were my terrors, be now my deliverers!

Why, my Arabella, says lord Stivers, this is all very fine. It is the sweetest rant I ever heard. And you are the sweetest girl, upon my soul, that ever I saw. I perceive that you are really alarmed, my love; but, what is it that frights you? you shall never receive any treatment from me, save proofs of the fondness and violence of my affection. Recal your spirits, child; and prepare yourself, with patience, for what must be. For I swear, Arabella, that no power in the universe shall snatch you, this hour, from the ardour of my caresses.

The wretched object of the lust of this barbarous man then dropped upon her knees in a frantic agony: O God, she cried out, if you are in heaven, if you hear and see these things; if virtue and purity are not an offence unto you, send, send, and deliver me by

some sudden salvation! O, my lord, once our generous patron and protector, the friend and supporter of our declining house! would you now tumble into deep and irreparable ruins, the work of your own hands? Alas, you know not what you do; you cannot guess at the horrors you are about to perpetrate. If ever you had a touch of pity, If ever—but what shall I say? If you do not, like devils, delight in the miseries of wretches, damned for eternity, shield me, shield me, my dear lord; be you, yourself, my saviour, from this my hour of terrors, from this hell that is come upon me. I have already suffered the pangs of death, in the bare apprehension. I will never live to bear in me, and about me, a detestable being. Hope it not; dream not of it. By heaven! I will not a moment survive my pollution. O mercy! mercy! mercy; and, so saying, her voice was stopped by an agony of sobs and tears.

Charming girl! enchanting creature! exclaimed the deliberate villain; every action, every word, intended to dissuade, are fresh fuel and incitement to my passion for you, my Arabella. But I see that you will not consent to my happiness; and that I must give you an apology, for your acceptance of any favour or fortune at my hands.

So saying, he arose; and up she sprung at the instant; and running to the furthest corner of the room, collected all her spirits and force for her defence. She struggled, and shrieked, and called out upon heaven and earth to save her, but no help appearing nigh, she suddenly recollected a pair of long and sharp-pointed scissars that she had in her pocket; and, in the moment that lord Stivers threw her prone upon the floor, she drew them forth, and, aiming at him with all her strength, she almost buried the weapon in his left side; whereat he gave a loud curse, and over he tumbled, gasping and grovelling beside her.

Up she got, with all haste, running to the cradle where her infant lay crying, she caught him in her arms; and opening the chamber-door, softly, and shutting it after, she stepped down stairs as upon feathers, and stealing to the street-door, she opened it suddenly, rushed into the street, and hurried on till she came to a stand of coaches; where she hired the first she met, threw herself hastily into it, and desired the man to drive, with all speed, to the Fleet-prison.

On her arrival, she discharged the action and fees of arrest, with all possible dispatch, and then hurried up to my apartment. On the first glimpse, I sprung to her, and caught her in my arms with unspeakable transport; but finding the child with her, and observing that her breath was quick and uneven, I withdrew a step or two, and looked eagerly at her; and perceiving that she was pale, and had a kind of wildness in her eyes and motions, what is the matter, my love, I cried, what has happened to you? I have not been well, she answered, with an affected unconcern before the keeper. But pray come down, my dear, you are much wanted, and the coach is in waiting.

Nothing further passed between us, till we got into the coach, and that my wife desired the man to drive to some neighbouring street, and to stop at the first door where he saw a bill for lodgings. For lodgings again, I demanded; for whom does my Arrabella desire to take lodgings? for you and I, Mr. Clement, for you and I, she cried, wringing her hands together; lord Stivers lies weltering in his blood at our house, deprived of life within this half hour by my unhappy hand.

I was suddenly struck dumb with surprise and horror. All the occasions and consequences of this direful event whirled through my imagination in a fearful succession. What must now become of my soul's sole enjoyment! what indignities must have been offered! what violation might she not, or rather, must she not have suffered, before she could be brought to perpetrate so terrible a deed! I grew instantly sick, and putting my head through the window, desired the coachman to stop at the first tavern. I ordered the drawer to hasten, with a pint of Spanish white-wine, to the door, and I pressed and compelled my wife to swallow a part. Our spirits being in some degree settled thereby, we drove to a private street on the right-hand of Cheapside, where I took a back-room and closet, up two pair of stairs, at one Mrs. Jennet's, an old maid, and a mantua-maker. I immediately ordered a fire to be kindled, and the tea-things to be laid, and giving the servant a crown, desired her to bring the value in proper ingredients.

The evening was now shut in; and while the maid was abroad, not a syllable passed between my wife and me. I dreaded to inquire of what I still more dreaded to understand; and Arabella

seemed to labour under some mighty oppression ; when retiring to the closet, where our bed stood, she covered her child up warm, and kneeling down by his side, broke forth into a violent torrent of tears intermingled with heavings and half-strangled sobs.

I sat still without seeming to observe her emotion. I was sensible that nature wanted this kindly relief. The teas and sugars were brought, the kettle was put on the fire, and the maid had again retired ; when I gently called to my Arabella, to come forth, with a voice of the truest love, and softest endearment, that ever yet breathed from a human bosom.

Her eyes were already wiped, her countenance composed, and her motions and demeanour much more settled than before. She sat down with a rising sigh, which she checked with a half smile. My Arabella, said I, my only joy, my unmeasured blessing ! what is it that thus distracts my dearer part of existence ? your mind, your spirit, my angel, is still pure and unpolluted ; and bodies are, merely as bodies, incapable of defilement, being doomed from our birth to dissolution and corruption.

Ah, my Hammy, she exclaimed, you are quite beside the mark ; I sigh not, I weep not, I grieve not for myself. I fear not, nor regard the consequences, however fatal, of what has happened—Suppose a sudden and shameful death—I thank my God for it, death will offer me up a victim still pure and unpolluted. But O the wretched Stivers, what is now become of him ! sent, so suddenly and unprovided, to his eternal audit. Unhappy that I am ! perhaps an instrument of perdition to an immortal being. Ah, rather that I had not been born ; would I had perished in his stead ! a death in the cause of virtue had been my advocate for mercy.

How is this ! my Arabella, I cried. Is condemnation then to be brought upon the good, because they oppose themselves to evil ? would you have censured any one living, except yourself, for having given you this deliverance, by the death of the ravisher ? no, surely, in the daily and nightly robberies, massacres, and assassinations, that the violent machinate against the peaceful ; is it the fault of those who stand in the defence of righteousness, that villains often perish in the act of transgression ? tell me, my sweet mourner ; in the sacking of a city, when the lustful and bloody soldiery are loosed to their whole delight in burnings, rapes, slaughters, howlings

and violations; is it the perpetrators of all these horrors that you compassionate, when they happened to be crushed in the ruins they have wrought? meritorious, my Arabella, most meritorious were that hand who should cut a whole host of such infernals from the earth; remaining innocence and virtue would be his debtors for ever. Commiseration to the flagitious is cruelty to the just; and he who spareth them becomes the accomplice of all their future crimes.

During tea, my wife gave me an ample narrative of all that happened at our house while I was in confinement. As she spoke, I was first speechless with fearful and panting expectation; I was then kindled into fury and a vehement thirst of vengeance; and, lastly, I was elevated into an awful rapture. I looked at my wife with eyes swimming with love and veneration; I rose from my seat; I threw myself on my knees before her: Adorable creature! I cried, divine Arabella! supreme excellence of woman! thus let me worship, through the purest of all mediums, that GODHEAD who inspires and delights in such perfections!

Our fortune was now reduced to very little more than fifteen guineas. We had no clothes but what we wore; but we did not dare to go or send to our house for others, neither to make ourselves known to any acquaintance. We went by the name of Stapleton; and on the following night I ventured abroad, and bought, for myself, a few second-hand shirts, with a common gown, and some changes of linen, for my wife.

On the fifth day, at breakfast, while Arabella was casting her eyes over a newspaper that she had borrowed from Mrs. Jennett, she turned suddenly pale. What, she cried, before I could question her, accuses of robbery, as well as murder? that is hard indeed. But I trust that my lot shall not exceed my resignation. And so saying, she handed me over the paper with a smile, in which heaven appeared to open.

The advertisement ran thus—‘WHEREAS Arabella Clément, alias Graves, did, on the 15th day of September instant, most barbarously stab and murder the right hon. James *****, late lord Stivers, at a house of ill report, where she formerly had kept a millener’s shop, in Fleet-street: and whereas she did further rob the said right hon. &c. of a large purse of money, his gold re-

‘ repeater, snuff-box, diamond-ring, &c. and did, lastly, flee for the
‘ same, as may be proved, and is evident, from the examination and
‘ testimony of three concurring witnesses: now his majesty, in his
‘ gracious abhorrence of such crimes, doth hereby promise a re-
‘ ward of three hundred guineas to any person who shall stop, dis-
‘ cover, or arrest the said Arabella, so that she may be brought to
‘ condign and adequate punishment, if any such may be found, for
‘ such unequalled offences.”

O, said my wife, I perceive that my enemies will swear home indeed. Their plunder of lord Stivers can no way be assured, save by my condemnation. But be it as it may; that Providence, who over-rules the wickedness of this world, may yet give submission a clue to escape its perplexities; and my innocence, I trust, will be an equivalent to all that the world can inflict, and much more than an equivalent to all that it can bestow.

I now had every thing to fear for my Arabella, as well from the interested villainy of the witnesses, as from the power of the ministry, and the resentment of the relations of so great a man; and I looked upon her death to be as certain as her caption. Had I been the first in remainder, to the greatest estate of England, I would have exchanged my whole interest, for as much ready cash, as would have served to convey us to some region of safety. But this was not practicable, with the very small remainder of the wreck of our fortune; and we had taken our lodging certain, at fifty shillings per quarter.

We appeared as little as possible, even to the lodgers of the house; and I intimated to my landlady, that it was the fate of many a gentleman to be obliged to abscond, till his affairs could be compounded with heard-hearted creditors.

During the space of nine months, our principal diet was weak tea and bread; and if we ventured, at odd times, on a small joint of meat, it served us cold, hashed and minced, from one week to the other.

As my wife did not dare to take in work, nor I to stir abroad to look for employment, our chief entertainment was the reading some old folio books of history, and divinity, which I borrowed from Mrs. Jennett, and which had belonged to her father.

How small must be the cravings of simple nature, when a family, like ours, accustomed to affluence, could subsist, in London, without murmuring, for upward of nine months, on less than eight guineas! but our fund was now exhausted to a few shillings; and my sword, watch, and buckles, were also gone, in discharge of our three quarters rent to the landlady. Ruined stared us in the face. I beheld, as it were, a gulph, unfathomable and impassable, opening beneath our feet, and heaven and earth joining to push us down the precipice.

We yet lived a month longer, on coarse bread and cold water, with a little milk, which we got now and then, for the child; but I concealed from my wife, that we had not a single sixpence now left upon earth.

I looked up to heaven, but without love or confidence. Dreadful Power! I cried, who thus breakest to powder the poor vessels of thy creation! thou art said to be a bounteous and benevolent caterer to the spawn of the ocean, and to the worms of the earth. Thou clothest the birds of the air, and the beasts of the forest; they hunger and find a banquet at hand. Thou sheddest the dew of thy comforts, even on the unrighteous; thou openest thy hand, and all things living are said to be filled with plenteousness. Are we, alone, excepted from the immensity of thy works! shall the piety of my wife, shall the innocence of my infant, thus famish, unregarded and unpitied, before thee.

Ah! it is I who am the accursed thing; who bring plagues upon all with whom I am connected. Even the labours of my life, the issues of my honest industry, have been changed, by thy ordinances, into nothing but damage; to the imprisonment of my person, to the ruin of those who had the misfortune to befriend me; and to the death, danger, and desolation of all whom I held dear. I strive, in vain, with thy omnipotence; it is too mighty for me, and crushes me below the centre. Pour out, then, the vessels of thy wrath upon my head, but, on my head alone, O just Creator? and take these little ones to thy mercy, for they cannot have participated of the guilt thou art pleased to impute to me.

The night was now advanced; but that which fell upon my soul was a night which would admit no ray of comfort, nor looked ever to behold another morning. I wished for dissolution to myself, to

the universe. I wished to see the two proprietors of my soul's late affections, now lying pale and breathless before my eyes. I would not have endured my hell another moment. I would have given myself instant death; but I dreaded to leave my desolate widow, and helpless orphan, without a friend, as I then conceived, either in heaven or earth.

My wife had lain down, with her infant on the bed. A sudden reflection started. My death, thought I, may yet be useful to those for whom only I could wish to live. I rose, frantically determined. My brain was on fire. I took down an old pistol, which hung in a corner; I put it into my breast; down stairs I went, and issued to the street.

I was bent on something desperate, but knew not what. I had not gone far, when I saw a large tavern open beside me. I passed through the entry, and, running up stairs, boldly entered the dining-room, where a numerous company of gentlemen sat round their bottle. I clapt to the door; and taking out the pistol, Gentlemen, I cried, I starve, I die for want; resolve, instantly, to relieve, or to perish along with me.

They all fixed their eyes upon me; but the meagre frenzy, as I suppose, which they saw in my countenance, held them silent. The person who sat nearest directly took out his purse and presented it to me. I, again, returned it to him, and, putting up my pistol, No, no, sir, I cried, I will not take your gold, I am no robber. But give me some silver, among ye, to keep, a while, from the grave, three creatures who famish amidst a plentiful world.

They all, as by one consent, put their hands to their pockets, and instantly made a heap of upwards of three pounds. I devoured it with my eyes; I beheld it as a mint of money; and panting, and grappling at it like a vulture. I stuffed it into a side-pocket; and being too full of acknowledgments to thank my benefactors, by word or token, I burst forth into tears, and, turning from them, I got once more into the street, without any interruption.

I made directly home, and, stepping softly up stairs, I first restored the pistol to its old station. I then went to the closet, where my wife lay, still asleep. I gently waked her, by the fondness of my caresses. My Arabella, I cried, I have ventured out, for the first time, and heaven has sent us some small relief by a

friend that I happened to meet. Here, my love, I said, putting a crown into her hand, call the maid, and send out for some comfortable sustenance; our fast has been long, indeed.

Within a few days, our strength and our spirits began to recruit, though we still continued to live much within the bounds of temperance. My soul, again, settled into a kind of sullen calm, and looked forth, though at a distance, to some future dawning.

One day, as my landlady's bible lay shut before me, a sudden thought occurred. I breathed up to God a short and silent ejaculation, beseeching him to instruct me in what I ought to do, by the passage upon which my thumb should happen to rest, in opening the book. I instantly made the venture, and found the following words: 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no 'more worthy to be called thy son.'

Alas, I was far from imagining, at that time, that it was no other than my father in heaven who called me, and who would thereby have directed and conducted me to himself.

I puzzled and racked my memory, to discover in what I had given just offence to my earthly progenitor, but resolved, at all events, to observe the admonition.

In the dusk of the evening I tied my handkerchief, sailor like, about my neck, I pulled my wig forward, and slouching my hat, I slid out of doors; and stooping, half double, I limped with a counterfeit gait toward my father's. I was duly apprised, that if I knocked at the door, or directly enquired for him, I should not be admitted. I therefore walked to and again, now near, now aloof, for near an hour, before his door, in patient expectation of his appearance.

I had repeated this exercise for five successive evenings, when the door, at length, opened, and a servant in livery came up and accosted me, Is your name Clement, sir? Suppose it were, says I. Supposing so, replied he, I am ordered to tell you, that my master is well informed of your wicked designs, and that if ever you appear again in sight of his windows, he will send you to Newgate, without bail or mainprize, and prosecute you to the last of the laws of the land.

We parted without another word, and I crossed over the way to a chandler's shop. The good woman of the house also happened to sell some small ale in her back apartments. I called for a mug, and requested her company for a few minutes. After some introductory chat, I addressed her in a manner that I judged most engaging for one in her sphere. She very freely told me the history of my father and his present family; and further, that it was his custom, on every Monday and Friday, to repair to the Tradesman's club, at the Golden Anchor, in Temple-lane, about eight of the clock at night, and not to return till about eleven.

I went home somewhat satisfied with this intelligence, as I now knew were to find my unnatural parent, though his last barbarous and insulting message had rendered me hopeless, and quite averse to any kind of application to him.

We had now lived three months longer on the last booty, or charity, I know not which to call it. We were again reduced to the last shilling, and what was still worse, our landlady became importunate for her quarter's rent. My wife had lately requested her to look out for some sempstry-work among the neighbours. This she promised to do, but purposely declined, as she and her family got the benefit of her labour gratis.

I began again to return to my former evil thoughts. I resolved to make war upon the whole race of man, rather than my wife and infant should perish in my sight: but I reflected, that it was more equitable to begin with a father, on whom nature had give me a right of dependence, than to prey upon strangers, on whom necessity alone could give me any claim.

It was Monday night. The clock struck ten. I took down the old pistol, and marched toward the Anchor. I patrolled near the place of expectation above an hour. The night was excessive dark, and no lamps in that part. At length I listened to the sound of distant steps, and soon after heard a voice cry murder, murder, robbery! watch, watch!

I ran to the cry, and perceived one man on the ground, and another stooping, in order to rifle his pockets. I instantly drew my pistol, and striking at the robber's head with my full force, I laid him senseless on the pavement. I then gently raised the other, who was bleeding and stunned by the stroke he had received. I

supported him, step by step, towards a distant lamp, where, at length, we arrived, and found a tavern open. I entered, and ordered a room with fire and lights; and desired that a surgeon should be immediately called. The gentleman, whose face was nearly covered with blood and dirt, began now to recover his strength and senses. I got him to swallow a small dram of spirits, and he stepped with me up-stairs, scarcely leaning on my shoulder.

While we sat by the fire, and a napkin and warm water were getting ready, the stranger grew passionate in his acknowledgments for his life, which he said he owed me, and which service he promised to recompence to the stretch of his power and fortunes. But when he had washed and wiped away the blood and dirt from his face, Heaven! what was my emotion at the sight of an aspect once so loved and so revered! all my injuries and resentments vanished instantly from my memory. I fell at his knees with a great cry. Is it you, then, my father? my once dear, my ever dear and lamented father? is it the face of a father, that I, at last, behold? I burst into tears: I wept aloud. I interruptedly demanded, will you not know me? will you not own me? will not nature spake in you? will you not acknowledge your son, your once beloved *Hammel*, so long the comfort of your age, and the pride of your expectations?

While I spoke, my father looked wild and eager upon me. He, at length, recollected me, through all my leanness and poor apparel; and, hesitating, replied, I—I—I believe, indeed, you are my child, *Hammel*, and straight fainted away.

AUTHOR. You are welcome, my friend. But pray, to what may I be indebted for the favour of this visit?

FRIEND. In compliment to your work, rather than to its author: I confess that curiosity impelled me hither, in spite of some urgent occasions. Indeed, I heartily cursed the intruders who disturbed us in so interesting a point of the story; and I should not have slept since, had I not, in some measure, satisfied my impatience, by making out the remainder in my own mind.

A. And pray, how have you contrived the business?

F. In a way, as I thought, that could not be avoided. The natural affections of a parent, joined to the recent obligations by which old *Clement* was bound to his son, must necessarily effect a perfect reconciliation, and all end, as one would wish, in future prosperity. In truth, I thought it full time to put a period to the

reader's distress, by putting an end to those of the unfortunate Clement.

A. Happily guessed, my friend. Your imagination has supplied my place to great advantage. To proceed would answer no manner of purpose.

F. But then it struck me, this morning, that the deplorable condition, in which these people were found, could not be consistent with my plan. This has brought me in a hurry to think that my plan is still the right one. I fear you have indulged yourself in the marvellous, at the expence of nature. It is the fault of novelists. I am in great pain for you. I cannot conceive how you bring yourself off in this plumage.

A. Here—had you called sooner, you would the sooner have had your spleen, or your curiosity gratified.

CHAPTER VIII.

A reconciliation—return of happiness—surprise and disappointment—Mrs. Clement is apprehended for murder—is conducted to Newgate—prepares for trial—is ordered to the bar—a witness appears in her favour—circumstances preceding Lord Stiver's death—Mr. Longfield concludes his evidence—innocence defended—the Judge's charge to the Jury—an honourable acquittal—Mr. Clement's acknowledgments to his friend—Mrs. Clement is taken ill—Mr. Clement becomes a Porter—is ill-treated—receives a visit from his landlady—the landlady's second visit—the consequence—fellow-feeling—hope—Mr. Clement concludes his history—the three princes—their disputation—ambition for pre-eminence—the strength of woman.

DURING his fit, the surgeon came with his instruments and dressings; and having, in vain, attempted to restore him, by sprinkling water in his face, and by the application of hartshorn to his nose and temples, he took some blood from him, whereon he opened his eyes, and began to breathe with freedom. He then examined his wound, which was a little above his forehead, and declared it so slight, as scarce to be an excuse for keeping his chamber. The surgeon having dressed it, received his fee, and retired; and my father, ringing for the drawer, ordered up a flask of Burgundy, with a cold fowl, oil, and vinegar.

When the table was laid, and the waiter desired to withdraw, my father again looking earnestly and compassionately upon me, I be-

lieve, says he, my child may be hungry; and, strait, his countenance falling, and the muscles of his lips beginning to work, he broke into tears. Barbarous wretch! he exclaimed, unnatural ostrich! who could thus leave the first-begotten of thy bowels to the nakedness of the sands, and to the blasting of the elements.

No, no, my father, I cried, again throwing myself on my knees before him; kill me not with your tears, crush me not with this, your unmerited concern! all is well, all is happy and blessed, as I can bear it to be. This moment overpays my years of anguish; it is like heaven, after passing the vale of death and mortal sufferings.

After supper, of which my father scarce tasted, he got up, and, as I rose at the same time, he stepped to me, and catching me passionately in his arms, and putting his neck across mine, My child, he cried, my beloved child, my life's blessed preserver! come, once more, to my bosom, enter thy forsaken mansion! Too long as it been desert and desolate, without thee! But here I vow to the Almighty, that no step-dames, nor viperous instruments, shall ever hereafter insinuate between us. Accursed be they, who shall attempt to divide us; and may they come to an evil end, who shall desire to deprive me of thee, the light of mine eyes, till I am cold and insensible to every other joy.

While we sat over our bottle, my father called for ink and paper, and, first presenting me with a purse of fifty guineas, he again gave me a bill, at sight, on his banker; for five hundred pounds. I started up, but stopping me, he cried, Hold, hold, my Hammy, I see myself overpaid in the acknowledgments of that dear, though meagre countenance: and then, as I kneeled before him, with both hands held over me, and eyes raised to heaven, he blessed me in an ejaculation of the tenderest ardour.

The reckoning being discharged, and two chairs ordered to the door, my father desired me to meet him at the same tavern the following evening; and said, that in the mean time, he would think of settling some certain income upon me: and thus we parted, as though our souls had accompanied each other.

It was now near two o'clock, and the morning bitter cold. My Arabella had, long since, put her child to rest; and I found her in tears by a fire, scarce alive. She started up on my entering; her

face gleamed with a sickly joy; and she uttered some soft reproaches of love and apprehension, for my absence at those hours.

Before I ventured to let in the full tide of our returning happiness on her weak and alarmed spirits, I took out some confections and a pint of sack, which I had purposely brought in my pocket. I broke some Naples biscuit into a cup, and pouring some of the wine upon it, I set her the example, and prevailed on her to eat.

Meanwhile she gazed earnestly and inquisitively in my face. My Hammy, she tenderly cried, what is the meaning of this? What eyes are these, Hammy? what new kind of a countenance is this you have brought home to me? Ah, forbid it, my God, that the darling of my soul should have done any thing criminal! First, perish your Arabella, perish also her infant, rather than, on her account, or on any account, the least of the virtues of my Hammy should be lost.

No, no, my angel, I cried, daughter of highest Heaven! God has been wonderfully gracious to me; he blesses me for your sake, my Arabella. I have seen my father—we are happily reconciled—and famine and affliction shall come near us no more.

I then took the bellows, and lighted up a good fire; and while we were emptying our pint, of which I compelled my wife to take the larger share, I gave her a transporting detail of what had passed, poured my purse of guineas into her lap. So we went to bed in peace, regardless of futurity, the happiest of all the pairs on whom the succeeding sun arose.

We lay in bed till the day was far advanced. I then ordered some comforting white-wine caudle for breakfast, and calling up the landlady, I discharged our quarter's rent.

When she was dismissed, I consulted with my wife whether she would chuse to retire to France or Holland; or, rather, to York, or some other remote place within the kingdom. But reflecting, again, on the present excess of my father's tenderness for me, she joined in thinking it advisable to act with his concurrence; and I determined, that very evening, to reveal to him, in confidence, the whole pathetic history of our marriage and adventures.

Meanwhile, I thought it best, in all events, to secure the means of moderately compassing our purpose, by taking up the £500 from my father's banker. I found, by experience, that I had now little

to fear from being known to any one. My shabby apparel, and emaciated face and limbs, that had prevented the knowledge and remembrance of a father, appeared a double security against all other eyes. I therefore adventured, though not without circumspection, to Mr. Giles's, in Lombard-street, and presenting my bill, demanded payment.

My friend, said Mr. Giles, it is not two hours since a stop was put to the payment of that draft; and I was desireds at the same time, to put this paper into the hands of the party who should call. So saying, he gave me a note, which I opened with a trepidation that was turned into agony, on reading the following words :

“ TO HAMMEL CLEMENT :

“ MOST subtle, and most accursed of all cruel contrivers ! thou
 “ didst thyself, then, set that villain on thy foolish and fond father ;
 “ by whom his blood was shed, and his life nearly lost. I
 “ renounce thee, I abjure thee, from henceforth, and for ever.
 “ And, as I continue to disclaim all sorts of ties with thee, either
 “ here, or hereafter, so may Heaven continue to prosper.

“ BARTHOLOMEW CLEMENT.”

On reading this dreadful paper, I retired from the counter without speaking a word. I got home, I know not how ; for I neither knew what I did, nor considered what I was about. I walked up stairs, without perceiving that I was followed. But I had scarce got into my room, when five or six men entered, almost along with me ; and one of them, stepping directly up to my wife, cried, Mistress, I arrest you in his majesty's name.

Hereat I turned, and was stunned, and roused again in an instant. I caught up the poker, and aiming at a well-dressed man, whose face was not wholly unknown, and who appeared the most active and joyous of the crew, I missed the crown of his head, but tore off one ear, and cut him through his clothes and shoulder, to the bone. I then flew upon the rest, I dealt my blows with inconceivable fury and quickness. I cleared my room in a few seconds ; and, though several shots were fired at me from the stairs, I chased them all to the entry, and returning to my Arabella, I barricadoed the door.

It was then that she interposed, and, dropping on her knees, before me, what is my Hammy about, she cried, what madness has possessed my love? would you be guilty of actual and instant murders, through a rash and vain attempt, of rescuing, from our laws, a person whom neither God nor man hath yet condemned? this, indeed, were to ensure the ruin you apprehend. Ah, no, my heart's master, let us neither commit, nor fear iniquity. Join with me, my Hammy, let us trust in our God, and nothing but good can happen unto us.

While she spoke, the late terror of her countenance disappeared; and her aspect was gradually overspread with a serenity, to be imagined, in some measure, from the face of an evening heaven in autumn, when the sons of harvest are heard through the villages all about.

I gazed on her with a speechless, and complacent reverence. She gently took the weapon from my unresisting hand; and, leading me back, she seated me in the furthest chair. She, then, removed every bar and obstacle to their entrance. The stairs were now filled with people who had been called to the assistance of the king's officers, but they still appeared apprehensive and fearful of advancing.

Gentlemen, said Arabella, be pleased to walk in; I deliver myself peaceably into your hands; ye shall find no further opposition to his majesty or the laws. The officers accordingly entered, but bowing, and with a timid kind of respect; neither did any of them offer to lay a hand upon her. Good God! madam, exclaimed the foremost, is it possible you should be guilty of the crimes laid to your charge by that rascal, whom your husband has half killed. He is carried off to the doctor's; but I think, in my conscience, that he has got his deserts; and as for the few hurts that we have received, we excuse your husband, madam, for your sake; and we think him the braver and the better man, for what he did. By my soul, sweet madam, you are well worth defending.

I thank ye, gentlemen, said my wife, gracefully smiling and curtsying; pray be pleased to sit, while I prepare to attend you. I am guilty, indeed, of the death of a man, and yet guilty of nothing that I would not repeat in the defence of virtue. But, gentlemen, says she again, smiling, you are like to be troubled with more prisoners than you look for. One of them, indeed, is young, and as

little meaning of harm to any one as his mother. I must, therefore, beg your indulgence in sending for a coach; and pray do me the favour to accept this trifle, as the means of washing away animosity between you and my husband. So saying, she presented their chief with a guinea; who rising and awfully bowing, ordered one of the others to step for a coach.

Had the harp of Orpheus been tuned like voice of my Arabella at this season, it is not to be wondered that tigers should grow tame, and bears crouch down before him, and lick his feet; since wretches like these, hardened in hourly acts of insolence and inhumanity, were now awed to downcast reverence; and, on her return from the closet with her infant in her arms, dropped a tear of still compassion, as though they had not wholly forgotten that they were born of women.

In the mean time, my fury having subsided at the instance of my wife, I should certainly have fainted, if I had not been relieved by a gush of tears; which I endeavoured to conceal, by turning aside, and putting my handkerchief to my face. A cloud of thick darkness again overspread my soul; and every internal idea grew pregnant, and laboured with apprehension and horror. I cursed my meeting with my father, and his treacherous appearance of bounty, which had served to bring this decisive ruin upon us; and I looked upon fortune, as solicitous and industrious to bring evil and destruction, out of every presentment and promise of advantage.

Being conducted to Newgate, I agreed, with the keeper, for a tolerable apartment at two guineas per week; and, putting on the best cheer I could affect before my wife, I sent out for a nourishing dinner: for I judged it late to be frugal, when death was at our door, and I had determined not to survive my Arabella a moment.

The day following, I procured copies of the depositions of the three witnesses; the first of whom was our own servant-maid. These I laid before two of the most learned in the law, but received no consolation from their report. They told me, that, had my wife been actually guilty of the robbery, as alledged, she might have had some prospect of being acquitted of the murder, by being enabled to bribe off the evidence; but, that, if she was really innocent of the robbery, as I affirmed, then it became the very cause, as well

as interest of the guilty evidence, to have her condemned on both articles of accusation.

As the fearful day approached, I bought, at second-hand, two decent suits of mourning, with the requisite appendages for my wife and myself. Whenever I could get apart, I was drowned in my tears, and half suffocated by my sobs; and I did every thing but pray for my Arabella; for I could not think of lifting up my heart to heaven, where I had lost all dependance.

In the mean time, my beloved daily recovered flesh and health. Her eyes grew more brilliant, her complexion more clear, her countenance was as the surface of a depth of peace; and I gathered, I knew not why, a kind of reflected confidence, by beholding her aspect.

Early on the fatal morning, when I had left her within at her prayers, and had pulled my hat over my eyes, and sat down in a corner to vent the throbbings of my heart; I cast my eye on a paper that appeared from under the door. I took it up with precipitation, and in it found the following lines :

I.

Tho' mountains threat thy naked head,
 Tho' circling gulphs around thee close;
 Tho' help is distant, hope is dead,
 Tho' earth and hell are sworn thy foes

II.

Yet Heav'n their malice shall defy,
 And, strong in last extremes, to save,
 Shall stand with guardian seraphs nigh,
 And, with thy sland'ers glut the grave.

I had no sooner read this paper, than I dropped down, involuntary, on my knees. My hands clenched together; and I breathed up a most ardent petition, that some over-ruling power would take my Arabella under his protection.

Soon after she came forth, adorned like the moon, when girt about with clouds, through whose blackness her beauty breaks forth with improved lustre.

While we sat at breakfast, I presented her with the verses. She read them, over and over, with deep attention; and, then, returning them with a smile, This, says she, has been the stratagem of some very charitable person, who judged that hope was wanting to support me at such a trial.

As the dreadful hour was at hand, and as I considered, before now, that, at last, it must come, I had prepared a small bottle of salts and a cordial, to support myself, as well as my wife, from an unseemly dejection of spirits in court.

Ah, sir! can you tell me how one thing should come to pass? can you account for this most extraordinary of all the workings in human nature? that a man, at some times should more feelingly live, or die, in others, than in himself. Had I been called to my last audit, had the decision of my own existence been at stake, my apprehensions, as I think, could not have equalled what I felt at that period.

At length the keeper appeared, and warned my Arabella that she must speedily set out. I turned instantly cold and pale, and it was long before I recovered strength to rise from my chair. In the mean time, my wife returned to our bed-chamber, and, bringing out her infant, gave him, in charge, to a nurse; then held her hands over him, and raised her eyes to heaven, in blessing, for some time. Again she fixed them on his face, and gazing upon him, as it were, for a last farewell look, tear dropped after tear, in a pathetic and affectionate silence.

Being conducted to the Old Bailey, my wife, on entering the court, turned suddenly pale; and her countenance was downcast with a diffidence that she could not, for some, time overcome. The concourse was excessively great, and chiefly consisted of the nobility and gentry of both sexes. The great man himself was there, with a crowd of his dependents, and all the male and female relations and friends of the deceased.

I gave my Arabella the salts to smell to, and, as she weakly and bashfully advanced to the bar, a confused and jarring murmur was heard on all sides; and the words Impudence, and Innocence, resounded throughout.

When, according to order, she had held up her hand, and heard her indictment; the judge with a countenance and voice equally stern, demanded, Guilty, or not guilty? She answered, Guilty, my lord, I confess, of the death of lord Stivers; but never guilty of any kind of robbery or malice. Woman, said the judge, you confess yourself guilty, and I should proceed to your sentence. But I ask you, for the last time, Guilty, or not guilty? Not guilty, my

lord, she then rejoined; if to do what I approve and shall never repent of, is not to be guilty.

Again the murmur was repeated, but continued much longer, and with more virulence on the one part, and more concern on the other.

I shall not detain you, sir, with an account of the examination of the two first witnesses, one of whom had been our own servant girl, and the other the principal footman of lord Stivers. They had all manner of encouragement and countenance from the court, and concurred in every circumstance that could serve for condemnation. The sound of triumph was heard through all the gentry, and the populace, sighingly, gave my Arabella for lost.

The third witness was then called. He was a very genteel and modest looking young man, and was now out of livery.

My lord, says he, with a respectful but resolute voice, before I give my testimony in this case, I request that the two first witnesses should be taken into custody. Into custody? cried the judge, do you know what you say? I do know what I say, my lord, and I repeat my request that they should be taken into custody. Why, friend, said the judge, they are, as you are, witnesses for the crown, against a criminal, and no man has a right to order them into custody. I say, rejoined the youth, with an air still more determined, that they are witnesses against innocence, against his majesty, and against the laws; that they alone are criminal; that I am evidence against them; and I, again, require it of your lordship, of the jury, and of all present, that they should not be permitted to make their escape.

I see, exclaimed the judge, you are a prevaricating villain; but I shall trounce you before we part. Where is this fellow's examination?

My lord, my lord, said the young man, with somewhat of a severe and sarcastical tone, you were not placed there to prejudicate in any matter, any more than I was called here, to be brow-beat and sentenced without trial. If you find that I prevaricate, if you desire to sift me as wheat, and find any chaff in me, I refuse not the bitterest punishment that our laws can inflict. But, as your lordship observes, I am an evidence for the crown; and his majesty, God be praised, will not fix his tribunal in any unrighteousness. I therefore

demand to be heard in the cause to which I am cited; and all present shall be assured that I speak nothing but the truth. And you, gentlemen of the jury, I petition you to intercede in favour of equity with his lordship, to prevail that these criminals, for such I affirm them to be, should not be suffered to get away; and further, that they should be instantly searched; and all that is found about them reserved for the inspection of yourselves and his lordship.

My lord, said the foreman, I humbly conceive that no ill consequence can ensue from searching and setting a watch over those people; their testimony is already given, and cannot be invalidated thereby.

Well, added the judge, I would willingly hear what this fellow, this turncoat has to say for himself.

My lord, replied the youth, provided I approve my truth before God, I shall be the less afflicted for having fallen under your lordship's displeasure. My name is Edward Longfield, I was born to happier prospects. My father was a gentleman; and, about eighteen months ago, I took the degree of bachelor at Queen's College, in Oxford. But misfortunes and misunderstandings happening in our family, I was left to be the former of my own fortunes; and, arriving at London, I was taken into service by my late lord Stivers. He grew fond of me, beyond my merits; and I began to partake of his friendship and confidence, at the time that I was deprived of the most generous of masters, by the most unhappy of all events.

My lord had one foil to his many virtues; it was an invincible passion for female beauty. The last night of his life, having called me aside, Ned, says he, I must take you on an adventure to-morrow. I have positively the finest girl in the universe in chace, and I must enjoy her at all events. But the devil on't is, that she is virtuous, though I hope not incorruptible. I have put her husband out of the way upon a feigned action for debt; and I have bribed her maid over to my party; so that I have nothing to contend with but her own lovely person, and that will be the sweetest dispute in the world. Sure, my lord, I cried, you would not force her. Pshaw, said he, damn your impertinent scruples. Another such word, Ned, and you are blown with me. I can tell you, a fine woman, my lad, must be won at any rate; if she is gar-

risoned with virtue, and cannot be got by stratagem, she must be taken by storm.

The day following, my lord took me, and his footman Robert there, who is one of the witnesses, to a tavern directly opposite to the house of the prisoner. He dined there alone, and kept us in waiting most part of the afternoon, in expectation of intelligence from that other witness there, who has borne false testimony against her mistress. As he looked out, from time to time, at one of the street windows, he at last, as I suppose, received the appointed signal; for, hurrying down stairs, he ordered us to follow. The door was, purposely, held open for us by that woman. Is all safe, Deb? says my lord. Yes, says Deb? but may I depend on these who come with you? You may, child, cries my lord, they are my own people. 'Tis very well, cries Deb, I have just got Miss Hodgins out of your way. My mistress is above, and alone, for want of better company. To her then, my lord, she is a dish for an emperor. But, if she should prove too many for you, I know where the shame will lie for ever. Well, well, cries my lord, shut the door softly, Deb; and take these lads down with you to the kitchen. But, whatever ye hear, on your lives! let me have no stir, I charge ye. So saying, my lord went, tripping, up stairs; and we followed that bad woman to her darker region.

I soon observed that my companion, Mr. Robert, there, was intent on making up his acquaintance with Mrs. Deborah; and, as I found myself extremely uneasy, I gave them the slip, without being observed; and stealing up stairs, I put my ear to the door where I heard the voice of my master. Blessed Heaven! to what surpassing sentiments was I then an amazed witness! to what proofs of a virtue, that cannot be rated at less than divine! if I should not be tedious, I would deliver to the court, to you, my lord, in particular, and to you, gentlemen of the jury, the best account I can of those wonderful passages.

Hear him! hear him! hear him! was then almost the universal cry; till he was permitted by the bench, and desired by the jury, to speak with freedom.

He then repeated, in a more ample and pathetic manner, all that passed as I have told you, between lord Stivers and my wife. But stopping as he drew near to the fatal catastrophe, I

could no longer bear, he said, the piercing cries, and agonizing shrieks of such virtue, in such extremity. Had I had any kind of weapon, I thought I should have done my lord good service, by protecting the purity he was about to violate. But I trembled, and grew exceedingly sick, and, hastening down to the kitchen, I threw myself into a chair, and swooned away.

While I was in my fit, and Robert and Deborah were busy about me, the fatal stroke, as I imagine, was given, and the prisoner made her escape, with her infant in her arms. When I was somewhat recovered, and had taken a dram of Mrs. Deborah's bottle, she put down the kettle, and invited us to a dish of tea. I requested my companions, from time to time, to step out and listen; but they reported that all was quiet above stairs; and, when I wondered at this, tut, says Deborah, the lovers have made it up before now, I warrant; its well for your master if he gets off before midnight.

At length it grew darkish, and being all of us surprised that no candles were called for, we went, in a body, up stairs, and Deborah ventured, gently, to tap at the door; but hearing no voice, nor stirring in the chamber, she turned the bolt softly; and, peeping in, she gave a loud shriek, and drew suddenly back again. We then entered together, and as I was prepared, by my knowledge of the lady's virtue, for some dreadful catastrophe, I was the less shocked and concerned at what I beheld.

The floor was half covered with clotted blood. My master lay in the midst, already stiff and cold, and part of the fatal scissars was still within the wound. We all stood, for some time, in silent astonishment, and then, with joint tears, lamented his fate. At length, says Deborah, I would gladly see if my bloody mistress has taken care to provide for her journey. So saying, she stooped, and, taking his lordship's purse from his pocket, she counted down two hundred and ninety-seven guineas. She then took out his fine gold repeater, and next, his gold snuff-box, and last, took his large diamond ring from his finger.

Come, my lads, says Deborah, my lord's silence gives consent, and we can no more be said to rob this piece of earth, than the people in the mines who gather gold from clay. If my mistress is ever taken, she must suffer death for the murder, and they can do

no more to her for the robbery, and twenty such matters together. If you will, therefore, be of my counsel, we will comfort ourselves as we ought, for this melancholy business, and share a prize among us, that no one else has a right to, and that nobody will want.

Robert did not hesitate long. In a little time he appeared more sanguine than Deborah herself, and they urged me to join them, by a number of interesting and cajoling instances. I was dispirited, I was affrighted; I saw a scene of blood and slaughter before me, and I doubted not, that if I refused them, I should be made the second victim of their resentment and avarice. I pretended to value the watch at an unmeasurable rate, and that I should be greatly the gainer if I got it for my dividend. Mrs. Deborah then went to her mistress's drawers, and taking out half a dozen silver spoons, a tea-equipage, and several articles in laces and cambrics, she fairly laid them before us; and observed, at the same time, that her mistress would not call, in a hurry, to demand them, and that the landlord would take all, if we did not come in for snacks. She then made a new division; and compelled me further to accept of the snuff-box. She gave the purse of gold entirely to Robert, and contented herself with the diamond ring, some gold medals, my lord's handkerchief, and the plunder of her mistress.

While Mr. Longfield was in this part of his testimony, the foreman of the jury cried out, Stay sir!—Good people, pray stop those witnesses, there! I see they are making off. And now do us the favour to search their pockets, and put what ye find into two hats, severally, and to hand them up to us.

This being accordingly done, Mr. Longfield, says the foreman, be pleased now to proceed.

I have little further to say, replied Mr. Longfield. Here is my noble master's watch, and here is his snuff-box. They are undoubtedly known to many honourable persons at present in court. And, I bless my God that I have been enabled to preserve them, for the vindication of innocence, and the illustration of virtue, at this day.

Here Mr. Longfield paused; and the judge cried out, Clerk, hand me up the examination of this prevaricator. This his lordship perused with a countenance and scrutiny apparently inveterate. But, finding that the deponent had not touched upon the robbery, and that neither the words, *feloniously*, nor of *malice*, were inserted

in that part referring to the death of lord Stivers, he tore the examination into twenty pieces. Come, come, he cried, again, I have not yet done with this same Longfield. I perceive perfectly well how he came by the watch and snuff-box. The transference was not difficult, from the prisoner who stole them, to this her confederate. But tell us, my wonderfully honest friend, how came you to keep these things from their lawful owners for the very long space of twelve months and upwards? Why did you not, immediately, or long before now, give information against those whom you so suddenly take it into your head to accuse? And why would you suffer that so exceedingly chaste, and innocent lady, to labour, all this time, under the infamy with which her character, in my judgment, is still justly loaded?

To all these questions Mr. Longfield barely smiled; but bowing with his head, and making a motion with his hand, to two gentlemen who sat on one side in the bench, Mr. Archibald, an eminent merchant and an alderman of the city, got up and spoke to the following effect:

I wish, my lord, that I could as well content your lordship, as I can satisfy the jury, and all others present, on the articles you require. The day immediately succeeding this fatal accident, Mr. Longfield came to me, and, in presence of Mr. Truelove here, my worthy and substantial neighbour, gave a detail, almost word for word, of all that he has this hour deposed in court: he then deposited the watch and snuff-box with us, and did not reclaim them till early this morning. As I am of his majesty's peace, he also gave in this examination before me, which however I must not venture to hand over to your lordship, till I have your previous engagement that you will not tear it. I thereupon offered to issue warrants for apprehending the delinquents; but Mr. Longfield most sensibly and judiciously observed, that such a step must unquestionably shut the door against justice and all knowledge of the truth; that the criminals were two to one against their accuser; that, on the slightest alarm, they would abscond, or make away with the effects, of which they now held themselves the peaceable and unquestioned possessors; or contrive some further plot, to invalidate his evidence; or, probably, make him away by pistol, or poison, and so deprive that unhappy gentlewoman of the only wit-

ness of her innocence. But, says he, if they are permitted to enter the court, under the confidence of my confederacy, they will have no reserve upon them, no foreformed evasions, or contrivances for escape. My unexpected testimony will suddenly confound their guilt; and they may happen to carry some articles about them, which might serve for their conviction beyond ten witnesses.

In the mean time, Mr. Longfield, Mr. Truelove, and I, were solicitous and unwearied in our enquiries after the unfortunate prisoner, that we might persuade her to stand her trial, and to deliver herself up to justice; but all our search proved fruitless, till the day in which she was discovered and taken.

Here Mr. Archibald ended, and the judge exclaimed, Crier! call the two first witnesses into court; that we may hear what they say to this fair-weather speech. The crier, accordingly, vociferated several, O yez, for Deborah Skinner, and Robert Callan, to come into court. But had they been within call, they did not chuse to hear. During the attention of the court, and jury, to alderman Archibald, they had imperceptibly slipped behind their next neighbours; and, proceeding in like manner, from one to another, they at length confounded themselves with the crowd, and got clear off.

My lord then began to sum up his charge to the jury; and dwelled, with much emphasis, on some articles. Here, says he, we have lost a nobleman: a minister; one of the first ornaments of our country, and stays of our land. And what, I pray ye, have we got in recompence of this great damage? Why, my friends, we have got a new thing upon the earth; we have got a saving of the honour of a milliner. But if this princess is inviolate, as still is pretended, how came she to be guilty of this most horrid of all murders, before she knew to what extremity his lordship would have proceeded? How did she dare, capitally, to execute a peer of the realm, on a simple attempt, for which our laws would not have confined a common porter? This woman must, certainly, have been a trader in blood; and her felonious intents, and malice, are fully expressed, in the very peculiar use and inhumanity of the weapon, with which she perpetrated this most desperate deed. You need not therefore, gentlemen, go out of your box to bring her in guilty of the murder. I will not affirm, with equal certainty, touching the robbery: and

yet, to me it is apparent, that she could not have enterprised so barbarous a fact, if she had not done it in prospect of plundering the deceased. But, as she is capitally punishable in the first instance, I leave ye, gentlemen, to determine of the second at pleasure.

First permit us, my lord, replied the foreman, to examine what we have got in these hats. He then drew a long purse, from among the relics of Robert; and having counted out seventy guineas, Mr. Longfield, says he, would you know my lord's purse? If it is my master's purse, said Longfield, it is of green silk, and has, toward the top, a coronet and the letter S. wrote under it, in silver twist. The very same, sir, indeed, rejoined the foreman. And, now, let us see what Mrs. Deborah might have got in her honest keeping? So saying, he took, from the second hat, a small wooden box, neatly stuffed with cotton, in which he found my lord's diamond ring, three gold medals, and the ends of the handles of several silver spoons. Mrs. Clement, says he, I imagine we have got some of your property among us: Pray, had you any mark to your silver spoons? Yes, sir, said she, scarcely audible; a G. at top for Graves, and a D. and A. below, for Dorothy and Arabella. I wish, madam, replied this gentleman, that we were equally enabled to find an equivalent for your merits, as to restore to you this trifling remnant of your rights.

Come, gentlemen, cried the judge, the day wears 'apace. It is time for ye to retire, and consult on the verdict ye are to bring in.

My lord, answered the foreman, you truly observed that we need not leave our box for the purpose you require. We are already agreed, and unanimous in our verdict. And, I would to heaven! that we were not confined, on this occasion, to literal precedents and forms of law, that we might give a verdict some way adequate to the merits of the prisoner, who, however depressed by fortune, is superior in excellencies: whom we judge to be an honor to human nature, and the first grace and ornament of her own sex. But since we are limited, by custom, in these matters, we do say, with one voice, and a conscience that compels us to utterance, Not guilty, my lord, not guilty!

The words were scarcely pronounced, when the court-house was almost split by a sudden peal. Hats, caps, and wigs, universally

filled the air, and jostled against each other. The triumph was caught and echoed by the crowds without; and the sound was repeated, and floated, from street to street, till it seemed to die away, in distant parts of the city.

My wife then gracefully curtsying to the foreman, I thank you, sir, says she; I thank ye, gentlemen, says she, again curtsying to the rest of the jury. And then, glancing modestly round, she saluted the assembly, and sat down. But I could not contain my gratitude, my transport overpowered me; and falling on my knees, and lifting my hands towards the jury, God alone can reward ye, gentlemen, I cried; may he for ever preserve the properties, honours, and families, of the worthy citizens of London, from violation and insult!

I then rose, hastily. I slipped out of the bar; and rushing up to Mr. Longfield, I caught him eagerly about the neck: I could not speak. I hid my face in his bosom, and broke into tears. He attempted to disengage himself; but I held him fast. I believe, said he, you must be Mr. Clement. I congratulate you, sir, with all my soul. But you owe me nothing, I barely did my duty.

O my friend, my brother, my preserver! I cried; I owe you more than life. Existence had been my greatest of curses without you. That I am not, at this moment, the deepest damned of the creation; that I find myself the most blessed of all beings; to you alone it is owing, Mr. Longfield, my deliverer! Nay, hope not to escape me; we never more must part. You are my captive for life. And I, and all that I am, or have, is your's to eternity.

As the people, within and without, were still in great commotion, the court appeared much alarmed; and the judge, and most of the gentry, made homeward through a private door that opened into a back-alley. But their fears were groundless, for the crowd was wholly intent on another object, and impatiently waited for a sight of my Arabella.

As she walked forward, attended by Mr. Longfield and myself, they made way for her, on either hand; and the atmosphere again rung with shouts and acclamations. So sincere is the respect that the populace pay to virtue, and such is their exultation when innocence rises superior to oppression! but when innocence and virtue are accompanied by beauty, their reverence grows almost criminal, and approaches to adoration.

Thus we returned to Newgate, amidst the blessings, prayers, and praises of a yielding multitude, who still respectfully opened as Arabella advanced. The windows, on all sides, poured forth congratulations; and those through whom we had passed, pressed forward for another sight, as though their eyes could not be satisfied with beholding.

Before we entered her late prison, my wife turned about, and curtsied three or four times to her numerous attendants, with an acknowledging grace and humility, that seemed oppressed by their favours. She then entered hastily, and running up-stairs, she caught her child from the nurse. She held him some time in her arms; her bosom gently heaved, and the tears rolled, in silence, down her placid countenance. But on our approach, she turned suddenly into the bed-chamber, shut to the door, and continued there in private for near an hour.

In the mean time, I sent out for a warm dinner, and a bottle of wine. Mr. Longfield now told me, that he had often been tempted to introduce himself to us, during my wife's confinement, but he feared that the discovery of any acquaintance or correspondence between us might prejudice Arabella upon her trial; and, therefore, he had made use of the little stratagem of the verses, which he had thrust under our door, in order to preserve us from a total depression of spirits.

When the cloth was laid, I whispered gently through the key-hole to my Arabella, and soon after she came forth, with a harmony and beatitude of motion and aspect, as though she had instantly dropped from that heaven which had wholly possessed her during her absence.

At table, Mr. Longfield gave us some heads of his history. He further told us that, after the death of his late lord, he had been long out of employment; during which interval he had nearly consumed the whole of his wages, but that Mr. Archibald had recommended him to one Mr. Langton, for the tuition of his young son, and that he was to set out with the family for their country-seat next morning.

When Mr. Longfield arose to take his leave, I slipt ten guineas into his hand, and urged his acceptance of them; but he obstinately refused, observing, that he was single, and could shift well enough.

After his departure, with tender adieus and warm acknowledgments on our part, I discharged the keeper, and we took a coach home.

Arabella was now at liberty to revisit her old acquaintance. She was caressed more than ever, and took in so much work, that she was obliged to hire a girl to attend the child.

Thus we lived in a kind of frugal affluence. Affliction was no more. The remembrance of distress, or poverty, had vanished as a dream. Our days moved upon down, and joy and peace nightly prepared our pillows.

The very extraordinary providence so evidently manifested in the preservation of my wife, convinced me, even more than all my sufferings had done, how little I was deserving of the least of God's mercies.

I took a pious turn. I eagerly applied for further instruction to those writings that had brought life and immortality to light. I began at the creation, and proceeded with the deepest attention and delight. Again, another system of matter and morals, another world, and another God, presented themselves before me. But I shall not here detain you with an account of my new faith, as I may justly call it: for though I always had held myself, vulgarly speaking, a Christian, I found, on examination, that I had been wholly a stranger to the necessity, as well as beauty, of the Christian dispensation; neither had I felt a single ray of its comforting influence.

At length my wife was seized with an ague, which was then epidemical, it being the spring of the season. I immediately feed a physician, and after he had exhausted the circle of the *materia medica* toward a cure, the dregs of the disease settled into a rheumatism that principally affected her arms and hands, and thereby excluded her from any earnings for herself or her infant.

I then determined, if possible, to supply this defect by the dint of my own industry; and I cared not how mean or humiliating my occupation might be, provided I might win a little lawful and honest bread.

Accordingly, as I rambled in search of such employment, I observed a porter, attending before the door of a tavern, clad in an ordinary frock, with a belt about his waist, and an apron before him. I thereupon went to Monmouth-street, and purchased an

uniform for the like purpose. I then passed through several streets, till I came to a splendid tavern, where no porter was in waiting, I stepped over the way, where I deposited my former coat with a poor huckster-woman, to whom I promised some small matter for the trouble I gave her. I then dressed in my porterly robes, and applying to the chief drawer, I promised him part of my earnings, provided he put me into speedy employment.

I had not stayed long, till I was dispatched to a considerable distance with a letter. I was afterwards sent on a variety of errands and messages; and, by the close of the day, I had accumulated three shillings; sixpence whereof I gave to the drawer. I then stepped, in high triumph, to my friend the huckster-woman. I gave her two-pence, re-assumed my former garb, and left my weeds in her custody. I returned home, with a satisfaction to which I had been a stranger of a long time; and I, that night, ate heartily, talked cheerfully, and slept in peace.

I continued this occupation during five successive days, in one of which I earned to the amount of five shillings.

It is sure that, laying personal pain and the social feelings apart, human happiness does not, in any way, depend on the degrees of station or fortune, or on any external circumstance whatever. It is merely domestic, it is wholly imbosomed, and cannot live from home. I was now engaged in one of the lowest and least lucrative employments of life; but a DIVINE FRIEND was at hand, of whose favour I was confident. I was content, I was cheerful; and I felt a peace within, that passed all the understanding I should otherwise have had of happiness, though I had been in possession of the crown-revenues.

Late on the fifth night of my new occupation, as I was on my return, and within a few doors of my lodging, I was seized and assaulted by four men, who were porters as I found by the sequel. I struggled the best I could, and got one of them under me; but the rest fell upon me, and cuffed, kicked, and bruised me in a miserable manner. Oh, oh! they cried, you are a gentleman, and be damn'd; and yet, thief as you are, you must steal into our business, and glean away the few pence by which we get our daily bread; but we'll cure you for carrying of burdens, we warrant you!

They would undoubtedly have murdered me, had I not, feigned myself already dead; but observing that I lay without any signs of life, they made off in haste.

I rose as well as I was able, and, holding by the rails and wall, got with difficulty home, where, crawling up stairs, my wife helped to undress me, and I went to bed.

She then sent for our old physician, who ordered me some potions, with outward fomentations to assuage the contusions. I was however seized that night with a violent fever, which continued upward of three weeks, but without any delirium; and, within another week, I was able to sit up, though still very weak, and greatly emaciated.

The last of our stock, with the fruits of my late employment, were now nearly expended on doctor, drugs, and so forth; wherefore I found it necessary to abridge our domestic charge as close as possible; and, having sent our girl with a token for my porter's habiliments, I gave them to her in lieu of what remained of her wages, and with the help of an additional shilling discharged her.

I was now able to bear the light, and the windows were half opened; but how was I shocked, on observing that my Arabella and my little Tommy were as pale and as much fallen away as myself! for Arabella had half starved her infant, and almost wholly starved herself, in order to save sufficient for my sustenance during my illness; yet she bore up with a sweet and smiling semblance; and in her alone was realized all that ever I have seen, of the boasted patience of stoicism, or of the power of christianity in effecting a new nature.

Within a little time, I was once more able to walk about the room; when, on the day preceding that wherein our quarter's rent was to become due, Mrs. Jennett entered with a face wherein was prefaced whatever insolence, hardness of heart, or contempt of our wretched situation could dictate. Mr. Clement, says she, if so be your name be Clement, I suppose I am not to tell you, that to-morrow is quarter day: and yet, if some people, Mr. Clement, can't afford to eat, I can't see how they can afford to pay rent, Mr. Clement; and so you know, 'tis every bit as comfortable to starve in jail as in lodgings. But this is nothing to the purpose. I am,

myself, but a poor woman, and no better than richer folks. Yet poor as I am, comparisons may be odious between some people and some people; and then I don't come for charity, I come for nothing but my own; and that, you know, is the least that will satisfy any body. If you had any one else to befriend you, but myself, you might a' been put upon the parish before this. But, as I was saying, I can't be an only friend, and all friends at once. And I must tell you, that I hate objects; for I have so much pity in my nature, that it pains me to look at 'em; and, above all, I can't abide them in my house. And so, as I told you, Mr. Constable will be here in the morning; and he will shew you to lodgings that will fit you much better; and so Mr. Clement and Mrs. Clement, if so be that your names be Clement, I wish you both a mighty good morning. And so away she went without waiting an answer.

As soon as she was gone, Hammy, says Arabella, our kind landlady puts me in mind of the wife of honest Socrates, whom he took for the trial and exercise of his patience. Ah, how cringing was this woman: how insolent is servility when it attains any power! but what, I wonder, is become of our friends, the Miss Hodgins'? I would have sent to inquire after them, but I was petted at their neglect of us during our long illness. I will step there this minute, and borrow as much, at least, as will snatch my Hammy from the fangs of this fury.

So saying, weak as she was, she dressed herself with a cheerful air, and going, pleasantly repeated, Your servant, Mr. Clement, if so be that your name be Clement, I wish you a mighty good morning.

She was not long abroad, and, on her return, I observed a kind of heavenly radiance that seemed to beam through her countenance, from whence I prophesied all manner of happy success; but continuing silent for some time, and looking eagerly at me, she suddenly threw herself into my bosom, and burst into tears.

Ah! Hammy, she cried, I had hopes I was very stout; but frail nature, in spite of grace, confesses me a coward. I thought I could have seen you perish with patience, with delight, provided I saw a happy immortality before you. But now that your sufferings are at hand, I find them unsupportable. I tremble also for your faith,

lest it should not support you under the impending trial. Yes, Hammy, all is over. All is finished, my love, and the hand of our God is in it. Our dear Miss Hodgins' were not to blame; the eldest died suddenly since we saw them; and the youngest is with a distant relation in the country. We have nothing further to hope, neither to fear from this world. Our God has shut us out by every door; and will neither permit the friendship, the humanity, or charity of others, neither our own industry or ingenuity, to yield us a morsel of bread; to convince us, that we are his, and that all things are his, that when he openeth his hand, there is plenty on every side, but when he pleaseth to shut there is no resource. What say you, then, my husband? are you willing to run this last short course? the prize is glorious, unspeakable, and lies within a very few paces of your grasp. You must run it, my husband, and your repugnance would but serve to make it insufferable. But patience and courage would give you strength to endure, and a little further conformity to the will of our disposer would turn all the bitterness into delight. Our time is done, our task is finished; we are already brought to nothing, that our all may be in God.

Yes, I answered, it is evident from a chain of successive proofs. I see the hand of God in all that concerns us; and I am pleased with any instances of his notice and attention, whatever his final purposes may be. I will no longer struggle with his omnipotence, nor make my ignorance a sounding-line for his unbottomed wisdom. If to see you and our little innocent thus famishing by the hour; if, in contemplating your wants and imagining your pains, I feel an anguish above what death can give; why, let it be; rend, heart, into a thousand pieces! a period must at length be put to our sufferings; and all, beyond, shall be peace, or what God pleases. But do you, Arabella, do you lead the way, my patroness, my director! I will endeavour to keep the brightness of your example in view; that neither here, nor hereafter, I may lose a sight of her, without whom, here or hereafter, I think I cannot be happy.

About nine, the next morning, our landlady entered, followed by two constables and two appraisers. Thus authorized, as she imagined, the first thing she did was to search our pockets for money, but without effect, as we had expended our last penny, the day before, for bread. She, however, found my wife's case of scissors,

and other implements for her business ; and gathering up our boxes, linen, handkerchiefs, and a variety of articles, which we never had a notion of converting into money, she laid them all before the appraisers : who, on frequent consultation, valued the same to four pounds nine shillings, my wife's gown included, being nine-and-thirty shillings more than we owed. But this, our honest landlady very prudently observed, was scarce sufficient for costs, and other damages, which she had suffered, or might have suffered, or might yet suffer on our account.

Thus we were turned out, almost naked, to the mercy of the elements ! O, how deeply degraded below the birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, or even the worms of the sod, who rightfully claim sustenance from the earth whereof they were bred, and have some hole apart whereto they may creep for shelter !

The world indeed lay before us. It was wide and all-sufficient, and yet nothing to our purpose. We had neither art nor part, concern nor interest therein. It was to us, as a harbour to tempest-beaten mariners, who are shut out and driven thence on suspicion of the plague.

All hopeless, weak, and faint, we took our way, we knew not whither ; without home whereto we might travel, or point whereto we might steer. We could think of no one living who would receive or acknowledge us ; and we seemed to have no way, save that of hastening, as fast as we could, from the presence of mankind.

Slow and tottering as we went, my wife and I carried our little Tonny by turns ; and in the smother places, he walked with the help of our hands. Thus, with much toil and fatigue, we got out of London, and reposed ourselves on a bank that lay a little off the causeway. Here we found ourselves greatly distressed with thirst ; and getting up again we made toward a small hut that stood beside the road, where they had the charity to treat us with a draught of cold water. With this we were wonderfully refreshed and recruited ; and putting on again, Hammy, says my Arabella, no conqueror, on his triumphal entry into Rome, ever exulted as I do in your fortitude this day. And what signifies it now, that it comes to the test ? It is but to travel, my love, till, we can travel no further ; and then we drop, fit and ready, and ripe for eternity. O how sweet it

is to perish with a patience that is pleased! how fearful, how horrible, to die struggling and kicking against the Almighty.

As we went gently along, still mutually supporting and exhorting each other, I applied for alms, from time to time, to a number of passengers; but my voice and addresses were so feebly importunate, or their attention was so engaged on distant and different matters, that my oratory returned as empty as it set out.

At length I met a poor beggar man, with a wife and seven children following in a train. I looked at him wistfully, and having civilly saluted him, I intreated some little matter from his bag or his can, to keep my infant from perishing on the high-way. God's mercy, master! says the charitable mendicant, I am very sorry to see any body poorer than myself; but the truth is, that I have travelled a great way, and have eat and drank all, except this last twopence-halfpenny. Here it is, master; God's blessing go along with it! I grieve, and shall grieve, that it is not two pounds for your sake.

In expectation of the refreshment we should derive from this supply, we kept on at a creeping pace, till we came to a little ale-house, that stands about half a mile from this town. There we entered, and called for a pennyworth of bread and a pint of drink, with some milk for the child. While we sat to repose ourselves, the poor man of the house having eyed me with a kind of earnest compassion, You look, said he, to be much in trouble; but if your trouble is of a kind that may be cured, there is one Mr. Fenton at hand, whom God has placed in this country, as the sun in heaven, to give comfort to all within his reach.

My heart revived within me at these tidings, and was further prophetic of some happy revolution. Having finished our pint and laid up the remainder of our bread in store, we discharged our reckoning, and set out on our last stage.

The prospect of speedy relief, and the possibility that it might not arrive too late, gave us spirits beyond our powers, and we pushed on till we came nearly opposite to this house, though we did not then know to whom it belonged. Here, slacking our pace, we found ourselves growing extremely sick; whether it was that we were overpowered by the late nourishment we had taken, or by a toil and fatigue that surpassed our abilities.

Hammy, said my Arabella, God be praised, it is done, it is finished! I die, my Hammy; but I would not die within the gaze of public passengers. Help me into the field, if you are able, my love. I have no further use for charity now, save that of laying my limbs, with decency, in the ground.

She spoke, nor had I the power to answer; but overcome as I was by sickness and anguish, I exerted myself to help her through the turnstile; and sitting down on the sod, I laid her head in my lap, where she fainted away. And there we remained in the situation in which your charity found us.

FRIEND. Your story of Clement, my friend, is truly interesting, and in some passages may be edifying also. I have only to observe, that it is too long for an episode, and that the character of your heroine milliner is constrained and unnatural; it is elevated above the fortitude and virtues of man himself, but quite out of the sight and soaring of any of her weak and silly sex. Had she been a princess, an empress, she could not have figured, in your history, with greater dignity.

AUTHOR. There lay my error, sir; unhappily, I did not reflect, that royalty or station was necessary to christian religion and lowliness of temper.

F. Your drollery is more provoking than argumentative, I must tell you, sir. I was not speaking of the lowliness, but of the fortitude of your Arabella; indeed it exceeds every thing that I have met in Romance. Such an exaltation of female character is of evil influence among the sex; each woman will be apt to arrogate some of the merit to herself; their vanity will be inflated, and they will rise, on the stilts of Arabella, to a presumptuous level with their natural lords and masters. Women, unquestionably, have their becoming qualities: in the bed-chamber, kitchen, and nursery, they are useful to man; but beyond these, my friend, they are quite out of the element of nature and common sense.

A. I have sadly mistaken this whole affair, it seems; I actually apprehended that women might be admitted as a companion to man, and was intended, occasionally, to soften his temper and polish his manners. They have, at times, formed governors, legislators, and heroes. The great Pericles, derived all the powers of his oratory, and the elegance of his taste, from the example and instructions of the lovely Aspasia; and the Gracchi, also, caught the spirit of their eloquence, and the fire of their patriotism, from their mother Cornelia.

F. Pshaw, the women you have mentioned were but as single luminaries, perhaps one in many centuries, who shot away and shone out of their appointed spheres.

A. Mayhap, I can produce still better authority to prove to you, my friend, that woman was not merely intended to form and instruct us, to soften and polish the rudeness of our mass; she was also appointed to native empire and dominion over man.

F. By all means, my dear sir; I am quite impatient to be instructed in the policies, and constitutions, of this your petticoat-government.

A. Whenever you shall be pleased to turn over to the third chapter of the first book of the prophet Esdras, you will there find it written to the following purpose.

In the reign of Darius Hystaspes, successor to the grand Cyrus, (whom you may have read of in romance) Darius made a great feast to all his princes and nobles, chief captains, and governors of his hundred and twenty-seven provinces.

And at the feast, three young and princely geniuses arose, and offered to dispute for pre-eminence before the great assembly. And the question was turned on, What was STRONGEST? and the first said, WINE is strongest; and the second said, the KING is strongest; and the third said, WOMAN is strongest. And then, the advocate for the bottle thus began:

O ye princes! bear me testimony, that wine gives and takes away according to its mightiness. It takes away the strength and capacities of nature; and gives powers, virtues, and talents of its own acquiring.

It trips up the wrestler, and lays the giant low; and bears the feeble and the fearful into the midst of the battle.

Wine is an opener of hearts, and a revealer of secrets. It raises hope into certainty, and gives jollity, and enjoyment in exchange for care.

It unfolds the purse of the usurer, and enriches the needy. It frees the prisoner from his chain, and the debtor from his obligation.

It levels the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the king and the clown, to one temper and condition. It can set companions, friends, and brothers at variance; and cause rivals, competitors, and enemies to embrace.

Wine enlarges the narrow heart, and thaws the frozen understanding; it instructs the ignorant in arts, and to the silent and illiterate gives phrase and elocution.

It can elevate the peasant from a cottage to a throne; for he who is drunk is as great as an emperor.

O ye princes! what in nature can be stonger than that, by which all the powers of nature are inverted or surpassed!

And having so spoken he held his peace.

Then arose the advocate for kingly dominion, and waving his hand, thus addressed the assembly:

O princes! how short and sickly is the influence of wine! it passes away as a vapour at the dawning; we recollect it with disgust, or remember nothing thereof. But all power, that is stable or durable, subsists in majesty.

The king is but one man among a hundred and twenty-seven nations of men; yet he overseeth, connects, and governs the whole. His are the honours, counsels, and strength of all his people.

The sun, who from on high looketh down on the wide world, beholdeth not at once the extent of our king's dominion. He must travel for the prospect through the blue expanse of heaven, and leave the western nations involved in night, when his beams begin to rise on their fellow subjects in the orient.

For the king they plough, they sow, and they reap, and plant vineyards. For him the stars shine and shed influences upon earth, and the seasons change to yield our monarch variety of production. For him the fruits ripen, the shrubs drop their balm, and the blossoms breathe their odours; all winds blow incense to him; and the four quarters of the world pay him tribute day by day.

If he bids to build, they build; and if he bids to lay waste, the nations are made desolate. Bliss and bane, life and death, ruin and restoration, are in the breath of his lips.

If he cries war! it is war; the banners of blood are let loose to the wind, and the sound of the clarion kindles all men to battle. His hosts clothe themselves in harness, and range in terrible array; and his horses begin to neigh and tear up the ground, and his chariots to roll as distant thunders. They move and cover the earth wide as the eye can reach. The forests are laid flat, the mountains shake beneath them, and neither the rocks nor rivers impede the march of his armies. They trample into the dust the fruits of the field, and the labours of the industrious, houses, vineyards, and standing corn; the villages and towns smoke and flame on every side.

Yet none ask the king, Wherefore is peace, or wherefore is war? for he stands exalted in ruin, and is glorified in destruction; his words is the bolt of irresistible power, and his will makes the appointment and sanctitude of law.

And having so said, he sat down amid the applauses of the whole assembly.

Lastly, slow and bashful arose the young advocate for the FAIR; and bowing thrice around, he let his words go forth as the breathing of soft music.

Great, O princes! great is the strength of WINE, and much greater is the strength and glory of MAJESTY. But yet there is a POWER that tempers and moderates, to which rulers themselves pay delightful obedience.

Man is as the rough and crude element of earth, unmollified by the fluidity of water and light. Heaven therefore sent WOMAN; gentle, bright, and beauteous woman, to soothe, form, and illumine the rudeness of his mass.

She comes upon man, in the meekness of water, and in the brightness of the morning beam; she imperceptibly infuses love and delight into him, and bids his affections go forth upon kindred and country.

The planter who planted the vineyard, and the vintner who pressed the grape, were born of woman! and by women alone, the subject and the sovereign receive existence, with all that can make existence advantageous or desirable.

She brings man forth in his weakness, and she brings him up to his strength; he is fostered in her bosom, he is nourished with her substance, and he imbibes into his being, the sweetness of humanity with the milk of his mother.

Without woman, where would be father or where would be child? where the relations, endearments, and connections of kindred, the charities that bind the wide world together into one inclusive family, the great BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

She comes not against you in the hostility of weapons, or fearfulness of power. She comes in the comfort and mild light of beauty; she looks abashed, and takes you captive; she trembles, and you obey. Yet her's is the surest of all signiories on earth; for her dominion is sweet, and our subjection is voluntary, and a freedom from her yoke is what no man could bear.

There are no forms of human government that can exempt us from her sway, no system of laws can exclude her authority. Do we not study, toil, and sweat, and go forth in the darkness, and put our face to every danger, to win and bring home treasure and ornaments to our love? even the robbers and savage spoilers of mankind grew tame to the civilizing prerogative of beauty.

If men seek peace, 'tis to live in kindly society with woman; and if they seek war, it is to please her with the report and renown of their valour.

Even the highest and mightiest, the lord of lords and king of kings, is caught in the fascinating net of his Apame. I saw her seated by his side; she took the crown from his head, and gave it new lustre, by the beauty of her brow and the brightness of her tresses. I saw her chide him in her playfulness, and strike him in her petulance; yet he pressed the hand of her pleasing presumption to his lips; gazed fondly and fixedly on her; if she laughed, he laughed also; but if she affected displeasure, he spoke and looked submission, and was fain to plead and sue for reconciliation.

Here ended the blooming orator. The monarch rose from his throne, and gave loud applause, and the roofs resounded with the shouts and acclamations of the assembly.

Wherefore it was decreed, 'by the laws of the Medes and Persians,' that female beauty ought to govern the world in meekness, and that men owed thereunto a voluntary obedience.

F. Pray, my good sir, this same Esdras, is it among the canonical books?

A. I cannot affirm that it is; but it is held as authentic, and very sacred, I assure you.

F. It is a pity that your system of female government should be apocryphal. But since you have not provided their dominion to be *jure divino*, permit me to retain my faith, and to go on with my story.

 CHAPTER IX.

The justice of providence acknowledged—generosity—sensibility—causes and effects—fresh offers of kindness—our hero makes his appearance—a digression—a gentleman defined.

MR. CLEMENT, said Mr. Fenton, I am singularly obliged and instructed by your story. The incidents of your life have been very extraordinary, and have been evidently accompanied by the attention and control of a peculiar providence. The same providence is, undoubtedly, with, and over all his works; though we are not willing to admit him in what we call common occurrences, and which we think we can account for without his interposition. But in the passages of your story, we see omnipotence walking along with you, step for step; by sudden successes, by calamities as sudden, compelling you to attend to him; wrenching every other prop and support from your dependence, shutting every other prospect and resource from your sight; and never forsaking you, in weal or in woe, till he had fully convinced you of his fellowship and regard, and had reconciled you to the bitterest of the dispensations of your Creator.

Your story, my dear friend, has been generally conversant in middle, or low life; and I observed that there is scarce a circumstance in it, which might not have happened to any body, on any day of the year. And yet, in the whole, I find a chain of more surprising and affecting events than I ever met with in history, or even in romance.

God, I see, has made use of very severe methods to call you, and, as I may say, to compell you to come in. But do you think, Mr. Clement, that any methods less severe would have been effectual? You must admit they would not. And this demonstrates to me the difficulty, and almost the impossibility of diverting any man from that habit of thinking and acting, which he contracts from the people with whom he is daily conversant. In a world of saints, a sinner must be a devil; but in a world of sinners, the man who has grace to deviate, must be a saint indeed.

Had I been in your situation on the day in which you say my charity relieved you, I should have thought myself very little beholden to that person, who would have plucked me back from my opening paradise, into a world, of whose woes I had been so justly weary. No, no, my friend, I did you and your Arabella the worst office, as I think, that ye will ever receive. It was not to you that God intended any benefit, by restoring you to life; it was to those, and I hope they are many in number, who are to have the advantage of your example and instructions. It is an advantage of which I also propose to avail myself; and I request you, in behalf of my little Harry in particular, to accept your first retainer from our hands.

So saying, Mr. Fenton carelessly slid a purse of a hundred guineas into Clement's coat-pocket, and hastily calling to know if supper was ready, left the room without ceremony.

In about an hour the cloth was laid, and Mr. Fenton ordered his family to be called together. He had seldom seen Arabella, and never had noticed her, for fear of adding to that confusion with which he saw her oppressed at their first meeting; but now his senses were all open and alive for observation; and on her entrance he saluted her, as he would have received and saluted a descending seraph.

She had not yet recovered her flesh or her complexion; and Mr. Fenton for some time looked at her, in vain, to discover those striking and irresistible beauties to which lust had fallen a victim, and to which a whole people had borne joint testimony, by a voucher of public prostration and applause. But of all that Mr. Fenton had previously thought necessary for producing such extraordinary and astonishing effects, he saw nothing but a sentiment of lowliness throughout; a something in face, in voice, and in motion, that was lovely, for no other reason, that he could find, but for its being quite impossible that it should not be beloved.

Awe, gratitude, veneration, and a depth of self-debasement, united to oppress the heart and spirits of Arabella; and, in the course of conversation, she frequently hesitated and blushed exceedingly.

Mr. Fenton, with his wonted delicacy, made haste to divest her of the weight under which she apparently laboured. Madam, said

he, with a diffident voice and downcast look on his own part, why this constraint, why all this blushing, my dear Mrs. Clement? Indeed it is a compliment that we cannot deserve.

Ah, Sir, cried Mrs. Clement, it is a compliment which I would very gladly spare, if I could help it. But I must be a very guilty body to be sure; and my faults I find must be very much my enemies, when they are ready to fly in my face every moment.

Why, Mrs. Clement, said Mr. Fenton, do you hold blushing to be any evidence of guilt? Certainly, sir, said Arabella, it can be nothing but a consciousness of somewhat amiss, that ought to give shame to any sensible person. Mr. Serjeant Clement, cried Mr. Fenton, pray what is your judgment on the case in hand?

In truth, sir, said Clement, it is a case to which I am not prepared to plead. I have, indeed, heard many and various opinions on the subject, though generally coinciding with that of my Arabella. And more particularly in conversations of ribald entendre, I have heard it affirmed, that the blushing of a woman, is a sure proof of her understanding much more than became her.

Hold there, cried Mr. Fenton, the mere understanding of good or evil can no more be a fault in the creature than the Creator; the essence of guilt bears no reference to knowledge, but consists in the approbation of evil alone. A woman, therefore, who blushes at what she disapproves, blushes not for herself, but for the faults of her rude and ill-mannered company, who have not the grace to blush for themselves.

When I speak here of blushing, I would not be understood by any means, to include the flushing of desire, or the reddings of anger, or any such like turbulent and irregular emotions. I mean no other than that ready expression of shame, which, as our Arabella sweetly hinted just now, arises from an apprehension of something being amiss in ourselves, or others; but who or what is it that apprehends in this case? is it guilt that is afraid or ashamed of guilt? no, surely, it is virtue, alone, that can fear or be ashamed of the neighbourhood of its adversary.

I will take an instance from a person who is actually guilty of something very enormous; and who blushes, on his being questioned or suspected of the transgression. His blushing here demonstrates his sensibility; and his sensibility demonstrates some principle within

him, that disapproved and reproached him for what he had committed. And so long as this spark or principle remains unquenched in the bosom : so long as the wicked themselves can feel compunction, and be ashamed of wickedness ; so long their recovery is not to be despaired of.

It is therefore, from the fountain of virtue alone, that this flush of shamefacedness can possibly flow ; and a delicacy of compunction, on such occasions, is as a sensitive plant of virtue in the soul, that feels, shrinks, and is alarmed on the slightest apprehension of approaching evil.

Well, sir, said Arabella, allowing all that you have advanced in behalf of blushers, (and that is doing them more favour than I fear they deserve) can it amount to more than this, that, however faulty they may be, they still have goodness enough to acknowledge their guilt ; or, in other words, that they have the justice to be ashamed of themselves.

Yes, madam, said Mr. Fenton, it amounts to much more, and you know that it does ; but you are a wicked little sophister, and deserve to be punished, by our yielding to you the cause that you have undertaken against yourself.

When I observed that nothing but virtue could undesignedly express a disapprobation of vice, I ought further to have observed, that the greater and the purer, the more excellent and more vivid that this virtue is, the more apt it will be to take alarm at the bare apprehension of having said or done, or of being suspected to have said, or done, or thought of any thing amiss, or contrary to its own nature.

As far as a guilty person loves and is reconciled to guilt, it becomes a part of himself, and he cannot blush at it. But goodness will blush in a closet, in a desert, in darkness, on fearing it was in danger to have said or done any thing unbecoming or disgusting to its own sensibilities : for a delicate virtue is like a delicate chastity, that will blush to have been seen, or even suspected to have been seen, within the suburbs of Drury.

But again, where such a delicate virtue is accompanied by lowliness, there needs not any thing amiss, nor the slightest apprehension of any thing amiss, to excite this sweet confusion in the soul and in the countenance. Humility will blush to be found in the

presence of those whom it reveres ; it will blush to be thought of, either too meanly or too highly, by those whose favourable opinion it wishes to merit.

This graceful effusion of a virtuous and humble heart is, as I once hinted, the highest, and, generally, the most grateful compliment that a person can pay to the company ; as it is an expression of deference, and a comparative acknowledgement of superior merit ; but it is more peculiarly amiable in your sex, Mrs. Clement ; it is that shamefacedness so grateful to God and man, and which, in scripture, is called the most becoming clothing, and best ornament of a woman.

However, my dear child, as this emotion is generally attended with some little matter of pain ; the present company are too much your friends, to receive any kind of pleasure from a compliment as unmerited as it is wholly unnecessary. And, in truth, there is but one thing that I can think of, for which Mrs. Clement ought to blush.

Pray sir, don't hold me in pain, what is it I beseech you ? it is for being a reproach almost to her whole sex.

Ah, Sir, cried Arabella, rising, smiling, and blushing, and curtsying down to the ground, excuse me if I don't stay to hear myself so abused ; and, turning away, she disappeared in an instant.

As soon as she was gone, Clement took out his purse of a hundred guineas. And pray, sir, said he, what shall I do with all this money ? O, as for that matter, said Mr. Fenton, I know people not half so ingenious as you are, who would quickly contrive to get rid of a much larger sum. Lay it out in decent clothing for yourself and your Arabella, and I will find some way to have you reimbursed. In short, Hammel, I cannot think of parting with you, if my fortune may serve for a sufficient cement. I will pay you two hundred guineas yearly, while you stay with me ; and I will settle on you one thousand pounds, in case of my mortality, to put you into some little station of independence.

Sir, sir, cried Clement, hesitatingly, you oppress me, you — hush, hush, said Mr. Fenton, putting his hand to his mouth, no compliments, my dear friend. It is not your thanks, but your services that I want, and you may readily make them more than an equivalent to such matters. I value the instilling of a single principle of

goodness or honour into the mind of my dear Harry, beyond all the wealth that the Indies can remit. Ah, Hammel, why was not that brat of yours a girl instead of a boy? she might one day have been the wife of my precious Harry, and I might then have had some of the breed of this wonderful Arabella.

But, Hammy, continued Mr. Fenton, I would not have you, through any zeal or attachment to me, think of pushing my boy into learning of the languages, beyond his own pleasure: neither would I have you oppress or perplex his infant mind with the deep or mysterious parts of our holy religion. First be it your care to instruct him in morality; and let the law precede the gospel, for such was the education which God appointed for the world. Give him, by familiar and historical instances, an early impression of the shortness of human life, and of the nature of the world in which he is placed. Let him learn, from this day forward, to distinguish between natural and imaginary wants; and that nothing is estimable, or ought to be desirable, but so far as it is necessary or useful to man. Instruct my darling daily and hourly, if possible, in a preference of manners and things that bear an intrinsic value to those that receive their value and currency from the arbitrary and fickle stamp of fashion. Shew him also, my Hammel, that the same toils and sufferings, the same poverty and pain, from which people now fly as they would from a plague, were once the desire of heroes and the fashion of nations: and that thousands of patriots, of captains and philosophers, through a love of their country or of glory, of applause during life, or distinction after death, have rejected wealth and pleasure, embraced want and hardship, and suffered more, from a voluntary mortification and self-denial, than our church seems to require in these days, for the conquest of a sensual world into which we are fallen, and for entitling us to a crown in the kingdom of eternity.

So saying, Mr. Fenton got up from table, and observing that it was late, wished Clement a good night.

Our hero was now eight years of age; and weekly and daily continued to be exercised in feats of bodily prowess and agility, and in acts of mental benevolence and service to mankind.

Mr. Fenton had already provided his favourite with a dancing-master, the most approved for skill in his profession; as also, with

a noted fencing-master, who further taught him the noble sciences of the cudgel and quarter staff. He was now on the search for the most distinguished champion of the bear-garden, in order to accomplish our hero in the mysteries of bruising, of wrestling, and of tripping; and having, in a short time, procured the person desired, he purchased for his Harry a small but beautiful Spanish jennet that was perfectly dressed, as they call it, or rid to the menage, and once in every week or fortnight, he accompanied his darling to the riding-house in Islington, where he saw him instructed in all the arts and elegancies of horsemanship.

Thus Harry had his little hands as full of busines as they could hold. But he was naturally of an active and vivid disposition; and time unemployed lay upon him as the heaviest and most irksome of all burdens. He therefore proceeded from his book to his exercises, and from one exercise to another, as an epicure does among a number of dishes, where the variety of the seasoning excites in him a new appetite to each.

On a day, while Mr. Fenton was abroad, Ned, who would not willingly have exchanged his unluckiness for the heirship of an estate, happened to take a little ramble through the town. He held a stick, to the end of which he had a long ferrule of hollow tin, which he could take off at pleasure; and from the extremity of the ferrule there arose a small collateral pipe, in an angle of about forty-five degrees. He had filled this ferrule with puddle-water; which, by sudden pressure of the stick, he could squirt out, to double the height of his own stature.

On his return he saw an elderly gentleman advancing, whose shadow, being lengthened by the declining sun, attended with a slow and stately motion. As Ned approached, he exclaimed, with a well counterfeited fear, look, look! what's that behind you? take care of yourself, sir, for heaven's sake take care!

The gentleman alarmed hereat, instantly started, turned pale, and looked terrified behind him, and on either side; when Ned, recovering his countenance, said, O sir, I beg pardon, I believe it is nothing but your shadow. What, sirrah, cried the gentleman, in a tone highly exasperated, have you learned no better manners than to banter your superiors? and then, lifting a cane switch, he gave our merry companion a few smart strokes across the shoulders.

FRIEND. This, I presume, must be some very respectable personage, some extraordinary favourite of your's; since, within a few lines, you stile him, three or four times, by your "most venerable of all titles, the title of a gentleman."

AUTHOR. Sir, I would not hold three words of conversation with any man, who did not deserve the appellation of gentleman, by many degrees better than this man does.

F. Why then do you write or speak with such acknowledged impropriety?

A. I think for myself, but I speak for the people; I may think as I please, for I understand my own thoughts; but would I be understood when I speak to others also, I must speak with the people: I must speak in common terms according to their common or general acceptation.

There is no term, in our language, more common than that of gentleman; and, whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man someway elevated above the vulgar; yet perhaps no two living are precisely agreed, respecting the qualities they think requisite for constituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a "fine gentleman, a pretty gentleman, much of a gentleman, gentleman-like, something of a gentleman, nothing of a gentleman," and so forth; all these different appellations must intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of those who express them; though no two of them, as I said, may agree in the constituent qualities of the character they have formed in their own mind.

There have been ladies who deemed a big-wig, tassel'd waistcoat, new-fashioned snuff-box, and sword-knot, very capital ingredients in the composition of—a gentleman.

A certain easy impudence acquired by low people, by being casually conversant in high life, has passed a man current through many companies for—a gentleman.

In the country, a laced hat and long whip makes—a gentleman.

In taverns and in brothels, he who is the most of a bully is the most of—a gentleman.

With heralds, every esquire is, indisputably,—a gentlemen.

And the highway-man, in his manner of taking your purse; and your friend, in his manner of debauching your wife; may, however, be allowed to have—much of the gentleman.

F. As you say, my friend, our ideas of this matter are very various and adverse. In our own minds, perhaps they are also determined; and I question if any man has formed, to himself, a conception of this character with sufficient precision. Pray—was there any such a character among the philosophers?

A. Plato, among the philosophers, was "the most of a man of fashion," and therefore allowed, at the court of Syricuse, to be—the most of a gentleman.

But, seriously, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages we have no term any way adequate, whereby we may express it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an

antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among those rude and unpolished people, you read of philosophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demi-gods; but you never hear of any characters so elegant as that of—a pretty gentleman.

When those nations, however, became refined into what their ancestors would have called corruption; when luxury introduced, and fashion gave a sanction, to certain sciences, which Cynics would have branded with the ill-mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenness, whoredom, gambling, cheating, lying, &c. the practitioners assumed the new title of gentlemen, till such gentlemen became as plenteous as stars in the milky-way, and lost distinction merely by the confluence of their lustre.

Wherefore, as the said qualities were found to be of ready acquisition, and of easy decent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it necessary to add further marks and criterions for severing the general herd from the nobler species—of gentlemen.

Accordingly, if the commonalty were observed to have a propensity to religion, their superiors affected a disdain of such vulgar prejudices; and a freedom that cast off the restraints of morality, and a courage that spurned at the fear of God, were accounted the distinguishing characteristics of—a gentleman.

If the populace, as in China, were industrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labour or utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative of—a gentleman.

If the common sort, by their conduct, declare a respect for the institutions of civil society and good government, their betters despise such pusillanimous conformity; and the magistrates pay becoming regard to the distinction, and allow of the superior liberties and privileges of—a gentleman.

If the lower set shew a sense of common honesty and common order, those who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonstrate, that complaisance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or any thing common, is quite beneath the attention or sphere of—a gentleman.

Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and usurping the manners of their superiors; and as this state of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution, it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of insolence, debauchery, irreligion, &c. the gentry, in order to be again distinguished, may assume the station that their inferiors had forsaken, and however ridiculous the supposition may appear at present, humanity, equity, utility, complacence and piety, may, in time, come to be the distinguishing characteristics of—a gentleman.

F. From what you have said, it appears that the most general idea which people have formed of a gentleman, is that of a person of fortune, above the vulgar, and embellished by manners that are fashionable in high life. In this case, fortune and fashion

are the two constituent ingredients in the composition of modern gentlemen; for whatever the fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against reason, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a gentleman to conform.

A. And yet I apprehend, that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or fashion, of time, customs, or opinions of any kind. The very same qualities that constituted a gentleman in the first age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the constitution of the same character, to the end of time.

F. By what you say, I perceive that we have not yet touched on your most reverable of all characters. I am quite impatient to hear your definition, or rather description of your favourite gentleman.

A. The very first time you tire, I will indulge you, if you desire it.

CHAPTER X.

An affront—punishment—revenge in return—adventure of the four cats—continuation—the haunted house—the auctioneer—a digression—reward according to merit—luxury introduced by the arts—on the spirit of man—a sharp reply—contempt of dignity and dominion.

NED was not of a temper to endure much, without attempting at retaliation; and directing the pipe of his ferrule to the front of his adversary, he suddenly discharged the full contents in his eyes and face, and upon his clothing, and, straight taking to his heels, he hoped to get in at the door, before the stranger could clear his sight to take notice where he sheltered.

Ned, however, happened, at this time, to be somewhat over sanguine in his expectations. Mr. Snarle, for that was the name of the party bespattered, had just cleared one eye, in season, to remark where his enemy entered; and hastening home, he washed, undressed, and shifted his linen and clothes, with less passion and fewer curses by the half, than he conceived to be due to so outrageous an insult.

Mr. Snarle had himself been a humourist in his time, and had acquired a pretty competence by very fashionable means; such as gambling, bearing testimony for a friend in distress, procuring intelligence for the ministry, and wenches for the peerage. He had,

some years ago, been bullied into marriage by the relations of a young termagant, while he attempted to take such a sample of her charms as might enable him to recommend her to an acquaintance of quality. She was neither gentle by nature, nor polished by education; she liked nothing of her husband except his fortune; and they lived together in a state of perpetual altercation, and mutual disgust.

Old age, and a quarrelsome companion for life, seldom happen to be sweeteners of the human temper; and Mr. Snarle had now acquired such a quantum of the infirmities, both of body and mind, as might justly apologize for a peevish disposition. He had lately taken a handsome house on the hill, for the benefit of air. As soon as he had reclaimed himself from the pickle into which Ned had put him, he sent to inquire the name and character of the owner of that house where he had taken refuge; and being sufficiently apprized of what he wanted to know, he walked toward Mr. Fenton's, hastening his pace with the spirit and expectation of revenge.

Mr. Fenton had arrived but a little before, and desiring to know Mr. Snarle's commands, he was informed, in terms the most aggravating and inveterate, of the whole course and history of Ned's misbehaviour. The delinquent thereupon was called up to instant trial. He honestly confessed the facts, but pleaded, in mitigation, the beating that Mr. Snarle had already given him: but as Mr. Fenton did not judge this sufficient to reform the natural petulance of a disposition that otherwise was not void of merit, a rod was immediately brought, and Andrew was ordered to horse, and Frank to flog the criminal, in presence of the party aggrieved.

During this operation, Mr. Snarle observed, that Frank's hand did not altogether answer to the benevolence of his own heart? whereupon he furiously snatched the rod from him, and began to lay 'at Ned with might and main. Hereat Mr. Fenton ordered Andrew to let the boy down; and observing that he would no further interfere in a cause where the appellant assumed judgment and execution to himself, he carelessly turned his back upon Mr. Snarle, and left him to cool his passions by his evening's walk homeward.

Poor Ned was more afraid of Mr. Fenton's displeasure than he would have been of a full brother to the whipping he had got. But

Mr. Fenton was too generous to add the severity of his own countenance to the weight of Frank's hand, and Ned was quickly reinstated in the good graces of the family.

His genius however returned, with an involuntary bent, toward obtaining satisfaction for the injuries he had received from Mr. Snarle, provided he might retaliate without fear of detection ? and he was not slow in contriving very adequate means.

There was a villager in Hampstead, about ten years of age, who had conceived an uncommon kindness for Ned, on account of his sprightliness, his wit, and good humour. To this condoling friend he had imparted his grievances, and on him alone he depended for execution of the project proposed for redress.

On a certain moonless night they mustered four tame cats, and having bound some furze round three or four inches of the extremity of each of their tails, they lodged them together in a bag ; and somewhat after supper-time, when all the town was silent, they marched softly and cautiously to the house of Mr. Snarle. There Ned's friend, with his knife, dexterously picked away the putty from a pane of the window of a side chamber, where no light appeared ; and having put fire to the furze of each tail successively, they slipped their cats, one by one, in at the window ; and again having pegged the pane into its place, they withdrew to a little distance to watch the issue.

The poor cats remained silent and universally inoffensive, while they felt no damage. But as soon as the fire had seized on their tails, they began to speak to you in a language wholly peculiar, as one would think, to sentiments and sounds of diabolical intention.

Mr. and Mrs. Snarle had been jangling over the fire in an opposite parlour, when their dispute was suddenly settled by this outcry, as they imagined, of a legion of infernals. They instantly started up, and cast a countenance of pale and contagious panic at each other. But George the footman, a strong and bold fellow, having just before entered on some business to his master, turned and run to the chamber from whence the peal came. He threw open the door with his wonted intrepidity ; but this was as far as mortal courage could go : for the cats spying a passage whereby, as they conceived, they might fly from their pain, rushed suddenly and

jointly on the face and breast of George, and back he fell, with a cry of terror and desperation. On, however, went the cats, and flying into the parlour, one fastened a claw in each cheek of Mr. Snarle; and, as his lady screamed out and clapt her hands before her face, another fastened, with four fangs, on her best Brussels head, and rent and tore away after a lamentable manner.

The chamber-maid and cook hearing the uproar from the kitchen, were afraid to ascend, and still more afraid to stay below alone; they therefore crept softly and tremblingly up stairs. The torture the cats were in did not permit them to be attached to any single object. They had quitted Mr. and Mrs. Snarle, and now flew about the parlour, smashing, dashing, and overturning pier-glasses and china, and whatever came in their way, as though it had been the very palace of Pandæmonium itself.

George was again on his legs; his master and mistress had eloped from the parlour, and met the two maids in the middle of the entry. They concluded *nemine con.* to get as speedily as they might, from the ministers of darkness, and would willingly have escaped by the street door; but, alas! this was not possible; one of the devils guarded the pass, and clinging to the great lock with all his talons, growled and yelled in the dialect of twenty of the damned. The stairs however remained open, and up they would have rushed, but were so enfeebled by their fright, that it could not be done in the way of a race.

As they mounted by the help of the walls and the bannisters, says Mrs. Snarle to her mate, in a languid and soft voice, my dear, and my jewel, 'tis all along of you that I am thus haunted; your old friend, I find, makes no distinction of persons; and when he comes to take you home, as come he will, 'tis twenty to one but he takes me for company. Indeed, my angel, cries Mr. Snarle, in a tone of low complacence, I should much rather he would be pleased to take me single wherever it may be his good pleasure to carry me; for I know of nothing that I have done so heinous neither, to have one damnation heaped on the top of the other.

Having scaled as far as the dining-room, they all entered and bolted the door; and Mr. Snarle, opening a window, saw a large posse of neighbours who had gathered below. What is the matter, sir? cried one of them; what is the meaning of this horrible uproar

and din? one would think that hell was empty, and that all its inhabitants were come to keep carnival in your house.

O, a ladder! a ladder, cries Mr. Snarle; deliver us, good people, good christian people! a ladder, we beseech ye, a ladder, a ladder! that indeed, cries a wag, is the last good turn an honest fellow has occasion for.

The ladder was soon brought, and this panic-stricken family were helped down, and charitably conducted to the great inn of St. George and the Dragon; where, with the help of sack-vey, warm beds, and their remaining terrors, they got a hearty sweat, and were somewhat composed by ten o'clock next morning. They then got up, and having breakfasted on a pot of milled chocolate, they hurried to London, without adventuring to send to the haunted mansion for any change of clothes or linen; for they would rather have put on garments that had been dipt in the blood of Nessus, than have touched any thing in a house of which, with the furniture, plate, bedding, and other appurtenances, the devil, as they conceived, had taken legal and full possession.

In truth, there was scarce an inhabitant of the whole town of Hampstead, who differed in opinion on this head; insomuch that, as day after day began gradually to shut in, all people who had occasion to pass by the dwelling of the late dejected Mr. Snarle, kept more and more aloof to the opposite side of the way, in proportion as their apprehensions increased with the darkness. And all things in the house remained as safe from depredation as though they had been guarded by a regiment of dragoons.

Imaginary howlings were heard by the whole neighbourhood, and still continued to issue from thence, night by night; and it was as firmly believed, as it was currently reported, that while Mr. Snarle made his escape through the window, Satan clawed off a collop from his posteriors, in earnest of his carcase, in remainder on a further day.

The cats, in the mean time, lived plentifully and at free cost on the cold meats which they found in the kitchen and larder; and, as the anguish of their tails was now no more remembered, they kept undisturbed possession of their new acquisition; so that, during their residence, not even a mouse was stirring.

In about a week after Mr. Snarle's departure for London, he sent

an undertaker, and a friend on whom he depended, with authority to enter the haunted house, to take an inventory of all the effects, and to sell them to the inhabitants by public auction. They accordingly borrowed a ladder, and got in at the same window by which the family got out. They found all quiet, and stepping somewhat timorously down stairs, they opened the street and back-doors and parlour windows, and then prevailed upon two or three reputable neighbours to enter and witness the inventory they were going to take.

The cats, in the mean time, finding all late impediments and embargoes removed, slunk silently and unperceived away, and retreated in excellent plight to their respective habitations; though Gammar Guff, and Goody Gúrton gave many a curse to the rats who had so flead and mauled the tails of their tabbies.

The inventory being ended, public notice was given throughout the town, of the sale to begin precisely at ten the following morning. At the hour appointed, there was scarce a living animal left to continue the possession of any house in Hampstead. All crowded to see the goods and chattels of the devil sold according to law. The auctioneer mounted his oratorical eminence, and pranced and paraded for half an hour, like the sign of the Flying-horse in Holborn, without proceeding a foot on the business on which he came. Sir, madam, good intelligent people, observe, observe I say, yon table! what a beauty, what an admirable curiosity is there? that table, gentlemen and ladies, is all of virgin-yew, taken pure and undefiled from its native forest. There's a complexion, there's a polish! it is a looking-glass, in which the favourite Sultana, or daughter of the Grand Seigneur, might behold every charm reflected with advantage. Note the variety of its tints, the luxuriance of its veinings; how prodigal nature has been, in expending on this favourite piece of vegetation such a number of excellencies, such a profusion of beauties! neither has art fallen short of the graces and perfections of nature herein. Mark the taste, the manner, the mouldings how jointed and framed together, as one organized body. The operator, no doubt, took a pleasure, by his workmanship, to rival the beauties of the subject on which he wrought—I set it up at five guineas—what is five guineas, my friends?—not half of what ye will bid at the second word—and what is five times five guineas

to the intrinsic value?—The curious, indeed, have nothing so rare in their cabinets—neither ever had prince Arthur, or any of the knights of the famous round table, the honour of sitting round such a table as this. Gentlemen—ladies—who bids?—you think the merit's above price, and that may discourage you—bid something—bid any thing—it is the first article of sale—I will make a kind of present of it—I set it up at five shillings—I set it up at five pence—what the devil is come over ye, neighbours? have money and common sense quitted the world together?

Ay, ay, thought all present, the devil, the devil! that is the case indeed: and thus our orator might have been preaching, like St. Anthony to the fishes, till the day of doom, before any of his dumb auditors would have returned a word of answer.

The fact is, that as the devil is a personage, however respectable, with whom the well-meaning inhabitants of this ancient village did not chuse to have any manner of dealings; neither desired to go snack in matters of property with beings whom they held much wiser than themselves, and of whose honesty they had but a very slender opinion; these agents of Mr. Snarle were obliged to return, just as rich as they came, their reckoning deducted; and Mr. Snarle soon found himself under the necessity of disposing those, his questionable commodities, at less than half value to some London undertakers. But what he lost in point of property, he gained in matter of morals; for he grew extremely cautious in adding to the measure of his former iniquities, for fear of another visit from his recent guests.

As Mr. Fenton could not but be frequently apprized of these prodigies and alarms that kept all Hampstead waking, and nightly grouped every family into a single room; he compared, in his own mind, the discomfiture and banishment of the unfortunate Snarle, with the circumstances of the provocation which Ned had received; he found that all answered, as well in point of time as to Ned's natural unluckiness and talents of invention; yet he could scarce conceive how a child, little more than eight years of age, should be capable of contriving mischiefs so formidable in the execution, and so extensive in their consequences. Now Ned was so happy on this singular occasion, that nothing transpired; wherefore, as Mr. Fenton could produce no manner of proof, he was too delicate to ask

any questions on the case; lest on one hand he should tempt the boy into a lie, or on the other be obliged to chastise or check him for faults that his generosity might induce him to confess.

Matters, therefore, with respect to Ned, preserved their state of tranquility, though Mr. Fenton would often view him with an eye of wonder and suspicion; and could hardly bring himself to believe, that a boy of his extraordinary genius should be no other by birth than a beggar's-brat. But here pardon me, Mr. Fenton, if I dissent from your opinion. With humble deference to your judgment in other matters, I conceive that an infant begot on a dunghill, brought forth in a pig-stye, and swathed with a rotten remnant of the covering of an ass, may have talents and capacity above the son of an emperor.

FRIEND. The singularity of your sentiments often strikes me with astonishment. Do you really think in a way apart from all other people? or is it a distinction that you affect? here you set yourself at fisty-cuffs with universal persuasion, with historical facts, and with the experience, as well as opinion, of all ages. You seem wholly to have forgot the circumstances that attended the birth and discovery of Cyrus, of Oedipus, of Romulus and Remus, with a thousand other instances; whereby it is evident, that the beauty, prowess, and virtues of great and glorious ancestors naturally devolve upon their offspring.

AUTHOR. The great Tentquic theosopher, Jacob Behmen, affirms, that a father begets the soul as well as body of his child; and this strongly coincides with your judgment of the matter. All animal nature also concurs in the same position; and the offspring of a lion, an eagle, and an ass, invariably partake of the qualities of their progenitors.

In the very early ages of mankind, when honour and empire, precedence and station, were assigned to superior merit alone, to prowess in the field, or wisdom in the council; it is but natural to suppose, that the more immediate descendents of such heroes or patriots inherited, in a great measure, the beauty, strength, genius, and disposition of those from whom they sprung. But some thousands of years are now passed, my good sir, since all this matter has been totally reversed, and the world affords but very rare instances, where washerwomen, or shepherds, where a Chatherine of Russia, Koulikan of Persia, or Theodore of Corsica, by the mere force of genius, have raised themselves from obscurity to dominion. These instances are also very far from making any thing in favour of your argument; though, unquestionably, were you to write their romance, you would agreeable to your thesis, derive their respective pedigree from the queens of Utopia, or some emperors in *terra australis incognita*.

When time was young, when men were respected and advanced (as I said) according to their personal distinctions and accomplishments, uncommon beauty, strength, and agility of body, informed by superior genius and talents, were accounted genuine proofs of a royal or noble descent; but, in process of years, when art had introduced luxury, and luxury had introduced corruption among the great, a feeble distempered frame, informed by a perverse, pusillanimous, and impatient temper, became an indication, by no means improbable, of the genuine descent of a child of quality.

F. My dear friend, be cautious; to speak lightly or degradingly of dignity and station, does not become people of a certain sphere.

A. With all deference and due submission to those who sit in the seat of Moses, or in the throne of Cæsar, when we speak as philosophers, we should speak independent of vulgar prejudice.

I am not insensible of that internal respect which the world is pleased to pay to external lustre. If one man acquires a crown, another a red hat, and another a coronet, by means that deserved the gibbet of Haman, they instantly become the presumptive proprietors of I know not what catalogue of fine qualities and accomplishments. Wherefore, as I am so singular, so perverse, or so unhappy as to differ from the judgment of so wise a world in this matter, it is the more incumbent upon me to bring proofs that are self-evident, at the same time that I treat so reverable a subject with all possible delicacy.

In the first ages of ACORNS, when all that sustained the simple nature of man lay open and in common, like light and air; as people knew of nothing further that was to be had, they thought there was nothing further to be desired. As they had no wishes, they felt no wants; and neither pride, envy, covetousness, nor debauchery, could commence before they contrived the distinctions of property and materials of intemperance, and thereby contrived the causes of quarrel and corruption.

But, as Horace says, '*quum oppida cæperunt munire,*' when they began to build, and set out land-marks, to plow and to sow, to spin and to weave, to handle the file and hammer; in proportion to the advancement of invention and arts, on necessity, convenience arose, upon convenience elegance, upon elegance luxury; new desires increased and multiplied with the means of gratification; real wishes became the offspring of imaginary wants; as those wishes waxed warm, the passions were enkindled; and the vices, lastly, grew in mathematical proportion to the growth of the passions.

All histories, as well prophane as sacred, in every age, in every nation, and in every instance, bear unquestionable testimony to the above state of facts! and hence ensues the necessity of our growing worse and worse, till the pinnacle of art should put a limit to desire, till invention shall be exhausted, and no longer prolific of new wants and additional wishes in man.

But so long as untried allurements, so long as untasted pleasures, so long as new objects can be set up to our imagination, in our

eager pursuit after happiness on earth, our wishes will enflame our impatience to reach the prize! in proportion to that impatience, our endeavours will be exerted; in proportion to such exertion, the fences of law and morals will be broke through, or trampled down; and in proportion to the insufficiency of moral restraints, all sorts of fraud and violence, of licentiousness and corruption, of debauchery and profligacy, must prevail throughout the world.

F. From what you say, I should conclude, that people of wealth, or station and power, are the least impassioned and the most virtuous of all living; forasmuch as they are already in possession of what their inferiors so earnestly continue to thirst, and to chase, and to labour after. The great are above temptation; the world has nothing further to exhibit for their seduction; and in this light also they are become the most respectable of all people.

A. Whenever you can make it evident, that to humble the spirit of man, you ought to place him in authority; that, to convince him of personal defaults and infirmities, you ought to inclōse him with sycophants and servile dependents; that, to make him, temperate, you should seat him at the table of Lucullus; and that, to humanize his disposition, you should remove him, as far as possible, from a sense of the miseries of his fellow-creatures; when, to cure a man of distempers incident to his nature, you would place him in the midst of advantitious contagion; then, and not till then, will wealth, station, and power, be productive of reformation and virtue in man.

Your error lay in supposing, that sensual appetite, and spiritual ambition, would cease and abate on gratification or indulgence. But this is not possible: the spirit of man is a deathless desire; its cravings cannot be satisfied till it is possessed of some object that is adequate to its nature; and, as this world has no such object to exhibit, gratifications only serve to provoke to further desire, or finally to sink us into utter despondence. And this makes the moral that was intended by the philosophers, when they fabled that the son of Philip broke into a passion of tears, on finding that no more worlds remained for him to conquer.

Your pardon yet, I pray—With respect to your opinion, that the descendents of the mighty, and the exalted inherit the qualities and excellencies of their progenitors, you speak as though this earth and all that was thereon, were invariably permanent; whereas the knowing ones will tell you, that the one and the other are subject to annual, and even diurnal revolutions.

Perhaps there is not a beggar or slave upon earth, whose some-time progenitor was not a prince or an emperor: perhaps there is not a prince or emperor upon earth, whose some-time progenitor was not a slave or a beggar. Have you then the discernment to perceive in the beggar the lineaments of the prince, or in the prince to retrace the lineaments of the beggar? you are not sage, sir. I will tell you a story.

The cardinal Campegius, or some such great cardinal, happened to have a dispute with the duke of Modena. Altercation rose high.

Do you know, says the prince, in a passion, that your father was no better than my father's hog-herd? I know it full well, coolly answered the cardinal; and I am persuaded, that had your highness been the son of my father, you would have continued of the same profession to this day.

In such a world as this, all things are in perpetual change, rotation, and revolution; it is nature's process. As the summer and winter gradually succeed and encroach upon each other; or as the sun dawns and arises from darkness till he reaches the mid-day fervour of his culminating beam, and thence declines till he sets in utter darkness; even so mighty nations, as well as families, have their commencement, ascent, and summit; their declension, decay, and period. The virtue of all nations and families begins in poverty, thence arises to industry, genius, honour, perhaps to conquest and empire; there's their zenith: but then comes on the load of ponderous wealth, that gradually weighs them down from this meridian, to indulgence, sensuality, guilt, corruption, prostitution, slavery, perdition.

Let us now, with the eye of philosophy, consider two men in the most contrasted state that this world can admit; suppose a king and a beggar. Here the king is more highly fed, and more gaily clothed than the beggar; but if these are advantages deserving estimation, we behold both this luxury and lustre surpassed by the bee in the garden, and the lily in the valley. Further, whatever the native qualities of the king or the beggar may be, independent of the said external or personal distinction, we may, however, be assured, that an education in the midst of sensuality and deception, of the exhibition of temptations and gratification of lusts, of parasites and pandars, obeisance and prostration, of corporal indulgence and mental imposition, can be no very good friend to virtue.

If we carry the comparison further than this, we find the body of the king to be as frail, as obnoxious to pains, disease and inclemencies, even as naked, poor, and perishable, as that of the beggar.

But if we take the eye of faith to see further than with that of philosophy, we behold their souls alike immortal, of equal dignity and extent: we see creatures resembling the Creator himself, breathed from his own spirit, formed in his own image, and ordained to his own beatitude and eternity. Here all other distinctions fall away and lose their respect; as an instant would do in comparison of ages, or a molehill in comparison of yon boundless expanse: and here we find a beggar, whom the king himself is bound to reverence, as being the unquestioned heir of a KING, in comparison of whom all other kings are but as beggars. How utterly vile and contemptible is all dignity and dominion, to such an heirship as this! an heirship hourly approaching, perhaps just at hand, when the magnificent ruin of man shall be rebuilt, when his weakness shall put on power, his corruption put on glory, and his mortal be wholly swallowed up of immortality!

F. I confess that, for once, you have convinced me. Give me leave to proceed.

 CHAPTER XI.

Ned's recital—an accident—Mr. Fenton takes the stranger's home—opinions of a city and country life—argument respecting real wealth—the lawyers exposed—people censured who go to law—a case in law—a report—singular mode of decision—justice guided by truth—Mrs. Fielding tells the loss of her child—Mr. and Mrs. Fielding's departure—Harry and Ned's contempt of the young nobleman—Harry's magnanimity—quarrel with the young nobleman—the character of a true gentleman—anecdote of Don Quixotte—Abraham expostulates with Lot—difference between the good and just man—Paul before Agrippa.

SOME time after this, Mr. Fenton privately took Ned into his closet, and calling him a good boy, and giving him a few shillings to buy playthings, desired him to give the best history he could remember of himself, and his adventures before he met with Harry.

Sir, said Ned, the first thing that I remember of myself, is my going from house to house a-begging with my mammy; I dreamed indeed that I was once in a fine house, and among fine people, but I don't know where or when; and so I believe, as I say, it was only a dream.

Do you remember your daddy, Ned? No, sir, I never had a daddy that I know of. My mammy was very cross to me, and used to take from me all the money and victuals that I begged, and that was a great deal, for I never let people rest till they gave me something. And so, sir, as I was saying, my mammy was very cross to me, and used to half starve me, and gave me a beating for every hour in the day.

Did she teach you your prayers, Ned? no, sir, I believe she had no prayers to teach me; for she used to swear and scold sadly. And so, sir, as I was telling you, we begged from house to house, sometimes in a town, and sometimes in the country, till the day she ran from me.

How came your mammy to run away from you, Ned? why, sir, we were begging in your town, and had got some halfpence and filled our bag, when my mammy took up a child at the town's end, and ran with it till she got in the next fields. The child, sir, cried

sadly, and my mammy went so fast that I could not keep up with her, do my best. And so we heard a man shouting behind us, and my mammy turned and saw him running after her very fast, and so she threw down the child and her great bag on the ground, and made the best of her way to the next hedge, and got through it, sir; and so I never saw any more of her.

What became of the child, Neddy? when the man, sir, came up, he lifted it off the ground, and he kissed it a great many times, and made it quiet; and I am thinking he was so glad to see it, he took no notice of me; howsoever, he took up my mammy's great bag, and turned back and went the way he came. Then, sir, I fell a-crying and roaring terribly to be left alone, and to have nobody in the world who would have any thing to say to me; and I wished for my mammy again, bad as she was to me; and I strove to follow her through the edge but was not able. And so I saw a great house on one side, and I was very sad when I went to it: and there it was that I met my own young master, and he put clothes upon me with his own dear hands, and he took me to himself, and he is ever since so kind to me, that it troubles me very much; for I can do nothing at all for him, you know, sir, and that grieves me more than all the world.

Well, Neddy, says Mr. Fenton, do not cry, my child. Be a good boy, and mind your book, and be sure you tell no lies, nor do mischief to any body; and I will take care of you, and be a father to you myself. But tell me, Ned, would you know the woman you call your mammy, if you see her again? yes, yes, sir, cried Ned. There was not a day of my life but she gave me reason to remember her; I should know her from all the world, if I was not to see the face of her for a hundred years to come.

I find, Ned, you are not over fond of your mammy. No, indeed, sir, answered Ned; I love master Harry's little finger, and I would love yourself if I dared, sir, better than a thousand such mammies as mine was; and that I suppose is very naughty, for all good children, they say, love their fathers and mothers. Well, Ned, says Mr. Fenton, if you happen at any time to see her among the great number of beggars that come to our door, don't you speak to her, or shew that you take the least notice of her, but come and tell me, or honest James in my absence; that we may

take care of her, and force her to confess whether she is, in reality, your mother or not.

While Mr. Fenton was speaking, Andrew entered with tidings, that a chariot was overturned not twenty yards from the door; and that he feared the people in it were much hurt. Mr. Fenton's humanity was much alarmed at the news; he ordered the servants to follow him, and instantly hurried out to give all the assistance he could to the strangers.

The chariot happened to be overturned by the slipping out of one of the linch-pins that kept the wheel on the axletree. The company had already got out. They were an agreeable young couple, Mr. Fielding and his wife, who had come from London on purpose to take an airing on the hill. Mrs. Fielding had suffered nothing, except from her fears; but Mr. Fielding's right arm was something bruised, by his endeavouring to preserve his lady in the fall.

Mr. Fenton appeared the greatest sufferer of the three, and addressed the strangers with a countenance that convinced them how feelingly he was interested in their safety. He left Andrew to have the chariot set to rights; and having conducted his new guests to his own house, he ordered up a bottle of sack and some Naples cakes to the parlour.

When they were all seated, and the glass had gone round, I find, sir, said Mr. Fielding, that people are apt to be disgusted with what they call accidents, and which may afterward turn out to their greatest advantage. Perhaps I should never have known what true humanity was, if our carriage had not been overturned this day. If you knew all, said Mr. Fenton, with a tender bluntness, you would be far from laying any humanity at my door; since I rejoice at any accident, where the damage is all yours, and the advantage that arises from it is all my own.

I would hold fifty to one, cried Mrs. Fielding, that this is the very Mr. Fenton we have heard so much about. Indeed, madam, said Mr. Fenton, you surprise me much; if I had the pleasure of ever knowing you, there is something in that face I should not have readily forgot.

No, sir, said Mrs. Fielding, I speak from information. I never had the happiness of being known to you till now. We have a fosterer in this village, Rose Jenkins, a poor widow, one of those

many persons you have down in your list. She was nurse to our only child; while he lived and was with us, she was a constant visitant, but as soon, as soon as—here Mrs. Fielding hesitated, her lip trembled, and her eye glistened with a filling tear—I say, sir, as soon as a very sad affair happened, the poor woman came near us no more. One day, as we were taking the air through this town, I thought I saw a face that was familiar to me. I called to the coachman to stop. It was my old nurse. She had a family of small children, and had fallen sadly to decay, before you came, Mr. Fenton, to settle in the town. I chid her for becoming a stranger to us. Ah, madam, said the kind creature, the tears bursting from her eyes, how could I go near a place where every thing would put me in mind of my dear lost child—she still continued to weep—and I—wept for company—I put a guinea in her hand, and insisted on her coming to see us. She did so. It was then, Mr. Fenton, that we learned your name and character; and you must expect the mortification, now and then, of hearing a little of those many things that are spoken to your advantage. I am sorry, madam, said Mr. Fenton, that my nothings should be talked of, lest it should intimate that other people are less ostentatious.

Mrs. Fielding was still affected by what she had been saying! and though Mr. Fenton wished to know what the sad affair was at which she had hinted, he declined asking any questions, for fear of renewing her affliction.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement had walked abroad upon a visit, with their pupil Harry; so that Mr. Fenton and his friend Ned, with Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, made the whole of the present company.

You are happily situated, sir, says Mr. Fielding. I blame myself and all others, who have any independance, and yet live in a city. Health, pleasure, and spirits, are all for the country. Did any poets or philosophers ever place their golden æras, or golden scenes, amidst such a town as London? a man can scarce be himself; he is confined and dissipated by the variety of objects and bustle that surround him. In short, sir, I am like many others, the reverse in persuasion of what I am in practice; I live in a city, although I detest it. It is true, that I am fond of society and neighbourhood; but experience has shewn me, that London is not the place in which I can enjoy it.

No, sir, said Mr. Fenton, if I was a lover of solitude, if I wished to be the most recluse of all anchorites that bid adieu to the commerce of mankind, I would chuse London for my cell. It is in such a city alone, that a man may keep wholly unknown and unnoticed. He is there as a hailstone amidst a great shower; he jumps and bustles about a while, then lays snug among his fellows, without being any more observed than if he was not upon earth, till he melts away, and vanishes with the rest of his fraternity.

I am not for a cell, sir, replied Mr. Fielding, I love society, but yet a society that is founded on friendship; and people in great cities are so divided and dissipated by the multitude of soliciting objects and acquaintance, that they are rendered incapable of a particular attachment. I imagine, however, that in a well-peopled and civilized part of the country, a man might make an election of persons deserving his esteem, such as he would wish to live with, in a happy interchange of kind offices and affections. This, indeed, is my plan for my remainder of life; but the law-suits, in which I am at present involved, will not permit me to go in search of my Utopia.

At law! exclaimed Mr. Fenton; then, sir, you are much to be blamed or much to be pitied.

I hope rather to be pitied than blamed, rejoined Mr. Fielding, Four suits descended to me on the part of my own father, and three on the part of the father of my wife; and my adversaries, on all sides, are such cocks of the game, that no overtures can induce them to listen to any terms of compromise or accommodation.

If matters of wealth or property, said Mr. Fenton, are really matters of valuable estimation in life, it is much to be lamented that there is no place on earth wherein property can be said to be fixed or ascertained. Throughout the regions of Mahomet, and Asiatic despotism, life and property are alike tenures at the will of the ruler. Again, throughout the European continent, no man, indeed, no nation, can be assured of their possessions, exposed as they are to the ambition and avarice of their almost perpetually invading neighbours. Lastly, in these northern islands, whose defence nature herself appears to have undertaken by a guardianship of circling rocks and seas; this does not however defend us from intestine convulsions and changes. Think what a general change of

property has been made in Great Britain during the two very late revolutions. I am told that, in a neighbouring country, the alienation has been nearly universal; perhaps a third revolution is also at hand.

It is affirmed, that the civil constitution of England is the best calculated for the security of liberty and property, of any that ever was framed by the policy of man; and originally, perhaps, it might have been so, when twelve simple and impartial men were appointed for the speedy trial and determination of life and property.

Our ancestors, unquestionably, were at that time unblessed by the liberal and learned profession of the long-robe; they would not otherwise have committed the disposition of property (a matter held so much more valuable than that of life) to a few men, who could have no virtue under heaven to recommend them, save the two illiterate qualities of common sense and common honesty.

Those were ages of mental darkness, and no way illumined, as we are, by those immense and immaculate volumes of refined and legal metaphysics, that now press the shelves of the learned, and are read with such delight. A man, in those times, had no play for his money; he was either stript or enriched of a sudden; whereas now, in the worst cause, hope is left during life; and hope is said to be the greatest cordial in this vale of human controversy.

It is greatly to be lamented, that the learned in our laws are not as immortal as the suits for which they are retained. It were, therefore, to be wished, that an act of parliament might be especially passed for that purpose: a matter no way impracticable, considering the great interest those gentlemen have in the house. In truth, it seems highly expedient, that an infinity of years should be assigned to each student of the belles lettres of our laws, to enable them to read over that infinity of volumes which have already been published; to say nothing of the infinity that are yet to come, which will be held equally necessary for understanding the profession, of critically distinguishing and oratorically expatiating on law against law, case against case, authority against authority, precedent against precedent, statute against statute, and argument against reason.

In matters of no greater moment than life and death, juries, as at the beginning, are still permitted to enter directly on the hearing and decision; but in matters so sacred as that of property, our courts are extremely cautious of too early an error in judgment. In order therefore to sift and bould them to the very bran, they are delivered over to the lawyers, who are equally the affirmers and disputers, the pleaders and impleaders, representers and misrepresenters, explainers and confounders of our laws; our lawyers, therefore, maintain their right of being paid for their ingenuity in putting and holding all property in debate. Debated properties consequently become the properties of the lawyers, as long as answers can be given to bills, or replies to answers, or rejoinders to replies, or rebutters to rejoinders; as long as the battledoors can strike and bandy, and till the shuttle-cock falls of itself to the ground.

Soberly and seriously speaking, English property, when once debated, is merely a carcase of contention, upon which interposing lawyers fall as customary prize, and a prey, during the combat of the claimants. While any flesh remains on a bone, it continues a bone of contention; but so soon as the learned practitioners have picked it quite clean, the battle is over, and all again is peace and settled neighbourhood.

It is worthy of much pleasantry and shaking of sides to observe, that, in intricate, knotty, and extremely perplexing cases, where the sages of the gown and coif are so puzzled as not to know what to make of the matter, they then bequeath it to the arbitration and award of two or three plain men; or, by record, to the judgment of twelve simple honest fellows; who, casting aside all regard to the form of writs and declarations, to the lapse of monosyllables, verbal mistakes and misnomers, enter at once upon the pith and marrow of the business, and in three hours determine, according to equity and truth, what had been suspending in the dubious scales of ratiocination, quotation, altercation, and pecuniary consideration, for three-and-twenty-years.

Neither do I see any period to the progress of this evil; the avenue still opens and leads on to further mischiefs; for the distinctions in law are, like the Newtonian particles of matter, *divisible ad infinitum*. They have been dividing and subdividing for some centuries past, and the subdivisions are as likely to be sub-

dividing for ever; insomuch that law, thus divisible, debateable, and delayable, is become a greater grievance than all that it was intended to redress.

I lately asked a pleasant gentleman of the coif, if he thought it possible for a poor man to obtain a decree, in matter of property, against a rich man? he smiled, and answered, according to scripture, that "with man it was impossible, but that all things were possible to God." I suppose he meant, that the decrees of the courts of Westminster were hereafter to be reversed.

Perhaps, sir, said Mr. Fielding, neither our laws nor lawyers are so much to blame, as the people who apply to them for protection, for justice, satisfaction, or revenge. Might not the parties, who adventure on the course of litigation, begin where they are most likely to end their career, in the award of a few persons, or a verdict of twelve neighbours?

But the nature of man is prone to contention and quarrel. There is a certain portion of yeast or fermentation in his mass, that will have vent in some way; and our courts of law are the most obvious receptacles for the ebullitions of pride, avarice, envy, resentment, and wrathfulness, the insolences of temper, and overflowings of fortune.

Mr. Scruple, an attorney, a very singular man in his way, was lately recommended to me as a person equally qualified for alluring or compelling my litigating opponents to an accommodation; and he told me an exceedingly pleasant story, as well respecting the process and forms of our courts of law, as respecting the contentious disposition of our neighbours.

Some time since, Walter Warmhouse, a substantial farmer in Essex, was advised by Sergeant Crow, that he had an unquestionable right to a certain tenement in the possession of Barnaby Boniface, his next neighbour and gossip, who fattened by the dint of good ale and good humour.

Barnaby, who equally hated debate and dry bowels, offered to leave the matter in question to any honest neighbours of Walter's own chusing: but Walter, proud of a weighty opinion, and as weighty a purse, rejected the proffered compromise with scorn, and took a mortal aversion to honest Barnaby, because he refused to surrender his possessions on demand.

Walter Warmhouse accordingly began the attack in form ; but Mr. Scruple, who had the uncommon conscience to remember that Barnaby had once recovered his purse from a highwayman, determined, as far as possible, to preserve the property of his old friend. For this purpose, he kept warily and cheaply on the defensive ; and while he held a watchful eye over the motions of the adversary, he followed him close through a thirteen years labyrinth of law-forms ; and, what with exceptions to bills and replies, expensive commissions, examination of witnesses, demurrer, imparlance, and essoine, with hearings and re-hearings, defer of issue thereon, costs of suit and costs of office, he pretty nearly exhausted both the purse and the patience of the valourous plaintiff Walter Warmhouse. Whereupon his prudent patron, the good Serjeant Crow, deemed it high time to consent to a motion for referring the case to the arbitration and award of certain umpires, though not of his client's choosing, as at first proposed.

Soon after this order, Serjeant Crow had occasion to travel to the further parts of Essex, and his road led to the concerns of his old client Walter Warmhouse. Here Walter happened to meet him, and warned him of the manifold dangers of the way, and of the numbers of thieves and highwaymen that infested the passages that lay just before him. And pray then, very smoothly says the serjeant, is there no way through your fields, Mr. Warmhouse? there is, sir, said Mr. Warmhouse, as good as any in England. And may I not be permitted to pass ! most safely, and a thousand welcomes.

Hereupon client Warmhouse opened the gate that led from the road into the fields, and in issued the equipage of his learned advocate and kind patron,

Goodman Warmhouse was mounted on a round ambling nag, and rode much at his ease by the chariot of his malefactor. They chatted, as they went, about the prices of cattle, and improvement of lands, the fall and rise of grain, the necessity of industry ; and, above all, of the advantage of good inclosures, which, as the serjeant observed, were emblems of the English laws, and secured every man's property from question or encroachment.

While thus they beguiled the way, Walter led his respectable patron through this field and that field, and through yon gate and

t'other gate, and now went a-head like a fox, and now doubled like a hare; till, having mazed it and circled it for the space of three hours, he finally conducted the serjeant to the very gate at which he had first entered.

How, how! exclaims the serjeant, methinks we are just where we set out; we have not gained an inch of ground by the many miles we have travelled!

Quite as much, replied Walter, in a journey of three hours, as your honour gained for me in a journey of thirteen years; and I leave you, as you left me,—just where you found me.

Your story, cried Mr. Fenton, is as pleasant as it is apt; and reminds me of an observation made by Harry the IV. of France, that was equally pertinent to the subject.

A certain judge of a court of law, in that kingdom, had grown aged on the bench, and honoured by the innumerable sentences which he had passed, and which were all deemed conformable to the most perfect measure and dispensation of equity. The gainers of the several suits applauded his discernment and justice to the skies; and even the losers allowed that they had no right to complain. The fame of his wisdom and integrity reached the throne; the monarch was curious to see a judge of so peculiar a cast and character; and sent for him, under colour, of thanking him for the great honours which he had done to his regency.

After a most gracious reception, and some compliments at the levee, the prince took him apart, and in confidence said,

“ My lord judge, the infinite complaints that come before me from all parts of the kingdom, respecting the erroneous or iniquitous sentences daily passed by your fraternity, cast the highest lustre on the singularity of your conduct, and give me an eager curiosity to know by what measures you have been enabled to content all parties. I adjure you then, by all that you reverence, to disguise nothing from me on this head. You have not any thing to fear from my censure of means that have proved so very successful, and you have all things to hope from my approbation.

The judge thereupon, cast himself at the feet of his prince, and, rising, addressed him thus:

“ To you, my sovereign, as to heaven, I will open my whole soul.—In the first place, in order to enable myself to give a guess

whether the judgments, to be pronounced, might be right or wrong, I gave all possible attention to the merits of each case during the process; I daily took minutes of the pleadings on either side! I enlarged and commented on those minutes while matters were fresh in my memory; and I never interrupted any cause, till it had run itself out of breath through the circuit of forms and due course of law.

“ In the next place, may it please your majesty, I never took bribe or present of any kind, or from any hand, lest favour or inclination should insensibly tempt me to cog, or give partial turn to the final cast.

“ Thus prepared, as soon as matters were ripe for a decree—that is to say, as soon as the respective lawyers had agreed among themselves, that nothing more was to be said, or any thing more to be got, on either side of the question—I summed up the repugnant merits, so equally and impartially, with respect to circumstances, evidence, and ordinance of law, as induced both parties, now wearied and wishing for rest, to think that the decree must inevitably be given against themselves; and having appointed a certain hour for uttering the fatal sentence, I got up under visible concern, and retired.

“ From the bench, so please your graciousness, I withdrew to my closet; and having locked myself up, I called upon my tutelary and never-erring directors in the solution of all knots, and unwinding of all intricacies; in short, I went to a little drawer, and took out my box and dice.

“ Box and dice!” exclaimed the monarch, half starting from his seat. “ Yes, sire, replied the judge, I repeat it, box and dice.” And if your majesty will be pleased to attend for a few moments, I trust to convince you of the propriety of this proceeding.

“ *Humanum est errare.* This, my liege, is a maxim that has never yet been controverted by precept or by practice; and it is as much as to say, that life is a mere labyrinth of errors, in which all men are appointed to travel and to stray.

“ Nothing, save number and measure, is yet determined upon earth: nothing is certain, save that two and two make four; and that lines are equal, or differ, according to their dimensions.

“ All men further than this, depend upon reason, as their enlightener and director in the search of truth; and yet reason itself

has nothing whereon it may rest or depend. It first doubts, and then proceeds to examine: it calls in evidence and arguments, on this side and on that side, *pro* and *con*: it compares, canvasses, and discusses; sifts and boulds matters, suppose to the very bran. It endeavours to poise the scales of its own uncertainty, and now recovers some lapsed circumstance, and casts it into this scale; and again throws some new proof or discovery into that scale, and so changes its opinion from day to day: while prejudice and partiality stand invisibly at its elbow, and at length determine the long-suspended balance, by casting their own weights into one scale or the other, according as interest or pleasure would wish to preponderate.

“Truth, so please your supremacy, has been sunk in so very deep a well, as to mock the five-inch'd fathom of mere human ratiocination; whether it be a dealer or retailer of physics or metaphysics; of the distinctions in law, or the distinctions in philosophy: and I flatter myself, that I alone, the least and most unlikely of all your majesty's subjects, have hit upon a method for fishing up truth, by a line which I acknowledge is not of my own twisting.

“Within my memory, and nearly within that of your majesty, particuar laws have been in force for trial by combat, and trial by ordeal; and though, at present, those laws are held to have been iniquitous and wholly absurd, they could not have been instituted without just and ponderous reasons. They related, my liege, as my sentences do, to the interposition of providence in the Jewish lots; whereby all doubts, however general, could be speedily ascertained; where the nation drew lots according to tribes, the tribes according to families, and the families by individuals, till the criminal was detected.

“Thus, in trial by combat, I have known and read of manifold instances, wherein guilty conrage and prowess have been foiled by the weak and fearful: and, in trial by ordeal, heaven never failed to guide the steps of the hoodwinked innocent between the narrow intervals of the burning plowshares. And thus conscious of my own infirmity and blindness, I have referred all my decrees to a power of better discernment; and he never failed to determine according to truth.”

“Indeed, said the monarch, I cannot wholly disapprove of your method, when I reflect on your motive. And, according to your account, when I think on the plague and anxiety, loss of time and loss of fortune, to which my subjects are put by these professors of the law, you have clearly convinced me, my good lord judge, that it would be INFINITELY BETTER TO CAST DICE AT THE BEGINNING, THAN TO GIVE THE MOST RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT AT THE END OF ANY LAWSUIT.”

While the gentlemen were thus plunged in the bottomless gulph of the law, Mrs. Fielding beckoned Ned to a remote part of the room, and was greatly taken with his lively and innocent chat.

Pray, Mr. Fenton, said she, is this your son? No, madam, said Mr. Fenton, we know not to whom he belongs, poor fellow; and I am persuaded, from many circumstances, that he was stolen, in his infancy, from his true parents.

Mrs. Fielding instantly coloured like scarlet; and, casting at her husband an eager and animated look, Gracious heaven, she exclaimed, who knows, my dear, but this may be our precious, our lost and long-lamented boy, to whom providence this day has so wonderfully conducted us?

Madam, said Mr. Fenton, it is thought that hundreds of children are yearly spirited away from their parents, by gipsies, and beggars to excite charity, and by kidnappers to carry to the plantations; but I hear of very few that ever had been restored except in romance. Pray, had you any particular memorandum or mark whereby you would know him to be your child, on the presumption of his being found?

Alas! no, sir, said Mrs. Fielding; he was scarce two years old when his nurse got leave to go and see a relation, the only visit, poor woman, that she made from the time she took my child to the breast. She left him in the care of the housemaid, who used to caress him with particular tenderness. He stood with her at the door; some one called her in suddenly, but, quickly returning, my child was gone!

Ah! could the wretches who took him have guessed at the heart-rending anguish which that loss cost me, it were not in the nature of barbarians, of brutes, of fiends themselves, to have imagined a deed of such deadliness. For three days and nights, life hovered

like a flame that was just departing, and was only retained by my frequent and long swoonings, that, for a time, shut up all sense and recollection. Neither do I think that my dear husband suffered much less than myself, however he might constrain and exert his spirits to keep up, as it were, some appearance of manliness.

We dispatched criers throughout the city, and through all the neighbouring towns, with offers of vast recompense to any who should discover and restore our child to us; and we continued, for years, to advertise him in all the public papers. But alas, he must have been taken by some very illiterate wretches who could not read, and who never heard of the rewards that were offered; their own interest must otherwise have engaged them to return him. Pray, Mr. Fenton, how did you come by this pretty boy?

Here Ned assisted Mr. Fenton to give a detail, respecting himself, of the circumstances already recited; and Mr. Fenton mentioned the precaution he had taken for seizing his former mammy, if ever she should make her appearance.

If heaven should ever bless me with more children, said Mr. Fielding, I have determined to fix some indelible mark upon them, such as that of the Jerusalem-Letters, that, in case of accident, I may be able to discover and ascertain my own offspring from all others. Such a precaution, said Mr. Fenton, is more especially incumbent on those who send their children abroad to be nursed; where it is practicable for fosterers to impose a living infant in the place of one who has died; or, by an exchange, to prefer a child of their own to an inheritance: for the features of infancy generally change to a degree that shortly leaves no trace of the original cast of countenance; and it is common with parents to leave their children at nurse, for years, without seeing or renewing the memory of their aspects.

Mr. Fenton, says Mrs. Fielding, will you give me your interest in this sweet foundling? I will regard him as my own child, I will be good to him for the sake of the one I have lost. Tell me, my dear, will you come and live with me!—What say you Ned, says Mr. Fenton, would you like to go and live with that lady? O sir, cried Ned, could I find in my heart to leave master Harry and you, to be sure I would give the world to be with this dear lady. So say-

ing, he caught at her hand, and pressed it eagerly to his lips. Mrs. Fielding found herself surprised and agitated by this action; and taking him in her arms, and repeatedly kissing him, the gush of passion which she had some time suppressed, broke forth; and she shed a plenteous shower of tears upon him.

Word being now brought that the chariot was put to rights, and at the door Mr. and Mrs. Fielding took a tender farewell of Mr. Fenton and Ned, and set off for London.

As we propose, after the manner of the celebrated Vertot, to drop all the heavy and inanimate parts of our history, and to retain nothing but the life and spirit thereof; we take the liberty to pass over a few months, during which nothing material happened, save that our Harry increased in stature, and in all personal and mental accomplishments.

It was the latter end of August, the weather fair and pleasant, when Harry issued forth to the little *Campus Martius*, accompanied by Neddy and the faithful James.

He was there met by his customary companions in arms; and they had nearly settled their courses and exercises for the evening, when a young phenomenon of nobility made his appearance, while Harry eyed him askance, with a half-sullen and half-disdainful regard; and, notwithstanding the native benevolence of his temper, felt no kind of complacence in his bosom toward him.

The young nobleman, to make a parade of his wealth, and at the same time to indulge his petulance of disposition, took a handful of sixpences and shillings from his pocket, and throwing them among the crew, cried, a scramble, boys, a scramble!

Hereupon a scuffle-royal instantly ensued. All of them, save three, eagerly grappled at the pieces that had fixed their eye; while each, at the same time, seized and struggled with his fellow. Our hero, meanwhile, observed all that passed with a distinguishing attention. But as the cause of quarrel was quickly conveyed from sight, nothing worse happened than a few trips and boxes, to which the parties had been accustomed, and therefore did not resent; insomuch that my lord was wholly defeated of the benevolent intention of his generosity, and looked upon himself as defrauded of his coin.

To compensate this disappointment, and to make surer, for the future, of his dearly beloved mischief! he took a crown-piece from

his pocket, and holding it up to the full view of the assembly, he proclaimed it as the prize of victory between any two who should step forth on the spot and engage in a boxing match. At the word, an unknown champion sprung forward, instantly stripped, and challenged the field.

This unknown had arrived but that very morning, with his parents, who came to settle at the village. He was by nature a very valiant, but very quarrelsome boy; he had consequently been engaged in a number of occasional combats, wherein he had generally come off victorious! and this gave him as full an assurance of conquest as though his brow had already received the wreath.

The stranger, in bulk and stature, exceeded the field, and no one had yet offered himself an antagonist! when Harry, stepping up, thus addressed him in a gentle but admonishing accent.—I find, sir, you are a stranger; you are therefore to be excused for behaving amiss, as you are yet unacquainted with the laws of this place. But I must now be so free to inform you, that whoever quarrels here, or boxes for money, must afterwards take a turn with me for nothing. As well before as after, briskly replied the adversary; but I scorn to take you at an advantage, prepare yourself and strip! you must first shew me, rejoined Harry, that you are worth stripping for.

The unknown instantly fired at what he held to be a boastful insult, and, leaping forward, aimed a punch at Harry's stomach with all his force; when Harry nimbly catching the right wrist of his adversary in his left hand, and giving him, at the same instant, a sudden trip with his right foot, and a stroke across the neck with his right arm, the strange hero's heels flew up, and his shoulders and head came with a squelch to the earth.

As this unfortunate champion lay, astonished, dismayed, and wholly disqualified by his fall from further contention, Harry generously stepped forward and offered to raise him. But, turning from him, he painfully and slowly arose, and muttering something not intelligible, he walked away with a sullen, but much abased motion.

Harry's companions, hereat, began to set up a cry of triumph and derision after the vanquished. But Harry suddenly stopped them, and cried, for shame, my friends! he is a brave boy, and

deserves to be honoured, though a stranger to our ways; and I hope in my heart, that he may not be hurt, nor discouraged from coming among us any more.

Our young nobleman, meanwhile, had observed all that passed, and considered our hero with an envious and indignant attention; when Harry, calling to him the three boys who had declined to partake of the scramble for my lord's money, my good boys, cries he aloud, you had the honour to refuse to quarrel and tear your companions and friends to pieces, for the dirty matter of a few six-pences, and the first part of your reward shall be many six-pences.

So saying, he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out three crowns, made a present of one to each. Then, feeling a secret touch of self-approbation, he turned to my lord's servants, and addressed them, in an accent, and with an action rather too highly elevated, go, he cried, my friends, take your young master home to his father and mother; and tell them, from me, that, since they have already made him a LORD, I wish the next thing they do, would be to make him a GENTLEMAN!

What, you scoundrel, cried my lord, do you tell me, to my face, that I am not a gentleman? and flying instantly at Harry, he gave him a smart stroke on the left cheek. Harry had just begun to recollect his error; but being again kindled to quick resentment, he half repressed and half enforced a sudden punch which he reached at the nose of his lordship, who, giving a scream, fell backward, and measured his length on the field.

The two servants immediately stooped to raise their bleeding master; and one of them, highly exasperated to see his lord in that condition, turned furiously upon Harry, in order to chastise him. But Jack Freeman, his fellow-servant, strait caught him by the arm, crying, hold, Patrick, hold! remember fair play, and old England!

So saying, he suddenly stooped, caught at our hero's hand, pressed it warmly to his lips, and cried, O my noble child, how I envy the happiness of those who serve you! then turning, he took his lord by the hand, and strait led him away from the field of battle.

FRIEND. Apropos, to your turning a lord into a gentleman. When your hero gave that just, though over-haughty reproof, to the insolence and petulance of the gay stranger, had he not a clear conception of the character of your true gentleman?

AUTHOR. If he had not a positive, yet you see he had a negative apprehension of the matter. If he could not say what it was to be—yet he could tell you what it was—not to be a gentleman. And he clearly perceived, that neither finery, grandeur of equipage, title, wealth, superior airs, affectation of generosity; neither a mischief-making temper, nor a taking delight in the broils, conflicts, passions, and pains of others, were any constituent qualities in this venerable character.

F. I beseech you then, at this interval, to satisfy my impatience, and to make good your promise, that you would give me a detail of the qualities that entitle a man to this supreme of denominations.

A. That perhaps may be done with better effect to the understanding as well as the heart, by instancing and exemplifying, rather than defining.

The first of great poets, in his character of Hector, has given us the lineaments of the first and most finished gentleman that we meet in prophane history, admirably and amiably instanced in his attachments to his country, in his filial affections, in his conjugal delicacies, in his paternal feelings, in his ardour for his friends, in his humanity to his enemies, and even in his piety to the gods that he worshipped; (no deduction from his courage, according to ancient arithmetic!)

Some time after the battle of Cressy, Edward the third of England, and Edward the Black Prince, the more than heir of his father's renown, pressed John king of France to indulge them with the pleasure of his company at London. John was desirous of embracing the invitation, and accordingly laid the proposal before his parliament at Paris. The parliament objected, that the invitation had been made with an insidious design of seizing his person, thereby to make the cheaper, and easier acquisition to the crown, to which Edward, at that time, pretended. But John replied, with some warmth, that he was confident his brother Edward, and more especially his young cousin, were too much of the GENTLEMAN, to treat him in that manner. He did not say too much of the king, of the hero, or of the saint, but too much of the GENTLEMAN, to be guilty of any baseness.

The sequel verified this opinion. At the battle of Poitiers king John was made prisoner, and soon after conducted by the Black Prince to England. The Prince entered London in triumph, amid the throng and acclamations of millions of the people. But then this rather appeared to be the triumph of the French king, than that of his conqueror. John was seated on a proud steed, royally robed, and attended by a numerous gorgeous train of the British nobility; while his conqueror endeavoured, as much as possibly, to disappear; and rode by his side in plain attire, and degradingly seated on a little Irish hobby.

As Aristotle and the critics derived their rules, for epic poetry and the sublime, from a poem which Homer had written long before the rules were formed, or laws established for the purpose; thus, from the demeanour and innate principles of particular gentlemen, art has borrowed and instituted the many modes of behaviour, which the world has adopted, under the title of good-manners.

One quality of a gentleman is that of charity to the poor; and this is delicately instanced in the account which Don Quixote gives, to his fast friend Sancho Pansa, of the valorous but yet more pious knight-errant Saint Martin.

On a day, said the Don, Saint Martin met a poor man half-naked, and taking his cloak from his shoulders, he divided it and gave him the one half. Now tell me, at what time of the year this happened. Was I witness? quoth Sancho. How the vengeance should I know in what year, or what time of the year it happened? Hadst thou, Sancho, rejoined the knight, any thing within thee of the sentiment of Saint Martin, thou must assuredly have known that this happened in winter; for had it been summer, Saint Martin would have given the whole cloak.

Another characteristic of the true gentleman, is a delicacy of behaviour toward that sex, whom nature has entitled to the protection, and consequently entitled to the tenderness of man.

The same gentleman-errant, entering into a wood on a summer's evening, found himself entangled among nets of green thread that, here and there, hung from tree to tree; and conceiving it some matter of purposed conjuration, pushed valourously forward, to break through the enchantment. Hereupon some beautiful shepherdesses interposed with a cry, and besought him to spare the implements of their innocent recreation. The knight, surprised and charmed by the vision, replied—Fair creatures! my province is to protect, not to injure; to seek all means of service, but never of offence, more especially to any of your sex and apparent excellencies. Your pretty nets take up but a small piece of favoured ground; but, did they inclose the world, I would seek out new worlds, whereby I might win a passage, rather than break them.

Two very lovely but shamefaced girls had a cause, of some consequence, depending at Westminster, that indispensably required their personal appearance. They were relations of Sir Joseph Jekyl, and, on this tremendous occasion, requested his company and countenance at the court. Sir Joseph attended accordingly; and the cause being opened, the judge demanded whether he was to entitle these ladies by the denomination of spinsters? No, my Lord, said Sir Joseph, they are lilies of the vally; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet you see that no monarch, in all his glory, was ever arrayed like one of these.

Another very peculiar characteristic of a gentleman is, giving place, and yielding to all with whom he has to do.

Of this we have a shining and affecting instance in Abraham; perhaps the most accomplished character that may be found in history, whether sacred or profane.

A contention had arisen between the herdsmen of Abraham and the herdsmen of his nephew Lot, respecting the propriety of the pasture of the lands wherein they dwelled, that could now scarce contain the abundance of their cattle; and those servants, as is universally the case, had, respectively, endeavoured to kindle and enflame their masters with their own passions.

When Abraham, in consequence of this, perceived that the countenance of Lot began to change toward him, he called, and generously expostulated with him as followeth.

“Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, or between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we be brethren. If it be thy desire to separate thyself from me, is not the whole land before thee? if thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right: or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.”

Another capital quality of the true gentleman is, that of feeling himself concerned and interested in others. Never was there so benevolent, so affecting a piece of oratory exhibited upon earth, as that of Abraham’s pleading with God for averting the judgments that then impended over Sodom. But the matter is already so generally celebrated, that I am constrained to refer my reader to the passage at full; since the smallest abridgment must deduct from its beauties, and that nothing can be added to the excellencies thereof.

Honour, again, is said, in scripture, peculiarly to distinguish the character of a gentleman; where it is written of Shechem, the Son of Hamor, “That he was more honourable than all the house of his father.”

This young prince giving way to the violence of his passion, had dishonourably deflowered Dinah the daughter of Jacob. But his affections and soul cleaved to the party whom he had injured. He set no limits to his offers for repairing the wrong. Ask me, he said to her kindred, “ask me ever so much dowry and gift, and I will give according as ye shall say unto me; but give me the damsel to wife.”

From hence it may be inferred, that human excellence, or human amiableness, doth not so much consist in a freedom from frailty, as in our recovery from lapses; our detestation of our own transgressions, and our desire of atoning, by all possible means, the injuries we have done, and the offences we have given. Herein therefore may consist the very singular distinction, which the great apostle makes, between his estimation of a just and of a good man. For a just or righteous man, says he, one would grudge to die; but for a good man one would even dare to die.” Here, the just man is supposed to adhere strictly to the rule of right or equity, and to exact from others the same measure that he is satisfied to meet; but the good man though occasionally he may fall short of justice, has, properly speaking, no measure to his benevolence; his general propensity is to give more than the due. The just man condemns, and is desirous of punishing the transgressors of the line prescribed

to himself; but the good man, in the sense of his own falls and failings, gives latitude, indulgence, and pardon to others; he judges, he condemns no one, save himself. The just man is as a stream that deviates not, to the right or left, from its appointed channel, neither is swelled by the flood of passion above its banks; but the heart of the good man, the man of honour, the gentleman, is as a lamp lighted by the breath of GOD, and none, save GOD himself, can set limits to the efflux or irradiations thereof.

Again, the gentleman never envies any superior excellence, but grows himself more excellent, by being the admirer, promoter, and lover thereof.

Saul said to his son Jonathan, "Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman! do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? for as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom; wherefore send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die."—Here every interesting motive, that can possibly be conceived to have an influence on man, united to urge Jonathan to the destruction of David: he would thereby have obeyed his king, and pacified a father who was enraged against him; he would thereby have removed the only luminary that then eclipsed the brightness of his own achievements; and he saw, as his father said, that the death of David, alone could establish the kingdom in himself and his posterity: but all those considerations were of no avail, to make Jonathan swerve from honour, to slacken the bands of faith, or cool the warmth of his friendship. O Jonathan! the sacrifice which thou then madest to virtue, was, incomparably, more illustrious in the sight of God and his angels, than all the subsequent glories to which David attained. What a crown was thine, "Jonathan, when thou wast slain in thine high places!"

Saul of Tarsus, afterwards called Paul, had been a man of bigotry, blood, and violence; making havoc of, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all who were not of his own sect and persuasion. But when the spirit of that INFANT, who laid himself in the manger of human flesh, came upon him, he acquired a new heart, and a new nature; and he offered himself a willing subject to all the sufferings and persecutions which he had brought upon others.

Paul, from that time, exemplified, in his own person, all those qualities of the Gentleman, which he afterwards specifies in his celebrated description of that charity, which, as he says, alone endureth for ever.

When Festus cried with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad;" Paul stretched the hand, and answered, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom I also speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a

christian." And Paul said, I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were not only almost, but altogether such as I am—except these bonds."

Here, with what an inimitable elegance did this man, in his own person, at once sum up the orator, the saint, and the gentleman!

From these instances, my friend, you must have seen, that the character, or rather the quality of a GENTLEMAN, does not in any degree depend on fashion or mode, on station or opinion; neither changes with customs, climates, or ages. But as the spirit of God can alone inspire it into man, so it is, as God is, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

F. It is a standard, whereby I propose, for the future, to measure and judge of all my acquaintance.—But, let us return to our little gentleman-monitor.

CHAPTER XII.

Harry is disgusted with his own conduct—Harry's grief—his confession—the good and bad spirit—Cyrus forbids the approach of Panthea—Cyrus commits the care of Panthea to Araspes—the powerful influence of love—Araspes' reply to Cyrus—angels filled with the goodness of God—Lord Mansfield visits Mr. Fenton—Harry's company requested—departure of Lord Mansfield—Harry and Mr. Clement relieve the prisoners—Mr. Fenton visits the Countess of Maitland—arrival of several visitors—several characters of scandal—wit at the expence of others—more scandal—Lord Mansfield meets Mr. Fenton—a new act of Parliament—observations on the new laws—Lord Mansfield reproves the company—Mrs. Homespun's story of a stranger—a singular discovery—villany of Lord Riot—Mr. Grace kills Lord Riot—death of Mrs. Grace—conversation on dress and fashion—Lord Mansfield's remarks thereon—Mr. Fenton's observations—Lady Maitland's visit to Mr. Fenton—a new discovery—Lady Maitland's story of her youth—generosity of Lady Maitland.

NEVER did Harry feel himself so deeply mortified, so debased in his own eyes, as when my lord's footman, in terms, and with an action so uncommonly respectful, had stooped and kissed his hand. His heart, but just before, had whispered to him, that the manner in which he had admonished the young nobleman expressed more of the pride and insolence of his own temper, than any friendly intention to reform the faults of another; and he already began to suspect, that the manner in which he had dispensed his own bounty, shewed the same ostentation which he meant to reprove, and with which he had been so highly offended in his lordship.

Thus disgusted with himself, and consequently with all about him, he turned away from his companions, walked sad and silent homeward? and, passing softly through the hall, withdrew to his own chamber.

James had followed Harry at such a distance as just to keep him in sight, and entering where his master sat reading in the parlour, Mr. Fenton inquired eagerly after his boy. James cast at his master a look of much solemnity, and shaking his head in token of concern, ah, sir, said he, I am sorry to tell you, that master Harry to-day, was not altogether so good a boy as I could have wished. Indeed I observe of late, that, at times, he is apt to be very sudden and passionate. I doubt, sir, we shall have woeful doings by and by; he has terribly abused and battered the son and heir of the earl of Mansfield, one of the worthiest noblemen in all England. To be sure, we shall have sad complaints against him. I was present at all that passed, and truly master Harry was very much in fault.

You delight me, you transport me, cried Mr. Fenton; my only affliction was, that he had no faults. I want him to have faults, such faults as make him feel them. But tell me minutely, as particularly as you can, how this affair happened. James then gave a special detail of what we have recited. Whereupon Mr Fenton exclaimed, O, my noble, my generous, my incomparable boy! where is he! let me see him, what is become of him?

Upon inquiry, Mrs. Susan reported that she had seen him stealing softly up stairs. Mr. Fenton, then, taking his book in his hand, stole up after his Harry; and, opening his chamber-door with the least noise possible, saw him seated, in a dejected attitude, in a far corner of the room; and, looking attentively at him, perceived that he had been in tears.

He thereupon took a chair, and gently seating himself beside him, what is the matter, my Harry, he said, what ails my love? don't ask me, don't ask me, sir, cried Harry; I dare not tell you, indeed I dare not. You would love me no longer, you would hate me if I should tell you. Hate you, my darling! cried Mr. Fenton, that is quite impossible; I can never hate you, my Harry. But come, be free with your friend, tell me openly and honestly, for what do you think I should hate you? for my faults, sir; for my

faults. To be sure there is not, in the world, so bad a boy as myself; and, what is worse than all that, when I think and mean to do better than ever, something comes in the way and spoils the whole, and so turns all the good that is in me into nothing but naughtiness.

Here Harry could contain no longer, but burst into a passionate gush of tears and sobs; and Mr. Fenton, tenderly embracing him, and taking him on his knee, and clasping him to his bosom, gave way to the kindred emotion that swelled in his own breast, and mingled his joyful tears with those of his Harry.

As soon as the passion of these two friends had subsided, Harry began to take new courage from the caresses of his dear dada, who, as he sensibly felt, would never hate or forsake him, however he might condemn and detest himself.

Well then, dada, says he, since you are so very good, I will trust you with my story, so far as it has to say to the little that I can remember of my faults in it.

You must know, that I had no sooner got into your field that you gave me for our plays, than a young master came up to us, so grandly dressed and attended, and with such a saucy air, that he seemed to say, in his own mind, all these are but dirt, in comparison of myself.

As I looked at him, he brought to my mind the story you once told me of Hercules, who was poisoned by his fine coat. So I began to pity him, and, I believe, to despise him too; and that you know was not right; for you told me, that whoever despises another grows worse than the one he despises, and falls below him, while he thinks to set himself above him; but that did not come into my head at the time.

And so, sir, to shew us all that he did not matter money, or that he loved mischief the better of the two, he took out a handful of silver, and threw it among my companions, to set them by the ears; and this provoked and began to make me very angry with him; and thus one fault brought me into another after it, like water-my-chickens, come-clock.

But this did not satisfy my young lord, (for they called him lord,) but he must take out a crown, and offer it to any two of my companions that would box for it. So a stranger that was just come,

offered to box any one in the company for it; but I do not repent of my beating him, because he was the challenger.

But the worst is yet to come, dada. There was some of my companions who refused to join in the scramble for the money, and that pleased me very much; and so to reward them I took out a handful of money, and gave them a crown a-piece. But you know I need not have taken out more money than I meant to give them, if it was not partly to shew my lord that I had as much money as himself; and so I got myself up to the head and ears in the very same fault that I found with him.

Now comes the worst of all. For, growing proud and conceited, as if I had no one fault in the world, and as if the like of me was only fit to reprove others and teach them their duty, I desired the fine master to take himself home, and since he was a lord, to learn also to be a gentleman. Upon that he gave me a blow, which I deserved very well; but I did not matter his blow a philip, if I had not thought it an affront before my companions. So my passion began to rise, and I gave him half a stroke; but, unluckily, it hit him full in the nose, and I am afraid he is hurt very sadly.

Besides all, dada, I know well enough there will come sad complaints against me, and so I shall bring trouble and disturbance upon you, and that is grief upon grief.

Do not fear for me, Harry, I shall do well enough, says Mr. Fenton. But, Harry, you have not told me near as great news as you thought to do. I knew all along that you had a very naughty boy within you; but I forbore to tell you so, because I rather wished you should make the discovery yourself; and now, God be praised, you have found out the secret.

And what good will it do me, dada, to know that I am bad, when I do not know how to make myself better? for, to-day, I thought and meant to be very good, and yet found myself, in the end, to be worse than ever. But, as you say, to be sure I have been very bad, though I hardly knew any thing of the matter till now. I now remember how I had like to have murdered poor Mr. Vindex with the sword; and a hundred other things, if I could bring them to mind. What shall I do then, dada, what shall I do to grow good?

I will tell you, my Harry, says Mr. Fenton. And, as you have generously entrusted me with one secret, that of having a very bad

boy within you, it is but fair that I should entrust you with another secret, which is that of having an exceeding good boy within you.

What, two boys in one, dada, how can that be? It is even so, my darling; you yourself told me as much. Did you not say, that this very day, the one was struggling and fighting within you against the other? that the one was proud, scornful, ostentatious, and revengeful? the other humble, gentle, generous, loving, and forgiving? and that when the bad boy got the better, the good boy took him to task, and reprimanded, and severely rebuked him, and made him cry bitterly?

What you say, indeed, dada, is something very like it, only I cannot think how one boy can be two boys. Do you remember, Harry, what you read last night in the Old Testament, about Rebekah the wife of Isaac, when she was with child; Yes, very well, sir. As how she was with child with twins, "and the children struggled together within her; and she said, if it be so, why am I thus? and she went to inquire of the Lord." Very right, my love; and I now say to you what God then said to Rebekah. I do not mean that you have two boys within you, of bodily bulk, features, and shape of yourself; but that you have two different spirits or principles within you, which, like Esau and Jacob, have quite different and adverse natures, inclinations, and desires; the one prompting and hurrying you into all that is evil, the other inviting and leading you into all that is good. So you see, Harry, and you have felt, that, like Rebekah, you have your own Esau, and your own Jacob, struggling within your bosom: and the war between them, shall never cease, till the one shall have wholly conquered and subjected the other.

To make this matter plainer and clearer to you, my darling, I will tell you a pretty story out of the book that is in my hand.

Cyrus was a king, and a great conqueror, but, in his private capacity, a very virtuous man. On a day, some of his captains, just returned from an expedition, informed him that they had brought him the greatest wonder in the world, a young princess called Panthea, whom they had taken captive, and whose charms exceeded all that could be imagined of woman.

Cyrus, as I told you, was virtuous. He was already married; and he dreaded running the risque of being seduced from his honesty, by the dangerous allurements of this enchanting beauty,

He therefore, obstinately, though reluctantly, forbid her approach; and denied himself the pleasure he might have taken in beholding her.

His own honour, however, and the respect due to the quality and accomplishments of the lady, demanded all possible attention and precaution in her behalf. For this purpose he summoned his chief captains and favourites. He asked which of them would adventure to take the charge of this young beauty; and he promised the highest rewards to those who should honourably discharge their trust, but threatened his deepest displeasure to any who should betray it.

All of them shrunk at the apprehension of taking upon them the personal custody and care of a beauty, whom their great and virtuous monarch had not even dared to look upon; and no one had offered to undertake this perilous commission, till a valiant and noble youth, named Araspes, stood forth.

From my infancy, O Cyrus, said the graceful adventurer, I have been educated in the school, and brought up at the feet of the divine Zoroaster. I am accustomed, from my childhood, to combat, conquer, and scorn all sensual seducers. I hold virtue in mine eye, as its only object; my heart esteems and affects it as my only good; the nature thereof is become one with my nature; and I do not remember the time wherein I have been tempted to deviate from rectitude, or sink beneath the calls of honour. I cannot therefore but smile at the fear of my companions. Their courage at a breach or in the field is unquestionable. I have seen them face a thousand deaths; I have seen them rush into dangers; and yet they dread the sight of a single and weakly female. For me she can have no terrors, since I am out of the power and reach of her allurements. I will undertake the charge of this formidable creature, at the risque of my honour, at the risque of my life, and, more than all, at the risque of the favour of Cyrus.

Cyrus had long loved the person, and contemplated and admired the virtues of this youth. He therefore, with joy and confidence, committed this precious deposit to his trust; in full assurance, that the person and honour of Panthea could no where be so safe as in the protection of Araspes.

The young hero had, in reality, all the virtues that he boasted. His education under so beloved and respectable a master, his early

and long habit of opposing and rejecting the smallest incitement to vice, and the delights which he was accustomed to feel in the sentiments and practice of what his judgment approved, had, in a manner, so wholly lulled his naughty self to sleep, that he did not so much as dream that he had an enemy within him.

This, my Harry, was his heavy misfortune, and the sad occasion of his fall. For not knowing that this evil Esau was still alive in his bosom, not knowing that he had any one to oppose or to struggle with, he kept neither watch nor guard, and so lay naked and open to the mischief that came upon him, as I am going to tell you.

On his seeing the lady who was committed to his trust, he felt no emotion nor sentiment save that of wonder, as in beholding the most perfect of the works of his Creator; and he took a pleasure in providing that she should be treated and accommodated with all possible attention and respect, as due to so accomplished and pre-eminent a being.

As the nature of his commission gave him frequent occasions of being near and about the person of his amiable ward, new beauties grew daily visible and open to his eyes. But, above all, in conversing with her, the music of her accents, and the elegance of her sentiments, fell insensibly on his soul, that drank them up as a dry ground drinks up the invisible dew of the evening.

His occasions for attending her, and doing little offices and services about her, now daily increased, without seeming to do so. When he was called, and intended to go elsewhere, his feet imperceptibly carried him to the presence of Panthea. His slumbers were short, uneasy and broken; and, at meals, he knew not whether or on what he fed.

At length his eyes opened to the calamity of his condition. But, at the moment wherein he perceived his love, he found himself too far gone for the possibility of a return. He was as a mariner who had haled his boat upon land; and thinking himself secure, had fallen asleep therein; but, while he slept, a spring-tide came silently on, and covered the shore, and gained upon the beach, and swelled under the boat, and heaved, from land, and turning, bore it farther and farther to sea. Then awakened the helpless mariner, unprovided with sail or oar, or of any means to affect or attempt a return.

He saw his lost estate; he stretched his arms toward the land; but while he reached it with his eyes, he found himself carried, by an irresistible power, still more and more distant from the sight.

Thus fared it with the wretched, lost, fallen away Araspes. He awakened to his condition, he looked around, but found himself helpless. He would have struggled; he wished his return to virtue; but his wishes were sickly, as feeble as a dream; and he felt himself borne away, by a secret and subtle force, from that honour of which he now barely retained a distant prospect.

The imbosomed fire that prayed upon him at length became insufferable, and he desperately determined to seek relief. He threw himself at the feet of the object of his desires, avowed the ardour of his passion, and besought her pity.

The princess replied, in a mild but resolute accent, I do pity you, Araspes; I pity you the more, as it is all that my power can ever do for you. Two insurmountable barriers oppose your desires; the one is my honour, the other my inclination: I am already married to a young hero, the prince and patron of his people, the most accomplished of his sex, and an honour to human nature; he is my first and last love, he possesses my heart wholly; but, where it emptied of him, it would not be emptied of its virtue; and the thoughts of any other would be an offence to my soul. Be advised then Araspes, depart from temptation, and seek, in absence, a cure for the indiscretion of your love.

Confused, astonished, speechless, Araspes lost, at once, the little that remained to him of virtue and reason. He knew not what he did, he would have proceeded to violence; when the princess drew a poinard, and pointed it at her bosom: whereas Araspes straight withdrew, overwhelmed with shame, disappointment, and despair.

As soon as he had retired, the princess took a little tablet, whereon she inscribed the following words;

TO CYRUS,

“Your favourite has betrayed his trust; he would have offered violence. Think what is due to your own honour, as well as that of

This she dispatched to the monarch by one of her faithful mutes—As soon as Cyrus had perused it, he sighed, and dropt a tear, as over the departed virtue of his best beloved friend. He instantly sent for Araspes. Araspes durst not disobey. He came, indeed, but then he did not dare to look upward.

After a silence on both sides—Cyrus cried out, Whoever thou art, account to me for my friend, account to me for his virtue! a virtue that I deemed to be impassable, unassailable. Whereupon Araspes made the following most memorable of answers!

As you are but lately entered on your Greek, my Harry, I will first read the passage to you, and then give you the sense of it, word for word.

“O Cyrus, it is manifest that I have two souls; for, if I had but one soul, it could not be, at once, both good and evil; not a lover, at the same time, of what is honest and dishonest: it could not, at once, desire and be averse to the same thing. It is, therefore, most evident that we have two souls; and when the good soul hath the dominion, good works are performed; but evil works, when the evil soul predominates.”

Here, Harry, you see there were two men in one man, which is the same thing as there being two boys in you. For the soul is the man, Harry; and the body is but as a sign, to give notice to others, that such a man dwells within.

But, sir, says Harry, since, as you say, and as I find, I have two different boys or souls within me, pray, how came they to be different, did the same God that desired to make the one soul good, desire also to make the other soul evil?

Your question, my darling, is very proper, though very deep. I will however endeavour, to the best of my power, to accommodate my answer to the weakness of your capacity.

God, who is nothing but goodness, cannot possibly desire any kind of evil; and therefore cannot be, immediately, the author thereof. But he can make or create, such poor little insignificant beings, as you and I are, Harry; though all that God himself can do in our behalf, cannot possibly make us good, or excellent, or perfect, any otherwise than by informing us with his own goodness and perfections.

This would lead me, my love, to the unfolding that capital secret,

of which you are not yet susceptible; a secret, upon which this world, sun, moon, and stars, with all the worlds upon worlds that lie beyond them, depend and hang, as your hat would hang upon yonder nail.

The angels that are now in heaven are great, good, perfect, and glorious beings; because they are filled with the greatness, goodness, glory, and perfection of God. For they know that, of themselves, they are nothing; and that, in themselves, they are no other than empty and dark creatures, mere sensible capacities, prepared for the reception, the feeling and enjoyment of the light, virtue, and blessedness of their bountiful Creator.

How the spirit of man came to be, in itself, so much worse than an empty and dark creature; how it came to be filled and polluted with all manner of evil, with selfishness, pride, covetousness, abominable lusts, envy, hatred, malice, revengefulness, and wrathfulness; how it further came to have a different spirit begotten within it, informing its heart and tuning the chords thereof to sentiments of humility, charity, purity, love, patience, and peace—this, Harry, is the great secret, of which you are not yet capable; the secret, as I told you, whereon the world now hangs, whereby it has been changed, and whereby it will be renewed.

In the mean time, let it suffice for you, to feel and to know, that your dark spirit so filled, as I said, with evil, is yourself, my Harry, is all that you have of the creature within you; and that the good spirit, which is begotten within your evil spirit, is breathed into you by the power and Spirit of God himself, in order to oppose and conquer the evil, and enlighten the darkness, and purify the foulness of your selfish or creaturely spirit; that you may finally become as the angels that are in heaven, filled with the purity, glory, and blessedness of your God.

Know, therefore, from henceforward, and let the sense of it sink into your soul, my darling, that all the evil which is in you belongs to yourself, and that all the good which is in you belongs to your God; that you cannot, in or of yourself, so much as think a good thought, or form a good wish, or oppose a single temptation or evil motion within you. From hence learn to be humble, and to think meanly of yourself, and not ascribe to yourself any kind of goodness or virtue; for that would be sacrilege, it would be to rob God

of his peculiar property of goodness. From hence further learn never to prefer yourself to others, or to think better of yourself than of any one living; for, so far as you are a creature, no one can be viler or faultier than you are; however God may be pleased, through his mercy and bounty to you, to be better in you than in others.

Never exalt yourself, my Harry; neither in company nor conversation, of any kind, say I did this, or I did that, or I said this, or I said that; for, in exalting yourself, you exalt your own proud and evil spirit above the good and meek Spirit of God that is in you. Let all praise mortify and be a reproach to your conscience; but take blame with patience and pleasure; in so doing you will approve yourself a lover of justice, as well as a lover of your own reformation.

Lastly, my love, turn your whole will and affections from your own evil spirit, to the Spirit of God that is in you, for that's the utmost that any man can do toward his own salvation. Reject, spurn, and detest every motion to evil; embrace, cherish, and take to your heart every motion of good; you will thereby acquire the never-ending glory of having joined with God, in the combat and conquest that he is desirous of obtaining over all the guilt, uncleanness and depravity into which your nature has fallen.

Here Andrew came up with notice to his master, that the earl of Mansfield was below, and requested to speak with him. At this Harry coloured up, and cried, did not I tell you, sir, what trouble I should bring upon you? Do not be alarmed, my dear, says Mr. Fenton: do you stay here. If there is a necessity for your appearance, I will send you word.

The father of the young lord Bottom was in every respect the reverse of his son. He had come on foot, without attendants, was dressed in a plain napped coat, and had the mien and appearance of an honest country grazier.

My lord, says Mr. Fenton, I should think myself greatly honoured by this visit, if I was not so much concerned at the occasion of it. I am truly grieved that my son should have done such great offence to young lord Bottom. Sir, says the earl, I find you have quite mistaken the intent of my visit: I am come to thank your son for the just and noble lesson which he gave to mine; and which he has

so forcibly impressed upon his memory, as will not, I trust, permit him to forget it in a hurry. My lord, replied Mr. Fenton, my little fellow is very sensible of his misbehaviour in this business. He was the first to chide himself; and he told me the story, very much, I assure your lordship, to his own disadvantage.

Mr. Fenton, rejoined the earl, after what I have heard of your boy, from one Jack Freeman, a very faithful and intelligent servant of mine, I am quite impatient to see him, and there is nothing generous which I am not willing to believe concerning him. My wife, indeed, is not, at all times, in my way of thinking. She has taken her young lord with her, to town, to the doctors; and I am concerned at the violence of the resentment which she expressed on this occasion, as it may be a means of deferring that acquaintance and intimacy, which I heartily wish to cultivate with the family of Mr. Fenton. But where is this wonderful boy? I request to see him.

Harry, hereupon, was immediately called down. As he apprehended that he was sent for to be severely chidden, a little resentful haughtiness arose in his mind, and strengthened it against the violence of the reproofs that he expected. He therefore entered with an air that no way savoured of mortification, and made but a cold, though solemn bow, to the earl.

Bless me, exclaimed my lord, what a striking resemblance! I never saw two faces or persons so much alike. There is no difference, Mr. Fenton, between you and your son, except what age has made. Mr. Fenton smiled, and my lord continued—I always had a notion that your heroes were huge fellows; but here I think we have got heroism quite in miniature. Can this be the one, who, as I am told, with a trip or a blow, overthrows and demolishes all before him? Come to me, my dear, and give me leave to salute you.

Harry, respectfully approached; and my lord, taking him in his arms, and warmly kissing him, said, I thank you, my little man, for the generous lesson which you gave to my very naughty boy; and for the difference which you taught him to make, for the future, between the sauciness of a lord and the sentiments of a gentleman.

Harry felt himself, at once, disconcerted, abased, and wholly cut down, by this compliment from his lordship. At length, recovering himself, he answered: You mean, to be sure, sir, to reprove me the more by what you have said; but if you are in earnest, I am

sure it is a very bad lesson which you teach me, sir, when you praise me for my faults, and so encourage me in them. Faults ! my dear, cried the earl, I heard of none such ; what do you mean by your faults ? I mean, sir, that when I told your son as much as that he was not a gentleman, it shewed that I was still less of the gentleman myself ; and I very well deserved the blow which he gave me for such an affront ; and I am ready to ask his pardon whenever you please, my lord. No, no, my man, cried lord Mansfield, you shall never disgrace yourself so much as to make any submissions to my naughty boy. I shall think it no disgrace, quickly and affectingly replied Harry, to make submissions to any one who is son to such a gentleman as my lord Mansfield.

My lord, for some time, looked with astonishment at the child ; when, eagerly catching and pressing him to his bosom, he cried out, upon my soul, you are the sweetest, as well as the noblest fellow I was ever acquainted with ; and, sir, I shall think it an honour to be admitted among your friends ; and that's what I would not say to many in Old England. Mr. Fenton, continued the earl, if you will give yourself the trouble to inquire out my little lodge on the hill, you will oblige me ; though I envy your character, I shall be glad of your acquaintance. So saying, lord Mansfield got up, after his blunt manner, and precipitately withdrew.

On the following evening, Mr. Fenton took Harry and Mr. Clement into his study ; and taking from his pocket-book a number of Bank-bills, Mr. Clement, says he, I here make my Harry a present of fifteen hundred pounds, reserving only to myself the privilege of advising how it may be laid out and secured for him to the best advantage.

To-morrow morning you and he are to set out, on foot, for London, and there to take lodgings as near to the Fleet-prison as you can conveniently be accommodated. You are then to apply to the keeper, and give him a gratuity for making out a written list of all the prisoners under his custody, with their quality and condition annexed, as also the sums respectively due, and the terms during which they have been in confinement.

You are then to inquire from him the several characters, distresses, and merits of all the prisoners of note, and to make an entry thereof in a separate paper ; but then you are not to depend al-

together on his report. You are to go, from room to room, to converse with the prisoners apart, and to inquire, from each, the characters, fortunes, and disasters of the others.

This inquisition, in all likelihood, will take you up above a fortnight. But, above all, remember that those among them, who are most affected by the distresses of their fellows, ought to be the principal objects of your own charity and relief.

Let five hundred pounds of this money be appropriated to the enlargement of such prisoners as are under duress for sums not amounting to ten pounds. You will thereby free the captive, give means of bread to the hungry, and restore to your country many members that are worse than useless, and are also a dead weight and incumbrance upon her. Let the remaining thousand pounds be applied to the enfranchisement or relief of those prisoners of note, whose cases and calamities call for singular compassion. And be sure to keep an account, where your money may fall short of such valuable purposes; and as far as five hundred pounds more will reach, we will supply the defect.

Hereupon Harry caught his patron about the neck, and repeatedly kissing him, cried, O dada, how happy, how very happy you make me! O, that we had money enough to employ every fortnight the year round, like this sweet fortnight.

The very next morning our travellers set out on their generous expedition. But we forbear to say any thing relative thereto, till their return; as they themselves are the best qualified, and, in truth, have the best right to give the particulars of their own extraordinary adventures.

Our Harry and his friend Clement had not been gone above an hour, when Mr. Fenton received a card from the countess of Maitland, requesting his company to coffee in the evening. She was widow to the late earl, a very lovely woman, had taken the most sumptuous house on the hill, and was resorted to by numbers of the first figure, from among whom she was perfectly qualified to make a selection, exceedingly entertaining to herself, of the sensible, the elegant, and the ludicrous.

Mr. Fenton attended my lady precisely at the time appointed. When he entered, she was writing a note at her desk. On turning her eye to the door, she was suddenly struck with the grace of his

figure, the sweetness of his aspect, and the ease of his deportment. She was further struck with a recollection as of something very interesting, but which had happened at a vast distance, or of which she had dreamed. Her heart was affected; she coloured up, and again turned pale, without being yet able to move from her chair. At length, recovering, and rising, and advanced toward him, Mr. Fenton, says she, this is a very singular favour, a favour for which I have long wished. This, sir, you know, is my third time of asking, but my two former cards were not so happy as to bring you. Madam, said he, carelessly, I am but a very poor visitor; however, I could not refuse myself the honour of attending your ladyship's summons, at least for once. I have been now, said the countess, three months on the hill. Within that time I have applied to all my acquaintance, in order to get some of them to introduce me to you; but none of them were so fortunate as to know any of your name. To be known, madam, replied Mr. Fenton, a person must have been, in some way, considerable; indeed it is no way disagreeable to my own inclinations, to pass the short remnant of an insignificant life, as little noticed as possible. I have been just writing a note, sir, says my lady; be so good as amuse yourself for a moment with the books and paintings, in my closet there, and I will attend you.

Within a few minutes after Mr. Fenton had withdrawn, Mr. Sneer entered. What, cried he, bowing, all alone, lady Maitland? that's surprising. Your sex, it seems, are grown very careless of improvement, when they neglect the model by which they should polish their manners. O you wretch, exclaimed the countess, what brought you here of all things? I have a world of company to be with me this evening; and if they get but a hint of your coming, I shall be left as much alone as the statue in Bushy Park. La, madam, cries Mr. Sneer, is it possible that, with all your discernment, you should be so much mistaken? permit me to assure your ladyship, that I am plagued out of my life, by the solicitations of numbers of the first quality for my company. You, you brute, cried my lady, your company courted! it must be by Indians then, who have a reason of their own for worshipping the devil. Why you make no more of characters than a reaper does of grass, when he is cutting down weed. O, madam, exclaimed Mr. Sneer, they

like me never the worse of that ; every one gladly compounds for the maiming of their own character, to have the pleasure of seeing those of their neighbours hewn down. But pray, madam, what company do you expect this evening? why, there is colonel Sweetpowder. Colonel Sweetpowder of all things? yes, sir, and a fine gentleman too, in my opinion. Why, madam, the man would not want sense, it is true, if he had not wholly mistaken the manners of his profession. He has been, as I am told, in some trifling engagements, but never had the rudness to attack his enemy, without white gloves. He had like to have lost his life upon a retreat, by the delay which he made in search of his sword-knot.

Here a footman entered, saying, colonel Sweetpowder, my lady. —Lady Maitland, said the colonel, your truly most devoted. More your's than you are any one's, Mr. Sneer; you are extremely happy, sir, in your tête à tête with her ladyship, but people have not always the choice of their company. Severe, colonel, very severe upon my honour, says Mr. Sneer. He who wars on the world, replies the colonel, should not hope to escape without a scratch, Mr. Sneer; and I have faults enough to make me angry with all who are censorious. Colonel, said the countess, Mr. Sneer has been railing at me through fifty families, and is but just come to assist me to rail at my neighbours. On my soul, madam, says Mr. Sneer, I am resolved not to spare the least of your failings, when I am once so ingenious as to discover where they lie. Your justice, Mr. Sneer, to the merits of this lady, exclaims the colonel, entitles you to say what you will against the rest of woman-kind.

Mr. Fenton just then re-entering, the countess introduced him to her acquaintance. I hope, in heaven, madam, cried Mr. Sneer, that the company whom you expect may be wholly the reverse of this gentleman's appearance! the mouth of raillery must else learn the language of admiration; and that would be an exchange by no means suitable to my taste. Mr. Fenton bowed, but was silent.

Here was rap, rap, rap, rap; and immediately lady Cribbage's chariot was announced. There now, cries Mr. Sneer, there is the happiest woman in the universe, that's certain. She divides her whole time between the two delights of her life, CARDS and SCANDAL. She is never tired of either, and yet runs from one to the other, that variety may give the higher relish to both.

Lady Cribbage here entered, in all the hurry imaginable. She flew and embraced the countess with transport. My dear, dearest lady Maitland, says she, how happy am I to have got to you at last! heavens, what have I endured before I could get free of that odious London! what a gauntelope have I run! a hundred and fifty visits, no less, upon rep; and through such a sortment too, as your mercers say; But there is no dispensing with these fopperies; they had all dropt cards at my gate, and I couldn't but return the visit, in good manners to myself, you know. There was lady Gadabout, and Mrs. Chataway, and Mrs. Tendersides, and lady Frump, and lady dowager Gossipper, and miss Giglett, the merry miss of three-score, that you know. La, madam, exclaimed the countess, why, these are all persons of distinguished fashion. Ay ay, my dear friend, replied lady Cribbage, they are the noughts of the great world; when such as lady Maitland are pleased to figure before them, they acquire a kind of value, they would not otherwise be picked up should they drop on the highway. Colonel Sweetpowder, ten thousand pardons! I really did not observe you.—Your servant sir,—a fine person! (half-wispering to lady Maitland)—And you here, Mr. Sneer? you are the man of the world to whom we should pay our first respects, if we desire that our caps should sit straight, you know.

Why, my lady, says Mr. Sneer, would you be like the Turk, and allow no brother slanderer near your throne? but the field of folly and ridicule is wide enough for us both.—Besides, madam, we assail in very different manners, I am like the Parthian, no more than a back-stroke and away; but your ladyship moves on like time or death, and mows down your sex without distinction before you. O fie, Mr. Sneer, said lady Cribbage! What say you, sir, can you think so hardly of me? No truly, madam, answered Mr. Fenton, I am rather inclined to believe that you only prune, for I have often observed, that, after very keen hands, reputation sprouts anew, and flourishes the better. O lady Cribbage, lady Cribbage, exclaimed Mr. Sneer, that's the severest thing, upon my honour, that has been said this day. What, allow a lady the will to do mischief, and not allow her the power! can any thing be so provoking? Well, supposing it be so, rejoined lady Cribbage, I would rather be cut by that gentleman's razor than Mr. Sneer's hatchet. But, à-propos, I won-

der what keeps lady Philligree! I met her on my last visit, and she has but half a dozen more to pay and be with us; she brings with her a new language for the day, I'll engage. That woman, says Mr. Sneer, ought to be strung up for minting our English dialect. True, added the Colonel, if her coin would pass.

Come, dearest lady Maitland, cries lady Cribbage, we choice spirits are got together, let us know what company you have summoned for the evening. I hope in goodness you have laid in a sufficient fund for merriment. I should droop to death, if the propriety of their manners left no room for laughter. Fear not, said the countess; but mark the characters as they pass.

First, there is sir Bumkin Toilette. Most excellent, exclaimed lady Cribbage: the amphibious wretch! he that is so like an otter, between his country-breeding that he can't get rid of, and his court-breeding, that he can't assume.

Again, there is lord Bottom, earl of Mansfield, lately come to the hill. Ay, added the Colonel, there is the sample that nature gave us, when she intended to shew what man ought to be. He! the bear, cries Sneer; for heaven's sake, colonel, how can you praise a man whose manners are so wholly the reverse of your own? I allow that he has talents and learning, though he seems to know nothing about the matter; and he piques himself, solely, on the most plebeian of all virtues, that of being an HONEST MAN. Do you know him, Mr. Fenton? Just enough, sir, said Mr. Fenton, to make me fear that I should rather afford matter of ridicule to his lordship, than hope to be merry at his expence. I have been told, said Sneer, that on his return from his travels, he was an accomplished cavalier, but he suddently took a disgust to all manner of politeness; and I question, at this moment, if there be five men in England to whom he would say, your servant! and I am confident, added the colonel, that there are not five men in England whom he would not serve.

Talk not of him, dear Colonel, exclaimed lady Cribbage; he says more shocking things, in fewer and simpler words than any cynic that ever breathed. Because, madam, rejoined the Colonel, he is too much our friend to hurt us by flattery, and he never reproves but with an intention to reform. Well, well, cried Sneer, I own

there is not much matter for laughter in his character. Let us call another cause; who comes next, lady Maitland?

The widow Mawkin, says the countess; the huge Kentish fortune. She who keeps three marriageable daughters in the nursery, for fear people should be so impertinent as to inquire who brought them into the world. She is not yet in despair of a third jointure. And she would bribe others by her smiles, to be as forgetful of her age as she is herself. I never see her, cries lady Cribbage, but she puts me in mind of a May morning, when the long pole is awkwardly hung with flowers and garlands. She has been equally happy, adds Mr. Sneer, in adorning her mind with the flowers of science; and is as ridiculously affected in the parade of her learning as she is of her dress. I could pity or pardon all this, says the colonel, if she were not so merciless in her censures on an article of female virtue, to a single breach of which no man living will ever lead Mrs. Mawkin into temptation. But have you any more blocks, madam, for the hewing out of our mercuries?

Yes, yes, said the countess, there's enow to laugh with, and enow to laugh at, I warrant you. There's our friend Billy Bustle. O lud! screamed lady Cribbage, I wish I had brought another gown; this is he who is always so busy where there's nothing to do; he is so full of his friendships, that you never can escape without some damage; and he spoils you a suit of brocade, in his hurry to reach you your coffee.

Then, says the countess, there's Miss Trinket. O the pretty bauble! cries Mr. Sneer, whoever marries her will have something to hang to his watch. Does she bring up the rear of your visitants, lady Maitland?

No, said the countess, we have lady Homespun, with an etcetera of no characters, yet to come—Homespun! exclaimed lady Cribbage; upon my word, the best sort of a gammer of quality that I know. The good woman would really be sensible company, if she was not so utterly void of education. Could you think how the poor creature exposed her ignorance t'other day! she popped in where I was engaged at four-handed cribbage. Having peer'd over the game with vast sagacity, what, says she, I think your ladyship has got to your old game of quadrille. Ha, ha, ha! lady Home-

spun, I fancy, is one of those who think of getting into a fashion exactly at a period that others have got out.

Madam, said the countess, if lady Homespun had time to spare, from the duties of religion, and a life of benevolence, she would undoubtedly employ it in studying matters more suitable to your ladyship's taste. Her peccadillos, however, are pardonable on account of her pleasantry; for while she laughs, with great justice, at the follies of her high life; she laughs at herself also, with great good-humour, for being so sensibly out of the fashion.

Here again was a loud rapping; and the peals were repeated with little intermission till all the company arrived. They succeeded so quickly, that lady Maitland had scarce time to receive each of them with a distinction and manner of address that she judged most agreeable to their humours and characters.

In the first place, Mrs. Philligree rushed in and cried, lady Maitland, I am most superlatively your's. I am your's, madam, said the countess, positively, beyond all comparison. Such a stranger as Miss Triuket! you have inquired the way at last, then. I felicitate you, Miss, on your new acquisition. I am told that your green monkey is absolutely the greatest beau, and the greatest wit, within the purlieus of St. James's!—Sir Bumkin Toilette, how happy you make us! I hear you have got rid of all your vile country-incumbrances of huge houses and dirty acres, and that the court may now hope to have you all to itself. Mrs. Mawkin! you put us under a thousand alarms; we were afraid we shou'dn't have you. Dear Madam, how extremely rich and elegant is all this! and how condescending, in a lady of your taste, to appear to owe any thing to dress and outward ornament.—O, Mr. Bustle, thrice welcome! our sex may now boast of having a servant. For these other men creatures are so listless, or so awkward, as not to merit a curtsy in the way of wages.—My lord Mansfield, this is more than an honour, it is a benefit. If some of us are not improved before you leave us, I shall, for my own part, take great blame to myself.—My dear lady Homespun! how are the sweet babies? how are your obliging domestics? how are all your cats and dogs? believe me, I take an interest in the harmony and good humour of every thing about you. I think, said lady Homespun, they all begin to droop, since your ladyship has ceased to make them happy by your presence.

The earl of Mansfield, looking about, perceived Mr. Fenton; he turned precipitately to him, and catching him in his arms, Mr. Fenton, he cried, how glad am I to meet you! what an advantage I shall esteem it at all times, and in all places! how is my Harry, my little hero? Mr. Fenton bowed twice.

Here, William, said the countess, tea and coffee! and order the tables and cards to be laid in the next room. Lord Mansfield, what news? you are an intimate of all the foreign cabinets.

Our domestic news, answered the earl, is by far the most extraordinary. It is affirmed that our freeholders, throughout the shires and boroughs of England, have entered into a resolution against bribery and corruption.

Our parliament have also this moment in agitation, an act for establishing the two virtues of **PROBITY** and **CHASTITY**, respectively among the sexes. To this act they further propose to add several clauses, in the nature of a codicil annexed to a will. Among others, it is intended to make a general exchange of the forms of good manners, for the offices of good nature; and all acts of benevolence are hereafter to pass, by an immutable law, for proofs of high breeding.

It is further to be enacted, that every courtier or great man may be sued upon his promise; or even on such intimations of nods, smiles, or whispers, or squeezes by the hand, as may credibly be supposed to keep people in expectation. No advantage is to be taken of ignorance by any trader, nor of innocence in the commerce between the sexes. The glow of modesty is the only rouge that will be allowed to any fair face of quality, in these his majesty's dominions.

No person of any station will hereafter be admitted to go abroad in search of faults, till they can find none at home by the help of a candle. And, lastly, all slander is to be accounted petty-treason: forasmuch as it has been intimated, somehow or other, that the loss of a good name, is more deplorable in its consequences, than the loss of any other property, or even of life.

Hey day! exclaims the countess, at this rate we shall have lady Homespun at the very tip-top of the mode—Aye, says Miss Trinket; but what will become of your ladyship, who is now accounted the pateru of all elegance and politeness? O miss, cried the colonel,

lady Maitland will do well enough: she has only to drop a few articles that are superfluous to her good sense and her good nature, she will thereby, as I take it, be only undressed, and happily restored to all her native loveliness.

Dem'me, exclaims sir Bumkin, if matters come to this pass, I shall have made a fine kettle of fish on't, shan't I? to throw away so many thousands of pounds, with an immensity of time and pains, on delicacy and taste, and virtue and the beau-monde, and all that—What cries Mrs, Mawkin, are our Parliament beside themselves? here has the world been growing up, these six thousand years, to its grand climacteric of courtly accomplishments; and now they would overthrow the whole building, and mix us of the pinnacle, with the dust of the vulgar. If we of high life are to be laid under restraints, with eits and villagers, what advantage will fortune give us? it will no longer be of any use to its owners. This is preposterously, cried Mrs. Philligree, the most laughable scheme that ever was conceived on this side the tropic. Our parliament would affect to be an heteroclite to all other parliaments. But the best on't is, that their power is immensely too little for the greatness of the immensity of their undertaking. Pardon me, madam, replied the colonel, I know of nothing beyond the ability of our parliament. In spirituals alike as temporals: their power is the same in England as that of the pope is at Rome; they can bind or loose at pleasure, in heaven as on earth.—Beside, madam, adds Sneer, with respect to our parliament; this is very far from being a laughable scheme; I rather hold it to be both loveable and laudable. They must thereby forego no inconsiderable advantages on their own part. They will no longer be interested in the prostitution of their constituents, or the sale of their country. They have it even in contemplation to decline their capital privilege of maintaining their families at the expence of their neighbours; and propose, for the future, to pay their debts.—I hope, my lord, says Mr. Bustle, your new laws are not to be put in force against the officers of friendship and civil manners. No, sir, says lord Mansfield, only against the parade of them.

Here Mr. Bustle observed that the coffee was filled out, and rose with precipitation to help the ladies.—Away, you wretch, keep from me a mile! screamed out lady Cribbage. No nearer, dear

sir, no nearer dear sir I beseech you, exclaimed Mrs. Pilligree and Miss Trinket.—Mr. Bustle, says lord Mansfield, I would advise you to tender your services to lady Maitland and lady Homespun; if you happen to spill your coffee on their clothes, you will oblige them with an apology for giving them away to the first poor body.—I wish, my lord, says lady Cribbage, that you knew how to compliment some, with less expence to others. But a-propos, my lord, these same compassionate acts against slander, and going from home in search of faults, as you phrase it, have they yet passed into a law. They have not, madam.—O then we may take good-man time by the forelock. Pray, ladies, have ye heard any thing lately of the two Miss Worthlies?—Nothing new, answered the countess, nothing more than that they are both very good and very amiable,—Poor orphans! says lady Cribbage, they are greatly to be pitied. The eldest has preferred an intrigue with her guardian's footman to the honourable addresses of Mr. Melvin, and is retired for a month or so to her aunt in the country; while her sister, on the other hand, preferred lawful marriage with the butler, to a settlement of a thousand a-year from his grace of A——. Miss Worthy, said the colonel, is certainly gone to her aunt's, as your ladyship intimated; for Mr. Melvin and I, are to be with her in a few days, by her own appointment: and I can vouch, that her sister has married the butler your ladyship mentions, for he is a very particular friend of mine; a young gentleman of great merit, family, and fortune, who assumed that disguise, like a hero in romance, in order to gain the nearer access to his princess.

For shame, gentlemen, says lord Mansfield, no more of your vindications, I beseech ye. Perhaps there is not a single person present, who is not at this moment a subject of raillery, mayap of calumny, to some other tea-table. Let us also take up the racket and return the ball of scandal. Indeed, I know few people of whom any good can be said; and none who may not be censured, without offence to truth. Beside, as evil is now spoken so universally of every body, no one is hurt thereby. If any, in particular, should escape detraction, it might justly be suspected that they had no one quality that deserved to be envied.

O fie, my lord, cried lady Cribbage, how can you think so uncharitably of people? there are many of my acquaintance who have

really valuable qualities. 'Tis true, there is lady Gamelove, and Mrs. Situp, and Miss Freak, and a hundred others, whose heads will fit the cap of scandal, turn it which way you will. But then there is Mrs. Orderly, and Miss Neighbourly, and a few others, whose reputations remain almost quite unsullied. If Mrs. Orderly has faults, she however has the discretion to keep them from view. Miss Neighbourly, indeed, does not set up for beauty; she knows she will have nothing to repent of for any murders committed by her pinking eyes; but then she is the best-tempered and pleasantest body breathing; she never fails to excite merriment wherever she comes; 'tis a pity it should ever happen at her own expence.

If I didn't fear to be tedious, said lady Homespun, I could give you a recent story that affected me extremely. The company instantly urged her to gratify their curiosity, and she began as follows:

Some weeks ago, I sent to the servants' office to inquire for a female of some education, who might assist me in the instruction of my little girls. The day following, a young woman came to be hired. Her appearance was most bespeaking; and, with a countenance expressive of every virtue, she looked a renunciation of the smallest title thereto.

I asked for her character; but she answered, with an air, of the deepest humiliation, that she had never been in service; that she was an unfortunate stranger, who deserved no one's good word; and that she had nothing to ask but my acceptance of her labour, and the shelter of my roof. I had not the heart to reject her; and, on trial, I found that she was mistress of the polite languages, and of every female accomplishment, though she did not seem to have reached her two-and-twentieth year.

She grew extremely fond of my children. She used to look with a melancholy kind of pleasure upon them; and, frequently, during the times of her dressing or instructing them, I observed her tears striving to steal away unnoticed.

This, with a thousand elegancies, that accompanied her words and actions, made me impatient to know whence and who she was. She perceived my curiosity; and with a beseeching and mortified air ah, madam! said she, seek not to hate me; seek not to know

the story of my shame, since it cannot be told without reflecting discredit on persons of worth and honour.

The day after, Sir Hamner Homespun came in, where Peggy, for so she called herself, was chatting with my little girls at the further end of the room. I am come, my dear, said he, from a visit to Mr. Grace, the new acquaintance in whose praise you heard me speak so largely. I inquired out his house, and went up without ceremony. As I entered his chamber, I was struck with a new and very affecting object. He sat opposite to a pier glass, wherein I observed him, unnoticed; and on each knee held an infant, over whom he wept plentifully, while he caressed them, in turns, and tenderly pressed them to his bosom.

At length he perceived me, and rose in confusion. You have caught me, Sir Hamner, said he, lamenting the loss of a false woman, whom yet I cannot cease to love, and whose fault has not been able to abate my fondness for these her innocent offspring. The misguided wretch, while I was lately in the country, eloped with lord Riot from her own honour and happiness. Lord Riot has since paid his trespass with his life; but what is become of my Peggy I know not. Can I depend on your goodness to inquire her out? 'tis a pity that one so lovely should be utterly lost. Here is a bill for £500, dispose of it, my friend, as you think best for her advantage, and let not her necessities plunge her deeper in guilt.

Here the children shrieked out, and cried, that Peggy was dead, their Peggy was dead! we instantly ran to them, and found her in a fit, in which she continued several hours without sign of life. As soon as she opened her eyes, she turned them languidly upon me. Ah, madam! said she, you know me now. I am faulty indeed, but much more unfortunate. And, as you were lately desirous to hear my story, you shall have it without extenuation or disguise.

I am daughter to a poor farmer, who was tenant to the father of Mr. Grace. When I was about nine years old, the young gentleman, who was lately returned from the college, happened to be out a sporting, and called in at my farther's. I considered him as a species quite different from all I had seen of man. His presence gave me a pleasure, till then, unfelt, and his parting was as the loss of something extremely dear.

From that time he chose our part of the country for the scene of his diversions, and his visits became longer and more frequent. He never failed to bring me some little present, and I betrayed my affection by many artless testimonies.

In about three years, old Mr. Grace died. My father got, no one knew how, into plentiful circumstances, and sent me to a boarding-school, where I was carefully educated in all the becoming matters of which I was capable.

I now began to apprehend from whom my advantages flowed; and my young heart was penetrated with the most lively and affecting gratitude. I grew more reserved, however, as my sentiments grew more ardent; and, whenever my benefactor came to visit me, we appeared under a mutual restraint from the suppression of passions, which I thought it indecent and he unseasonable, to express.

When I arrived at the age of sixteen years, Mr. Grace publicly addressed me for marriage. Can you think it, madam, that, while my heart embraced the overture with the warmest transport, it was yet with the strongest reluctance that I yielded to a happiness which I deemed so injurious to the honour and interest of him whom I loved, as I loved my own soul.

Five years, the happiest sure that ever were passed upon earth, I lived, blessing and blessed by my heart's chosen master, and bore him three lovely resemblances of the image that was always present to my soul.

One night, Mr. Grace returning later than usual, brought home a wounded gentleman; but entered as privately as possible, for fear of alarming me. This gentleman was lord Riot, whose life Mr. Grace had saved, at the peril of his own, from the resentment of an injured husband, who had set upon him with advantage.

As it was feared that his wounds were mortal, the surgeons advised that he should not be removed, and he lay six weeks at our house; where, induced by hospitality and the desire of my husband, I attended him with a care and tenderness that he rewarded with perdition.

When he took his leave of us, he seemed to labour under a sense of insufferable obligations. As soon as his health was established, more dreadful to me than that of my ravisher. The door lay open,

he sent me a diamond necklace, of great value; but Mr. Grace was then in the country, and I directly returned the traitor's present. The next day he sent up his name, and requested to be admitted; but I excused myself from receiving the visits of gentlemen in the absence of my husband. The day following, however, having bribed my servants, he was permitted to enter my chamber; where, without addressing a word to his lordship, I severely rebuked my maid for such an insolent intrusion, and withdrawing hastily to my closet, I clapt to the door.

After this I heard no more of lord Riot for some time; but, alas! he and his diabolical instruments were not idle. One evening, being seized with an unaccountable drowsiness, I lay down, and was insensible to every thing that passed, 'till I awaked the day following in a strange bed, and in the arms of my cruel and accursed undoer.

I instantly screamed out; and, pushing him violently from me, sprung out upon the floor. While I huddled on my clothes, all the horrors of my condition rose full upon my view. I flew to the door, but finding it locked, I was seized with sudden madness. I dashed the piers and jars to shivers. I caught whatever came in my way, and threw it at the villain, who, terrified by my fury, made his escape through a back door, and bolted it after him.

Some women whom he sent to me, recovered me from a fit. The dear and tender images of my husband and children then came to my mind. My rage was drowned in my grief; I wept and sobbed without ceasing.

For three weeks I continued thus immured and inconsolable, my fits of frenzy still returning whenever lord Riot presented himself to my view. At length I assumed the patience to expostulate with him on the irretrievable ruin he had brought upon me; my wreck of fame and honour; and, what was infinitely worse, my loss of husband and children, to whose faces I never more should dare to lift an eye.

While I continued to reproach my betrayer, we heard a bustle below stairs. He flew to some pistols that hung in the apartment. The door burst open. My husband suddenly entered. Lord Riot fired at him, and somebody fell. But I waited not to inquire into the issue of the scuffle. The face of my injured husband was now

more dreadful to me, than that of my ravisher. The doors lay open. I hurried to the street. I flew along, I knew not where; and running into a little shop, I sat down by the counter, and fainted away.

The poor woman of that little house behaved herself towards me with much humanity. I told her part of my unhappy story. And, as I determined for ever to hide myself from my family and acquaintance, and as far as possible from the world, she put me in the way of getting into service; whereby I have received the only consolation of which I am capable, on this side the grave; that of your ladyship's favour and protection.

Here Mrs. Grace closed her distressful history. As sir Hammer and I greatly pitied and esteemed her, we endeavoured to give her comfort, by observing that there was nothing in this adventure, wherewith the most censorious, or even a husband of the most delicate sentiments, could reproach her. Ah, madam, said she, when my body was as pure as my spirit, I was every way unworthy of Mr. Grace; and shall I now bring pollution to his honourable bosom! how will the world interpret my residing three weeks in the house and custody of a libertine? alas! I have no portion save disgrace to bequeath to my dear infants, nor any legacy to my kindred but confusion of face.—But—I feel that I hasten to the end of my sorrows.

As she spoke, her countenance altered, and we persuaded her to lie down and try to take some repose.

Within an hour or two after, a gentleman came, and hastily inquired for my husband. It was Mr. Grace. My dear sir Hammer, said he eagerly, rejoice with me! my Peggy is innocent, she is virtuous as ever. That ruffian lord Riot, by the promise of a thousand guineas, prevailed on her woman to give her a sleeping potion, and had her conveyed to his house during her state of insensibility. O my Peggy, might I but behold you once again! Riot, finding it impossible to subdue her to his pleasure, refused to pay the woman the price of her perfidy, and she, in revenge, told me where he held my wife secreted. O my distressed, my shamefaced angel, what is become of you? I took out a replevin, and forced my way into the villain's house. He aimed a pistol at me, but happened to shoot his accomplice. He then drew his sword, but at the second pass I pierced him to the heart. The traitress did

not immediately die of her wound; she survived till within this hour, and in her mortal agonies, she revealed to me, all the circumstances of this diabolical plot.

Here we consoled Mr. Grace, by informing him that his lady was safe and in the house; but that she was something indisposed, and had lain down to rest. His impatience was too great to be restrained from seeing her. I entered her chamber first, and apprised her of his coming. As he tenderly approached, she started up in her bed, and her bosom was agitated with agonizing emotions. She gazed wildly at him. She attempted to speak, but could not find utterance; when, seizing his hand, and catching it to her lips, she sunk down gently; and expired upon the pressure.

As some of the company still continued to honour lady Home-spun's pathetic narration with their tears, lady Cribbage cried out, cards, cards here immediately, to drive away melancholy!

After cards, an elegant supper was served up, and, after supper, the conversation happened to turn upon dress.

Is it not amazing, cried Sner, (with a sarcastical glance at the ladies) is it not amazing to think, that the nature and reason of things should be so wholly inverted as, in some cases, to mean and effect the very reverse of their original intention and institution? the first use that was made of the fig-leaf demonstrates, that dress was solely appointed for the covering of shame and nakedness; and yet woman has been so ingenious, in process of time, as to turn the loss of her robe of original innocence, into matter of pride and ostentation.

The covering from cold as well as from shame, said the colonel, may be allowed of some sensible use, with respect to dress; at least, among us, who are placed so far north of the tropic.

Our neighbour Lewis, last winter, had occasion to pass through the streets of Paris. His travelling palace was drawn by eight white steeds. The frost was intensely sharp; the glasses were all drawn up; and this warm enterprizer for universal monarchy, sat shivering amidst the wrappings of his furs and robings.

As he passed, he espied a young man of a portly personage, standing at an angle, clad in a single silk coat, with his hair powdered out, and his hat under his arm.

Lewis instantly pulled the bell; his coach stopped; he let down a side window: he ordered the stranger to be called; and, as no-

thing makes a man so mannerly as the sensible want of something from the party to whom he applies, the monarch addressed him with the most gracious and affable air, and requested to know by what means he could keep himself so warm, in such extremity of weather.

That, sire, answered the stranger, is a secret which my honour forbids me to reveal; and which nothing shall extort from me, save the commands of your majesty. I promise you, sir, said the king, that I shall not be ungrateful, and that you shall have no cause to repent your having intrusted me with your recipe. I engage, then, sire, that provided you follow my prescription, there shall not be so warm a monarch in the universe. I am impatient, pray inform me, what am I to do? as I do, so please your majesty; put your whole wardrobe upon your back! the king laughed himself into a heat, and that very hour ordered a commission in his own guards to be made out for his prescriber.

Your story, colonel, is elegantly facetious, said lady Maitland. I apprehend, however, that other valuable purposes are answered by dress, over and above the mere decency and comfort of clothing. Were it not for the various distinctions of dress, it would be impossible to point out the several orders of men throughout the respective subordinations that are necessary to society. Without this useful expedient, we should be in utter confusion; we should not know who was who; we should not know to whom respect or obedience was due, nor be able to ascertain the prince from the peasant.

O lud! cried Mrs. Mawkin, as your ladyship says, how frightfully humbling and mortifying it would be! without the richness, of dress, how should we, of the grand monde, shew any difference between ourselves and vile plebeians;

O, madam, answered lady Cribbage, plebeians are not confined to low life alone; the great world has its vulgar too, I assure you. The difference does not lie in the richness; I have seen an ass clothed in a very gorgeous sumpter-cloth. The true distinction lies in wearing the qualities of the mind on the outward habit, in the peculiarity of fancy and elegance of taste.

Your ladyship might surely have added, said Miss Trinket, that dress is a handmaid to beauty too; it serves to adorn and embellish

nature with art, and to make what was lovely still more attracting. However brilliant a diamond may be in itself, it wants of its value and lustre till suitably set; there may be an elegance, to be sure, in the manner of setting, but still it ought to be cased in nothing but gold.

I greatly lament the departure of Mrs. Philligree, said lord Mansfield, it is she who would have adorned your ornaments, ladies, and have dressed out dress itself, in a sumptuous outré of terms, and new cut of phrase. I agree indeed with the countess, that some tokens or markings, such as those that dress supplies, are requisite for distinguishing the several orders and subordinations of people in a community; but I am sorry to find, that these same markings or tokens should, very nearly, engross the whole of the things intended, to be signified. If you take the full-bottomed wig from a judge, what will become of his wisdom? or lawn and sattin from bishops, what would become of their sanctity? or, should monarchs be deprived of their crowns and regalia, I doubt it would be a fearful abridgement of majesty.

I also agree with lady Cribbage, that the qualities of the mind are worn on the outward habit. But, pray ye, what sort of internal qualities do these internal habits exhibit? even every species of affectation, folly, and vanity, that is conceivable. The whole futile soul of a female seems to have forsaken its frail mansion, and to float upon the surface of her attire. In the long labours of the toilette, where so much pains, time, and treasure is expended on an elaborate externity, does not a woman as good as confess, that the whole of her value lies where the whole of her care is bestowed?

Now, in all these operations, female vanity proposes to excite the same sensations in others, that it feels in and for itself, on the pleasing contemplation of its own image. Ah, misdeeming and pitiable objects! while you pass along, or sit exalted in your imaginary pre-eminence, some of your sex behold you with an eye of contempt, others with an eye of envy, and all with an eye of malevolence; inquisitive after your miscarriages, and desirous of publishing and magnifying the smallest of your failings.

Men, indeed, behold you with an eye of pleasure, because they draw an inference from your vanity that flatters their own. They contemplate you as dressing at them. They consider the labours

of your toilette as a confession of desiring to be desired; as an advance on your part, and a kind of challenge for them to approach and capitulate.

I own that beauty, as Miss Trinket has observed, may, occasionally, derive a sort of accession from dress, like a diamond incased in precious metal. But how much more generally do we observe conceited ugliness and deformity deriving additional darkness from the lustre that surrounds it, like a turnip or toadstool encircled by gems?

Whether finery gives additional force to the magnet of beauty, for exciting and drawing our affections to it, is an article of which I am much in doubt. What say you to this question, Mr. Fenton.

I hold, my lord, said Mr. Fenton, that finery is merely a Narcissus, that neither loves nor is beloved by any except itself. It is much to be questioned whether belle or beau ever engaged the affections of any sensible person of the opposite sex; and, where they themselves have been susceptible of the delicate passion, they, from that moment, ceased to be belles or beaus. Paris is the only beau, as I remember, that ever was capable of loving a woman; and yet, as you all know, she was not a dressed lady to whom he gave the prize.

Dame Iris was the greatest belle in all the heaven of Pagan theology. She was, as we may say, the female Joseph dressed out in her gay coat of many colours; and yet we do not find that ever she attracted the love of a single immortal, or even mortal, though she duly and daily visited them in all her finery, and failed not to shed showers of tears at their disdain.

Finery may dazzle, it may awe, but cannot possibly excite the smallest pittance of affection. This can alone be done by something more personal, by something less superficial. Even the *Simplex Munditiis*, that ornament of a clean simplicity, recommended by Horace, can operate only by intimation of deeper purity. The virtues alone can weave the truly enchanting robe of female influence, and the graces alone gird on the cæstus or girdle of irresistible beauty.

Among the infinite variety of female fashions, which in turns, have been fantastically predominant upon earth, I remember but

one, so very obselete as not to have revived in some distant age or climate. That the memory of this same fashion should not be wholly lost, it is recorded by St. Paul in his first epistle to Timothy. There he recommends it to the ladies, to “adorn themselves with sobriety and shanefacedness; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.”

St. Paul, however, in this piece of advice, appears to have spread a net for the hearts of his own sex. The haughty, reluctant, and stubborn spirit of man, can reject wealth and title, can look with indifference on the symmetry of shape and features, and guard itself against the attack of female artifice; but female bashfulness is an unconcious thief, to whom the doors of all hearts are incessantly thrown open.

In short, the maid who would atchieve the whole laurel of conquest, must not be obvious or obtrusive; like Daphne, she must fly, though pursued by an Apollo.

Here the company, breaking up, gave distinct and pressing invitations to Mr. Fenton, but he politely excused his attendance for the present, on account of a multiplicity of indispenible business.

On the following morning, as he sat in his study, some one tapped at the door; and, on being desired to walk in, who should enter but lady Maitland, in an agreeable dishabille.

Mr. Fenton, said she (deeply blushing and hesitating) I, I—you must think it very odd—I say, sir, I should not have intruded upon you, thus out of all form, perhaps indecently, unseasonably.—Please to be seated, madam.—The business I come upon, sir, is so very interesting, so concerning to my peace, that I could not refuse myself this opportunity of breaking in upon you.—Be assured, my dear madam, that the greatest pleasure you can do me is to let me know, as soon as possible, wherein I can serve you.

Here the countess, looking eagerly and inquisitively on him, put her hand in her bosom, took out a picture, and alternately surveying the one and the other, yes, she cried, it is, it must certainly be so. Then reaching out the picture, can you tell me, sir, said she, for whom this was drawn, or rather do you remember to whom you gave it?

Mr. Fenton took the picture, looked at it, and started; when recollecting ideas and passages as from afar off, good God! he

exclaimed, is it possible, can you be my little Fanny Goodall? yes, my dearest cousin, answered the countess, as surely as you are the still too amiable Harry Clinton.

Hereupon they both rose suddenly, and Mr. Fenton, catching his quondam Fanny in his arms, pressed her to his bosom with warm and kindred affection. But the agitation of the countess was too big for utterance; till, resuming her chair, she gave scope to her passion, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a mutual and affecting silence; ah! cries Mr. Fenton, in a voice expressive of much emotion, how am I, my lovely cousin, to interpret these tears? am I to consider them as further proofs of your ancient aversion to me, or as kindly and dear instances of your returning affection?—The countess answered not, and Mr. Fenton continued;

You may remember, my cousin, that I had very few relations. My only brother ever continued to behave himself toward me as an alien and an enemy; and my only uncle and guardian, who, in his later years became your father, was no way agreeable, to my taste or disposition. In you, therefore, from your infancy, in you alone, my amiable cousin, I had centred all my sensations of fatherhood, brotherhood, all the affections and tender feelings that naturally arise from a kindred and consanguinity. How have I been delighted with your infantine prattle! how have I exulted in your opening charms! on the death of my first wife you were my only consolation; and in your innocent caresses, and attractive endearments, I felt a sweetness of emotion that I never felt before.

On my return from France, with what transports did you receive me! we grew, as it were, in our embracements to each other. You were then, as I apprehend, about ten years of age. But, on my next visit, you refused to be seen by me. Soon after, you were taken ill. I daily went, with an aching heart, to inquire after your health; but your mamma peremptorily refused me admission to your presence, till, on your recovery, you were conveyed from me, and secreted in the country.

Though this unkindness went near my heart, it did not alter my affections; I still continued to inquire after you, I still continued to be interested in you, and I preferred my ardent wishes and prayers to heaven for your prosperity.

Mr. Fenton, said lady Maitland, (you have unquestionably your reasons for chusing to be so called) I am very sensible, sir, I say, of your extraordinary partiality to me from my earliest years. Your tenderness, as you mentioned, was that of the fondest fathers or brothers. You knew the degree and kind of affection that was suitable between such relations; and you kept yourself precisely within the limits. But, alas! for my part, I knew no such distinctions. I was as a piece of virgin wax, warmed and willingly yielding to the first kindly impression. You made that impression, my cousin, you made it deep and entire. As I had but the one heart, so I had but the one love; and that love was all your own, without distinction or degree.

Gracious Heaven! exclaimed Mr. Fenton, what is this you tell me, madam? is it possible, that at your years, you should actually conceive a passion for one who might almost have been your grandfather? ah, if that be the case, what have I not to answer, for indulging you and myself in those innocent caresses, which, at that time, fondly constituted the most pleasing sensations of my life!

Alas, replied the countess, if you have any thing to answer for, on that account, the charge is indeed very weighty which I have to bring against you.

I was not eight years old when I begged this picture from you, which you generously enriched with this circlet of diamonds. Soon after, you went to France; and, during your absence, this picture was my constant companion, which I caressed, which I talked to, and to which alone I made my complaints in all my little matters of grievance.

I know not by what instinct or kind of cunning it was, that I endeavoured to conceal my affection for this your resemblance, and never made my court to it but when I was alone.

The morning after your visit, on your return from Paris, as I was carelessly performing the business of my little toilette before the glass; I took out your picture, and surveyed it with new and increasing delight. In the mean time, I did not know that my mamma stood behind me, attentive to all my emotions that were reflected to her by the mirror. She heard me talk to your picture, she saw me kiss it, and eagerly press it to my bosom. At last I turned my eye to the glass, and perceived a picce of her image;

whereat I started, coloured, and trembled, and was thrown, I knew not why, into the utmost confusion.

Ah, Fanny! cried my mother, what is this that I see? your young heart, my child, is certainly affected. Unquestionably, you love your cousin Clinton.

Ought I not to love him, madam? does he not love me, as well as I love him? No, no, my darling, said my mother, I would to heaven that he did. Your cousin Clinton indeed is worthy of all love, but then he has lately given away his heart to another. He is married, my Fanny—And cannot he love me still, for all that madam? By no means, my sweet innocent. When once a man marries, he vows, and swears, and obliges himself to love nobody living but his wife; and what is more, my Fanny, it is accounted very naughty in any girl to think of loving such a one afterwards.

What emotions did I then feel, what a conflict of opposing passions! but resentment, for the time, got the upper hand. I had yet formed no idea of the relations of sex or matrimony, or any conjugal obligation, save that of love alone. But then it was sufficient to me that I had given you my whole heart! that nothing less than your whole heart could satisfy me in return; and I felt myself offended and outraged to the last degree, by your having imparted a share thereof to another. The day following, as I sat, languid and much discomposed, as well by my passion as want of rest the night before, my mamma came up to tell me that you were below, and inquired for me. No, no, my dearest mamma, said I, it does not signify, I will not see him. Let him go to whomsoever he loves best.—But what shall I say to him, my Fanny, what excuse shall I make?—No matter for excuses, madam; tell him that I never desire to see his face any more.

As something informed me that you could not help still loving me a little, I laid hold of that little love to pique, and disoblige, and be revenged of you for your perfidy; and, as long as you staid, the thoughts of the pain and uneasiness, I presumed you were under, gave me vast delight. But as soon as I was told you were gone, my heart sunk down, as from a mount of triumph, into a depth of desolation.

My mamma came up to console me. She highly applauded my spirit, and the resentment I had shewed; and she blamed you for

marrying another, at a time that you pretended so much fondness to me. She further endeavoured to set me against your age. She told me, that you must soon be old, and ugly, and wrinkled, and that you was much fitter to be my father than my lover. She also spoke to me of my vast fortune, of my beauty, and so forth; and that I might have my pick and choice of all the young and handsome earls and dukes in the nation. She opened to me, in a variety of glittering prospects, all the pleasures and advantages of wealth, title, state, equipage, with the respect and admiration of crowds bending around me. As she represented them to my imagination, I caught at each of them for comfort; but, alas, I did not find you among them, and all to me became empty.

That night my tender mamma forsook her own bed, and came to lie in mine. I saw that she had been afflicted; so for fear of adding to her trouble, I suppressed my own emotions, and pretending to be a-sleep, I lay quiet by her side, till toward morning, when I was seized with a violent fever. During my illness, I was told that you came daily to inquire about me; and that, I believe, above all things, contributed to my recovery. One day, my mamma came and informed me, that you sat below in tears, and earnestly requested to be permitted to see me. O, how sweet and comforting did those tears seem to drop upon my heart; but mustering all my little pride and remaining dignity, No, no, my mamma, I cried, I will die first; if he does not first unmarry himself, I will never see him any more.

When I had gotten strength enough to walk about the chamber, my mamma and I being alone, I went to my drawer, and taking out your picture, and turning my head aside, I reached it to her, saying, Here, madam, take this and lock it up from me; for while I love it and hate it so much, it troubles me to look at it. My mamma, thereupon, took it from me, and caught me to her bosom; but, without saying a word, she burst into tears, and straight quitted the room.

As soon as it was judged that I was able to travel, my parents, by the advice of their doctors, took me far into the country. My mother, in the mean time, had unquestionably confided my secret to my father; for, though he was naturally of a severe and backward temper, he became extremely tender and indulgent toward me.

As I was the only child they ever had, their whole care and sollicitude, was affectionately employed in procuring me a variety of gratifications and amusements. When I was in spirits, they were in a kind of triumph; but my dejection was to them the most grievous of all oppressions. They took down my French mistress and music master with them; and they collected, from all parts, the most agreeable set of misses and masters that they could muster, so that my time was portioned out the most happily that could be, between business and recreations that were equally pleasing. They had taken care that your name should never be mentioned before me, and though, at times, my soul was athirst, and my ear opened and turned to hear tidings concerning you, yet a certain native bashfulness and fear of offending against decency, did not permit me to inquire after you.

Thus a length of absence, and a variety of dissipations, by degrees, greatly abated the ardour of my passion, insomuch that I did not seem to feel any more for you. When any occasion, however, renewed in me the impression of former scenes, a thrilling sort of chillness would run through my blood. And, at other times, when alone, and thinking of you, a swimming kind of stupor would fall sadly upon my soul.

On our return to London, after five years absence, the great number of people, with the novelty and variety of objects that crowded upon my view, amused and engaged my whole attention. But when we entered the old mansion, when I turned my eyes on the places where you sat, where you walked, where you talked and used to caress me, you became, as it were, actually visible to my eyes; something seemed to wring my heart; and I was seized with a sickness near to fainting. I took hold of my maid by the arm, and with her help walked into the garden for fresh air; but there too you had got before me, on the terrace, in the walks and alleys, where you used to run feigned races with me, and gather fruits for me, and to play with me at bob-cherry, and afterward to press the lips that had gained the prize. I then turned away from a place that afforded me no asylum from you. My mother met, and eagerly asked what ailed me? Let us go, mamma, I cried, let us go somewhere else, I am not able to stay in this place any longer.

Accordingly, that very evening, we removed to lodgings; and, in a few days, my *dada* took and furnished a new house.

I shall not dwell, my dear sir, on a trivial detail of the many circumstances and little incidents that happened during the space of four succeeding years. An infinity of suitors paid their addresses to me or my fortune, I neither knew nor cared to which, for I continued alike insensible to all. It is true, that during such a number of years, having neither seen nor heard from you, I dropt all thoughts of you, and scarcely retained the traces or lineaments of your person or aspect. From the impression, however, which you left in my mind, I had formed to myself a dear, though confused image of the lovely, of the desirable; and this I looked for every where, but could no where find any resemblance thereof.

In the mean time, my parents urged me strongly to matrimony. They affectingly represented that they should not die in peace, if I did not afford them the prospect of perpetuating themselves in my offspring; such is the fond succedaneum which short-lived creatures propose for eking out their existence, and supplying the lot of an inevitable mortality, by the flattering, though poor substitute of a name or bare remembrance.

At length, I told my parents that, as I could not form any choice of my own, I would trust wholly to their judgment, and take up with whomsoever they should be pleased to appoint. Hereupon they recommended the earl of Maitland to me. I kept to my promise, and we were consequently married.

My husband was comely in his person, easy and affable in his temper, and a man of singular sense and letters for a lord. He loved me with passion; and, as I could not pay him in specie, I endeavoured to supply my want of affection to him by my attention and assiduities.

On the fifth year of my marriage, my father died of a good old age; and in four years more my dearest mother left me desolate. In her I lost the only object of fond affections that I had upon earth, and my looks tacitly reproached my husband for his want of power to console me.

I believe it was equally unhappy for my lord, as myself, that we were not blessed with children. The dear and tender attachments that bind parents to their offspring, serve also as a subsequent and

more affecting nuptial band for uniting those parents more intimately to each other. It draws about them a new circle of interests and amities ; and, by creating a mutual confidence, forbids the intrusion of those jealousies that must, at all times, pre-suppose an alienation of regard. This, however, was not the case between lord Maitland and me. We never had a child. Perhaps, in some constitutions, an union of souls as well as persons may be requisite for such an effect.

During the two years succeeding the death of my dear mother, I conceived a disgust against company and entertainments. I took a religious turn. I looked upon this world, and all that it contained, as quite unworthy the regard of an immortal being. The principal part of my time was taken up in books and offices of devotion ; in which employment I alternately sunk under the most gloomy depression of spirits, and again was elevated above myself into a new world of joys and inexpressible openings.

At length I was taken exceedingly ill of what the physicians called a fever upon the nerves, which confined me to my bed above six weeks. During my illness, my husband was the most constant and assiduous of all my attendants. The affectionate sadness, the painful distress, the tender solicitude, that was visible in all his looks and actions, made way into my soul with an obliging impression ; and, while I reproached myself for my ungrateful defect of sensibility toward him, love, or something tender and very like to love, took place in my bosom.

As soon as I was on the recovery, my husband disappeared, without taking leave or giving me any notice ; and for three weeks I knew not what was become of him. At length he returned, pale and greatly emaciated. I had yet lost none of the tenderness which I had conceived for him during my illness. I took him affectionately by the hand, which glowed like a coal of fire. Ah, I cried, where have you been, what looks are these, my lord, what is the meaning of all this ? He answered not ; but withdrawing his hand, and scarce deigning to look toward me, I am not well, he faintly said, I must go to my bed.

While his servants undressed him, I stood in silent astonishment, vainly guessing at the cause of this extraordinary behaviour : but as soon as he had lain down, I took a seat by his side ; and, seizing and pressing one of his hands between mine, I broke into tears.

After a sad and mutual silence, Ah, madam, cried my husband, what am I to understand by these tears? I am willing to consider them as proofs of your humanity, but I cannot consider them as instances of your affection. You love me not, madam; you never did love me. All the constancy and complacence of the most ardent passion, all my endeavours and assiduities have not been able to procure me the smallest interest in your heart. I blame you not, madam; alas! we are not the masters of our own affections. I am sensible that I never deserved your love. That was a blessing reserved for a more amiable object. But then the tenderness and truth of my attachment to you might surely have laid claim to a share of your confidence. Ah, how precious had such a confidence been to my heart! it had stood to me in the place of your love, and I should not have reproached you for irresistible propensities, for I know you are virtuous. Perhaps it was not in your power to refuse another your love; but then you might have admitted your husband to a share of your friendship.

You have my friendship, I cried, my tenderest friendship, my most affectionate regards. If my love is not so ardent as you could wish, you however have all the love of which I am capable, and you possess it entire and undivided.

What is this you tell me, madam; I would to heaven you could still deceive me, that I had still continued in ignorance! but that is past; it is over, madam; my eyes are opened to my wretchedness, and I die in the double want of your faith and your affection. I have seen your lover, lady; I saw him four days ago from an opposite window. He stood before this house in converse with another. I expected every moment, that, taking advantage of my absence, he would have gained admission to you. I held my sword ready to follow, to pierce his heart, and sacrifice him to the claims of my honour and my love. But he suddenly disappeared, and disappointed my vengeance.

Gracious heaven! I exclaimed, what madness is this? do you dream, or who is it that has thus cruelly imposed upon you? you shall see the imposter, madam, replied my lord. So saying, he suddenly put his hand back; and, taking your picture from under the pillow, he indignantly demanded, do you know the original of this portrait, lady? Ah, I screamed, I confess it, I do know him,

I did know him indeed : he was the idol of my heart ; I delighted in him, I doated upon him ! you then acknowledge, you avow it, rejoined my husband ; and at length you deign to make me the confident of a passion which I suppose, in your favour, to have been involuntary. Ah, had I been earlier apprized of my unhappiness, I might not have sunk under the unexpected and sudden pressure as I do at this day. But say, who and what is this formidable rival, who robs me of my peace, who tears my life from me ?

First tell me, my lord, said I, how you came by this picture ? I found it in your cabinet during your illness, said he, when I searched for your essences to relieve you from a fainting fit. I flatter myself that I am not of a jealous disposition. Curiosity first incited me to hurry it into my pocket. I afterwards surveyed it more at leisure, and some starting doubts arose. I endeavoured to suppress them ; I argued with myself that it might be a family picture, the representative of a brother or dear relation deceased. But then some enemy of my peace again whispered to my spirit, that, if this had been the case, you would not be so solicitous to conceal it from me ; you would rather have boasted of such an ornament of your lineage ; you would have been proud to exhibit it before all people—this staggered me, I confess ; and additional doubts and suggestions were impelled upon my soul. She reserves this, said I to myself, for her own eye and inspection ; to revise it, to gaze and dwell upon it in secret ; and to please her sight with the favourite image that is impressed upon her heart. At each of these reflections I felt a sting in my bosom ; and the more I revolved and debated on these uncertainties, the greater strength they gained, and drew nearer to demonstration. Ah ! I cried, her real coldness, and feigned regards are now equally accounted for. She deceives me, she imposes upon me ; and I will counterfeit, in my turn, till this mystery is detected. I then attempted, and would have constrained myself to look at you with my accustomed tenderness ; but I found it impossible. I therefore withdrew suddenly, and without any notice. If ever she had a tincture of friendship for me, thought I, the apprehension of my loss will awake in her a sense thereof. I disguised myself ; and, as a stranger, took lodgings over against you. I took my station at the window. I was on the watch from morn till noon, to make a thorough inquisition into your conduct

during my absence. I shall discover her disposition, said I, by the visitants whom she receives; but, during a fortnight of observation, I could not perceive, that, of the numbers who called, any one was admitted. My jealous passions abated; and I began to reproach myself for having ever conceived them; when, to my utter confusion, there stood full to my view in dress, aspect, mien, and attitude, the distinguished original of the portrait which I had in my pocket.

Here I passionately broke in upon my husband's narration. God be praised, I exclaimed! he then lives! he still lives; my most dear and amiable cousin! though I never wish to behold his face any more! my only relation; perhaps now my only friend, you are still living, and I trust you are happy; and that is enough!

Your relation, your only relation, madam, cried my lord! is he so near? is he no nearer, no dearer, to you than consanguinity will warrant? proceed, my lord, I said; I will then tell you all, without disguise or palliation.

I confess to you, answered my husband, that the sight of him struck my soul with the fullest conviction of my being betrayed. My jealous pangs returned with double poignancy. I was enkindled, I was set on fire, my heart was rent several ways. A violent fever seized upon me, but my fury and thirst of vengeance supported me under it. For four days longer I held up in the impatient expectation of once more beholding your lover, that I might pierce him in a thousand places, in every seducing part about him. But nature at length gave way; I sunk under the oppression; and I returned, once for all, to behold, to reproach, and to expire before you.

O, my husband, my friend, my true lover, I cried, how I pity, how I feel for you? I excuse your suspicions, however injurious to my honour, since your jealousy perhaps is not wholly without foundation. I did indeed love the person for whom that portrait was drawn, with tenderness, with passion: but, believe me, when I assure you, that I have not set my eyes, either on the original or picture, these twenty years.

What is this you tell me? exclaimed my lord. You are not yet, as I take it, thirty years of age. Could you love, even to passion, at so very early a period?

Here I found myself under the necessity of discovering to my husband the little adventures, impressions, and sentiments of my infancy, wherewith you are already acquainted. When I had finished my short narrative, he seized my hand, and pressing it passionately to his lips, and then to his burning bosom, he melted into tears. O, my Fanny, he cried, my most noble, my adorable creature! what a combat have you fought, what a conquest have you gained, of grace over nature, of virtue against passion! can you excuse me? will you forgive me? may I hope that you will restore me to the blessings of your friendship? may I flatter myself that you gave me as much as you could of your affections? that if you had been able you would have loved me with a love like mine?

I will not distress you, my cousin, by a description of the affecting scenes that ensued. My husband left me vastly rich, but still more forlorn. During the first years of my widowhood, I looked upon myself as a friendless and unnecessary burden upon earth. Though I thought of you at times, it was not without resentment, and a tincture of aversion, for your never having deigned to inquire or find out, whether any such person, as your too affectionate Fanny Goodall, was in the land of the living. At length my physicians and my friends, (as they styled themselves) prevailed upon me once more, to enter into the light and air, and amusements of the world. I consented; I found my advantage in it. I gradually got rid of the grievous oppression that lay upon my spirits. Since all is vanity, thought I, let us partake of the dissipation, and make it as pleasing as we can; and accordingly you found me in the engagements which you honoured with your inspection yesterday.

When you entered, I did not know you. The strange name of Fenton, as well as the alteration which years had made in you, shut you out almost wholly from my recollection. I felt myself, however, agitated, I knew not why.—Something in your person and manner renewed in my heart impressions kindred to those which were once its sole concern. I could not look at you, I could not speak to you without emotion. All night I lay disturbed, in vain endeavouring to remember when or where I had seen you. At morning a sudden light darted in upon my mind. I got up, and flew to your picture, which, at once, laid all open, and detected your disguise.

You are much altered cousin. Had I first seen you as you now appear, I think my young heart would not have been so deeply affected. The ruin, however, is still very noble, and endearingly renews in me the idea of what the building once was.

Your abstracted air, and the change of your name, seem to intimate some distressing situation. But if fifty thousand pounds, or that sum doubled, will be of use to you, I shall for once think that fortune has been of advantage to me.

My most dear and generous cousin, replied Mr. Fenton, I shall never pardon myself those griefs which the excess of my affection inadvertently occasioned you. No brother ever loved a sister, no parent a child, with fonder passion. The aversion, which I thought you had suddenly taken to me, was one of the most sensible afflictions of my life; and my ignorance of what laterally became of you, can only be accounted for by an abstract of my own story.

Here Mr. Fenton called for chocolate. And, after breakfast, he gave lady Maitland the following affecting history of his own life and adventures.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Clinton is bound apprentice—Mr. Clinton becomes a partner—his encounter with two gallants—arrival of Miss Golding—numerous suitors attend—Mr. Spelling's conversation with Mr. Golding—Miss Golding declines his offer—a wish to live domestic—the surprise—Matilda's grief—Matilda and Mr. Clinton's grief—Miss Golding's passion declared—visit to Miss Golding—Mr. Clinton's confession—Matilda's better health announced—Mr. Clinton attends Matilda—Matilda confesses her love to Mr. Clinton—something of an explanation—the marriage—compliments not approved.

STORY OF THE HON. MR. CLINTON.

THE world, my lovely cousin, the world is to man, as his temper or complexion. The mind constitutes its own prosperity and adversity: winter presents no cloud to a cheerful spirit, neither can summer find sunshine for a spirit that is in a state of dejection. In my youth, every object presented me with happiness; but, alas!

the time came, when the universe appeared as a vault wherein joy was entombed, and the sun himself but as a lamp that served to shew the gloom and the horrors around me.

As my father and mother died before I was taken from nurse, I knew none of those paternal tendernesses and endearments that serve to humanize the soul, and give it the first impressions of social attachment; neither were these sweetnesses in any degree supplied to me, by the behaviour of an imperious brother, or of a magisterial guardian. As I was naturally, however, of a benevolent cast, I sought for those affections and amities among strangers, which I had not found in the bosoms or faces of kin.

I pass over the immaterial parts of my life at school and college, and hasten to the more important period of my apprenticeship.

Your father bound me to Mr. Golding, a very wealthy and eminent merchant, who lived over-against the Exchange. He had been some years a widower, and his only child, a daughter, was then at a boarding-school.

Mr. Golding, with a plain understanding, was a man of exceeding honesty and a susceptible heart. At first sight he conceived a partial affection for me, whereof he gave me very frequent and very tender proofs; and, as he stood to me in the place of a patron and a father, I felt for him all the fondness and attachment of a child.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship, he called me to his closet, and, taking me kindly by the hand, Harry, says he, I love you; your interest lies near my heart; for though you are not begotten of my body, you are the child of my affections—be quiet, Harry—let me speak—I have to talk to you of matters of consequence. I went yesterday to your uncle Goodall, to know how accounts stood between you—though he is but a cold kinsman, he is a very faithful guardian—he has just married a very lovely young woman, and I would have you go and pay your compliments to them on the occasion. Your uncle has laid out your little penny to good advantage, and your 12,000*l.* is now nearly doubled—and now, Harry, as your father did not behave like as a father toward you, in the dividend which he made between you and your brother, I propose, in some measure, to sup

ply this place; and I make you a present of his note of 12000*l.* which, added to your little patrimony, may enable you—O, sir, I cried. Be quiet, child, I say again till you find whether or no you shall have reason to thank me. I am growing old, my Harry, and by a long course of industry have earned a kind of title to some little rest; I would therefore gladly make a composition between your application and my repose. I shall not be so often in the counting-house as usual. I propose to take you into immediate partnership. But as I also propose that you shall be at three-fourths of the trouble, it is but just that I should offer you a proportionable advantage. Now, as my capital, Harry, is more than five times as much as your's of 36,000*l.* I offer to your acceptance a full moiety of all the the profits, in recompence of your extraordinary attention and application. Hear me out—I do not think that I shall lose by this bargain. The affairs of Potiphar prospered under the hands of young Joseph; and I believe that you, also, are a favourite of your God.

I could not speak. The good man perceived my oppression, and catching me in his arms, and pressing me to his bosom, he shed a silent tear of satisfaction upon me, and withdrew without saying another word.

For several days following Mr. Golding was employed in advising his correspondents that I was now become his partner and equal in trade; and I was wearied with congratulations on my being one of the principal merchants in London before I had attained my twentieth year.

The obligations and advantages which this good man thus delighted to heap upon me, incited me to double application and sagacity, and all the eyes of Argus were opened within me, for superintending and guarding the interests of my patron.

I have often thought it somewhat romantic, that I should win both my wives by a matter of adventure; so that their partiality in my favour ought, perhaps, to be ascribed to a sentiment of gratitude, rather than to any liking which they might take to my person.

On a day, in summer, I rode to Barnet to settle accounts with Mr. Fradgil, a correspondent of my master's, who was said to be indisposed at his country-seat. As I approached the town, I

observed an elderly gentlewoman walking leisurely toward me, attended by an orderly train of young maidens. I observed, at the same time, two men in glittering apparel, who hastily followed, and, coming quickly up, put all the females to a stand, and caused them to gather in a group, as for mutual defence. One of the men, however, no way daunted by the opposition of so numerous a company, rudely caught one of the elder misses in his arms, and repeatedly kissing her, thrust his hand into her bosom. Meanwhile the young lady shrieked, and cried aloud for help; when, riding suddenly up, I struck the ruffian to the ground, with the heavy end of my whip. His companion hereupon drew his sword and turned upon me; but pushing my horse at him, I cast him also to the earth; then I alighting, broke their swords; and leaving my gallants in a plight not suddenly to be dreaded, I led my horse by the bridle till I saw my fair wards all safe to their dwelling.

Some months after this incident, Mr. Golding called me aside. Harry, says he, my daughter is now drawing to woman's estate, and should learn something more substantial than needle-work, and dancing, and harpsicords, and Frenchified phrases. I therefore propose to take her home; where, by the help of our cook and housekeeper, she may be taught how to make a Sunday's pudding, and to superintend a family.

I regularly go to see her, once in every month, accompanied by some male or female acquaintance, but never called you to be of the party, as we could not so conveniently be both from home.

My child, though a plain girl, is very dutiful and good natured. Her fortune, as you are sensible, will entitle her to the first lord of the land; yet I know not how it is, I would rather that my girl should be happy than great. I do not wish to have her a fine-titled dame. I would rather, I say, see her married to some honest and tender-hearted man, whose love might induce him to domesticate with her, and to live peaceably and pleasingly within his family-circle, than to see her mated with a prince of the blood.

Now Harry, as this affair, of all affairs, sits nearest to my heart, it is greatly in your power to oblige me beyond expression. On my daughter's coming home, I conclude we shall be beset by a number of courtiers; such an Argo, when frieghted with such a fleece, will unquestionably be held in chace by many a pirate. Wherefore,

my son, I would have you keep a sharp and inquisitive eye about you, and to take good note of the manners and dispositions of such suitors as my daughter shall appear to regard; as also to inquire minutely into their circumstances and characters. Your vigilance and penetration may save us from ruin. Should my child be made unhappy, your friend must be most miserable. But I depend, my dear Harry, that while I live you will prove a kind brother to her; and that you will prove a father to her in case of my mortality. Here the good man, no longer able to restrain his passion, put his handkerchief to his eyes, and quitted the chamber.

Within a few days, Mr. Golding set out, accompanied by a number of his city friends, in order to conduct his daughter home. On their arrival, I was deeply engaged in the counting-house, and it was near the time for supper before I could attend. As I entered, Mr. Golding presented me to his daughter, saying, this, my dear, is Mr. Clinton, my partner, my friend, my son, and your brother. Hereupon Miss Golding coloured, and drawing back as I approached to salute her, if I am not mistaken, sir, says she, he is something more to us than all you have mentioned; it would ill become me to forget that he is the deliverer of your daughter.—Your deliverer, my dear Matty! how, where, when?—Why, pray, papa, did Mr. Clinton never tell you of his adventure at Barnet?—No indeed, my dear. It is not every one who would be silent, where so much was to be said to their own honour. I remember that your knights in romance, when too modest to boast of their own achievements, used to permit some friend or squire to deliver down to posterity the history of their adventures, and I take the liberty to be squire to Mr. Clinton on the like occasion.

Here Miss Golding began to give a narrative of the matter already recited, but in terms of high phrase and aggravated encomium. While all abashed and confused I withdrew, saying, that I did not remember of any knights who stayed to hear their own story.

In truth I was much surprised to hear Miss Golding mention the adventure of Barnet; for I did not recollect that I had ever seen her, and had taken much more note of two or three other misses than I had of her.

Being re-summoned to supper, Mr. Golding met me as I entered, and clasping me in his arms, O my Harry, he cried, how wonder-

fully gracious has God been to me, in sending my best friend to the rescue of my only child; in sending, at so critical and very fearful a conjuncture, perhaps the only person who had either gallantry or humanity enough to preserve her. Indeed, sir, I replied, you owe me nothing; I did not even know that the lady was your daughter; and I could not pride myself, in any degree, on an action which I thought incumbent on every man to perform.

During supper Miss Golding was very cheerful and agreeable. Her face, indeed, could not be numbered among the beauties, but her person was grace and majesty, though in miniature; her conversation was pleasing; and when she sung or touched her instruments, for she was mistress of several, her mien and motions were music, each note seemed a sentiment, and we felt her fingers playing on the chordage of our hearts.

For the first three months after Miss Golding's arrival, all was crowding and gaiety, assembly and festival at our house. She was as a magnet, that drew and grouped all the peerage and gentry of England together. But as business happened to be very urgent at this season, I was not at liberty to partake of their amusements, and I resigned to Mr. Golding the commission which he had given me respecting the parties who declared themselves suitors.

As those suitors, in a daily and numerous succession, applied to Mr. Golding for his consent, his general answer was, that his good-liking was inseparable from that of his only child; that he would, if they pleased, consult her on the occasion, and faithfully report to them her approbation or dissent. In the like conclusive manner, when Mr. Golding repeatedly questioned his daughter, she would take his hand between her's, and kissing it, say, O no, my dear papa, this is not the man.

One day, as I sat alone in the counting-house, Miss Golding entered and presented me with an order from her father for £250. And pray, madam, said I, why this ceremony, this matter of form? sure Miss Golding, may, at any time, command twenty times this sum without any order save her own intimation.—Indeed! are you serious, Mr. Clinton? I am very proud, I assure you, to have so much credit with you.—But, Mr. Harry, how comes it to pass that we have so little of your company? your father's business, madam, deprives me of the pleasure I should otherwise have in

attending you.—Again, sir, I am quite proud that it is your attention to my father alone, which prevents your having any attention for his daughter—so saying she vanished.

Immediately I was struck with a glimpse of some uncommon meaning in the words and behaviour of Miss Golding; but as I never had looked toward the way of her affections, I passed it lightly over, as some matter of whim or caprice in the sex.

Among the brilliant concourse of suitors that frequented our house, there was one Mr. Spelling, a young gentleman, highly accomplished in his person and manners, of a most amiable countenance and disposition. His father, like Miss Golding's, had been a merchant, and like him too had amassed an excessive fortune. As he was modest, as I may say, to a degree of shamefacedness, he did not declare himself a lover, till nearly the whole multitude of competitors had been discarded: then, with a blushing diffidence, he avowed his passion to Mr. Golding, and earnestly besought his consent and intercession in his favour. You have not only my consent, replied the good old man, you have also my best wishes, and shall have my best endeavours for your success: however, I must warn you at the same time, Mr. Spelling, that I will not do any violence to the inclinations of my child, although there are not two in the world whom I would prefer to you.

I was writing in my closet when Mr. Golding came in, with an anxious importance in his countenance, and told me what passed between him and Mr. Spelling, and asked if I did not approve the match. I do not know, sir, said I, that man in England who is so deserving of your daughter, as Mr. Spelling. Then, my dear Harry, I have a commission to give you. Matilda has a great respect for your judgment; I beseech you to make use of your influence with her, and to exert all your oratory in behalf of this young man—But, sir, will not Miss Matilda look on this as a matter of high presumption in one who has no manner of right to advise?—No matter; you may tell her that you did it by my desire, and that we are both of a mind with regard to this business.—Well, sir, said I, since you are bent upon it, I will obey you; but it is the first time that ever I obeyed you with reluctance.

Soon after Mr. Golding left me, his daughter entered, with a countenance visibly unquiet and confused. My papa, sir, said she,

informs me that you have a business of consequence to impart to me. I hope, madam—pray be seated a moment. Indeed, my dear Miss Golding, this office was not of my chusing, and I hope, I say, you will be so good as to pardon my presumption, in consideration of my acting by your father's command—You alarm me, Mr. Clinton, but pray proceed—Mr. Spelling, madam, at length, has had the assurance to declare his passion for you. Your father highly approves of Mr. Spelling for a son-in-law; and, indeed, Miss, might I dare to speak my judgment, I know not where you could chuse to better advantage. If that is the case, Mr. Harry, I wish that I also could be of the same opinion—and are you not, madam? what objection can you form, what exception can you have to my friend Spelling? a very simple one, sir, and no better than this, that he is not the man who can make me happy. I am sorry for it, my dear Miss Golding, I am truly sorry for it; were I to pick from mankind, were I to chuse throughout the world, if any one can deserve you, it is surely this same Spelling—And yet, Mr. Harry, I remember to have seen the man who, in every grace and merit, is infinitely preferable to your favourite Spelling. Where, when, my dear Miss?—When I am brought to the torture, I may possibly be under the necessity of confessing. Pardon, pardon, sweet Madam! I meant no offence, and yet I wish to heaven I knew. But that you never shall know, Mr. Harry. Pray, then, madam, if I may adventure on one question more, has the person so highly favoured any knowledge of his own happiness? I hope not, Mr. Harry; but of what advantage could this knowledge prove to me I beseech you? can you suppose that such a person as I have described could deign to look with favour on such an one as I am? I do not believe, madam, that the man is in England who would not think himself highly honoured, highly blessed by your hand. But then are you assured, Miss, that this man is worthy of it?—Ah, there lies my misfortune! he is too worthy, too noble, too accomplished, too lovely, too much every thing, for my wishes to leave any thing to my hopes. And, now, Mr. Harry, that I have entrusted you with my secret, I hope you will not betray my confidence, and reveal it to my papa. I rather trust and request, that you will use some other colour for reconciling him to my refusal of Mr. Spelling; and to make you some amends for the mortification I have given you, by rejecting

your advocacy in behalf of your friend, I here engage never to marry without your approbation, though I do not promise, sir, that you shall dictate to my choice. There is one thing further, Mr. Clinton, in which you may oblige me; it is to prevail on my father to dismiss these assemblies and revels that pester our house: indeed they never were to my taste, though by their novelty at first, they might have helped to amuse a little matter of melancholy that hung upon my mind; but now they are grown quite insufferable to me. Here her eye began to fill, and, heaving a gentle sigh, she curtsied and withdrew.

Immediately my heart was softened and affected. I saw the child of my friend and patron, the one in whom his hopes and fortunes and very life were wrapt up; I saw that she was unhappy, that she was very unhappy, at a time she had forbidden me to attempt her relief, though I would gladly have parted with half my fortune to have been enabled to give the object of her wishes to her arms.

In the meanwhile, my dearest madam, it was the farthest of all things from entering into my imagination, that I was the very person who sat so near her heart. I daily saw the loveliest youths and titled chiefs of the land attended on her words and smiles, and humbly suing for her favour: I saw also that her immense fortune and rare attractions justly entitled her to their homage, and I was neither vain enough, nor base enough, to attempt a competition.

As in myself I was wholly devoid of passion, I had neither eyes nor apprehension for the discernment of her's. Though I had often seen, I seldom had any kind of converse with her; and where the head is engaged and in a manner absorbed by business, there is neither leisure nor room for love to enter the heart. On the other hand, a person affected can instantly penetrate the bosom of the party beloved, and there discern a vacant and insensible heart, as legibly as a priest of Isis could decypher hieroglyphics.

One day, as I happened to pass near her antichamber, I heard the warble, as I thought, of distant and ætherial music. I approached toward the sound; the door was on the jar, and, gently opening it, I entered and stood behind her unperceived. She sat and sang to her lute, The words were Shakespeare's, but sweetly set

by herself. They expressed that passage in his play of *Twelfth Night*, where it is said of Viola, *She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud, feed on her damask cheek, &c.* Ah, how affecting did her instrument answer to her voice, while she gently tuned her sighs to the soft and melancholy cadences. My breast was so swelled by a mixture of anguish and compassion, that I could no longer wholly suppress a rising groan. Hereat she started and turned; and, rising suddenly, her eyes shot fire, and her face glowed with indignation and resentment. But, observing the tears that still trickled down my cheeks, her countenance was as suddenly changed into kindness, and she cast me a look of inexpressible complacence.

Ah, Mr. Harry, says she, I see, I see that you have a gentle and a kindred kind of heart; and, that, if ever you happen to love, you will love with great tenderness. Have you ever loved, Mr. Harry?—Indeed, madam, I cannot say; my commerce has been very little among the ladies. If I met love on my way, or even found it in my heart, perhaps I should not rightly know what to make of it. But, my Matilda, my charming sister, (your father has honoured me with the privilege of calling you by that dear, that tender name) why will you not entrust your best, your truest friend, with the secret of your disquiet? whoever the object of your esteem may be, I here solemnly engage, at the risque of my life, and the loss of my fortune, to bring him voluntarily to pay his vows at your feet. O, my sister, I would to heaven that he had now been present as I have been present, to have his soul melted and minted as mine has been; his heart must have been harder than the stones of Thebes, if you did not attract it and move it at pleasure, by the touch of those fingers, and the bewitchment of those accents. Ah, you flatterer, she cried, with a voice tuned to harmony, and a face formed of smiles, you almost tempt me to tell you what, for the world, I would not wish that any one in the world should know. But I must snatch myself from the danger. So saying, and casting at me a vanishing glance, she was out of sight in an instant.

As our suitors had now been dismissed, and our assemblies discontinued, Miss Golding seemed quite pleased with our domestic quiet. It gave us frequent occasions of being together; and I en-

deavoured, by a variety of tender offices and little amusements, to dispel or divert the melancholy under which I thought she laboured. I was greatly surprised at my own success on this occasion; her cheerfulness returned; she discovered new and striking graces in her manners and conversation, and, in a little time, did not appear to want any consolation.

One day, being on the Exchange, I was accosted by a Jew, who told me that he wanted a sum of money, and would either sell or pawn to me a jewel of great price; it was a solitaire, composed of oriental pearls, with a diamond of the first water and magnitude in the centre: after some chaffering, we agreed for three thousand pieces, and I put it into my pocket-book. As my business detained me on the Exchange till it was late, I dined with two or three acquaintances at the chop-house, and did not return till the evening was advanced.

On my entering, I was told that Mr. Golding was abroad, and that Miss Matilda had just ordered coffee for some ladies in her dressing-room. Immediately I ran up, and opened the door without ceremony; but was instantly struck with the look that she turned toward me; a look that at once intimated dejection and disgust. During coffee, I endeavoured to behave with my usual unconcern, but found it impossible to avoid sharing in that constraint under which Miss Matilda most evidently laboured: in short, a gloomy stiffness spread through the whole conversation, and, I believe, no two persons in company were rightly satisfied with each other.

As soon as the cups were removed, the fair visitants got up; and, as Miss Golding pressed them to stay, in a manner that rather denoted her desire of their absence, they feigned another engagement, and very formally took their leave.

When she had seen them to the door, and that I had handed them into their carriages, she turned, without speaking to me, and withdrew toward her own apartment. I followed, and, as she was about to enter, My Matilda, my sister, said I, with a voice of cordial tenderness, do your Harry the favour to accept this trifle, as an instance of my regard for the daughter of my friend, for the dearest object upon earth, of my esteem and affection. So saying I presented her with my recent purchase: she did not, however, even deign to look at it; but, surveying me from head to foot with

an eye of strange passions, she took it and dashed it against the floor; and, rushing into her chamber, she shut the door upon me, without speaking a word.

I stood in an inconceivable astonishment and concern. In vain I searched and researched my memory, for the recollection of some instance wherein I might have offended her; but not presuming to obtrude upon her, in order to question or expostulate with her, I retreated to my apartment under the deepest dejection of spirits.

Mr. Golding did not return till it was late in the evening. He immediately sent for me. Harry, says he, what is the matter, has any thing happened amiss? I never saw you look so discomposed. Indeed, sir, I am not as well as I could wish. Bless me, we had better send for a doctor. No, sir, I am in hopes it will soon be over. Where is Matilda?—In her chamber, sir, I believe—He then called Mrs. Susan, and bid her tell Matilda that he desired to speak with her; but she answered, that her mistress was gone to bed indisposed, and requested that she might not be disturbed.

Supper being served up, we sat down in silence; and as neither of us offered to taste a bit, I rose, wished Mr. Golding a good night, and retired to my chamber.

After a sleepless night, my servant entered in a visible alarm, and told me that Miss Golding was extremely ill, and that almost all the physicians in London had been sent for.

Very unhappy were many succeeding days. I saw my friend, my father, the man I loved above the world, I saw him in a depth of distress that bordered on distraction, and I found my heart wrung with inexpressible anguish.

Though I was constant in my inquiries after Miss Golding, yet I purposely avoided appearing in her presence, lest the sight of one so obnoxious should add to her distemper. At length the good old man came to me, wringing his hands, Will you not go, Harry, says he, will you not go and see Matilda before she dies? the doctors tell me they have tried all the powers of medicine, but that they do not yet know what to make of her sickness.

My dear sir, said I, it is then no longer time to conceal from you what I know or conjecture concerning this matter. Miss Matilda, herself, entrusted me with the secret, but under the

strictest injunctions of silence: the extremity of her case, however, ought to dispense with all such engagements. Your daughter loves, sir, she loves with passion; but who the object of her affections is, I cannot imagine. Let it be your part to discover what she so industriously hides from the world; she will refuse nothing to the authority, or, rather, to the tenderness of such a parent.

Here Mr. Golding left me, but returned in about an hour. His whole frame seemed to labour with something extraordinary. You were right, Harry, he cried, you were right in your conjectures; my prayers and my tears have at length prevailed; with difficulty I have wrung the secret from her. O, my son! it is greatly in your power to befriend us. Would you not do something for the relief of a family, who doat upon you as we do? would you not do something for your old friend, who loves you as fondly as ever father loved a child? Something for you, sir, said I? yes, every thing, all things that are possible to be done. But pray, sir, do I know the party? You do, Harry, you do, he cried: for, as the prophet said unto David, Thou art the man?

I, sir, I exclaimed, impossible! she cannot bear my sight; she hates me, she detests the ground I go upon. Not so, said he, not so, she loves the very dust upon which you tread. Something surely is due in mitigation of the calamities which you have occasioned. We lie at your mercy, Mr. Clinton, my precious daughter and myself; it is your's to bid us live or die at your pleasure; to crush us into nothing, or to restore us to existence, to health, to enjoyment. Will it hurt you, my son, to do us these great benefits? is it a matter grievous to you to give happiness to those, whose excess of love to you is their only misfortune? a princely fortune attends you. We, and all we have, are your's, Mr. Clinton. We are desirous of depending on your bounty alone. Let the excess of my daughter's affection for you excite something more kind than hatred in your breast. If not for her sake, yet for mine, my beloved Harry, let me beseech you to constrain yourself before her, to affect some little tenderness, some appearance of regard, that may revive her, a while at least, from the deplorable state under which she languishes.

While he spoke I was agitated by unutterable emotions, and he might have proceeded much further, before I should have had the power to reply. At length I cast myself on my knee, and catching his hand to my bosom, Ah, my friend, my father, my dear father, I cried, am I then no better than a barbarian in your sight? to me would you impute such sentiments of cruelty and ingratitude? take my hand, sir, take my heart, dispose of them as you please. All that I have, and all that I am, is your's and your daughter's, without any kind of reserve for any other person breathing.

The good man caught me in his arms, and pressed me to his breast in a long and speechless ecstasy; then taking me by the hand, he led me, in silence, to his daughter's apartment.

As we entered she turned her eyes towards the door, and her pale and languid countenance was straight suffus'd with a short-lived red. I was so affected by the condition in which I beheld her, that I scarcely was able to reach her bed-side; where, kneeling down, I gently took one of her hands, and, pressing it between mine, I bathed it in a silent shower of tears.

Ah, my papa, she faintly cried, I fear you have betrayed me; Mr. Clinton is certainly informed of my weakness. I am informed, said I, my lovely, my all-beloved sister, I am informed that I am permitted to hope for a happiness that is infinitely above my merit; but it shall be the delightful business of my life to deserve it.

My dear, said Mr. Golding, I perceive you are something flustered; your constitution is too weak for such emotions as these. For the present, your brother Harry must leave you. To-morrow, I trust, you will be better able to support our company.

Hereupon I took her hand, and impressing upon it a tender and warm kiss, I just ventured to look up, and saw her fine eyes suffused with a glittering tear, and her countenance bent upon me with a look of inexpressible sweetness and delight; but Mr. Golding, to prevent the effects of too tender a scene, instantly took me by the arm, and led me away.

As he perceived that my spirits had been much disturbed, he ordered a bottle to his own chamber, and told me that he requested some further converse with me. As soon as we had taken our seats, he looked earnestly upon me, then seized me by the hand, and

looked at me again. But suddenly getting up, he turned and stepped to the window, and, breaking into tears, he there wept and sobbed for good part of an hour.

As soon as he was somewhat composed, he resumed his seat. Mr. Clinton, says he, are you really sincere in your professions with respect to my daughter? shall I be rid of my doubts at once? may I venture to ask you a question, on which my own life, as well as that of my child may depend? should it please the Almighty to raise her from her present bed of sickness, is it actually your intention to make her your wife?

Here I demanded, with some warmth, is that a question, sir, at this time? what reason have I given you to suspect my honour or my truth?—I do not suspect you, my Harry, I do not suspect you; I know you would not deceive me, but you may have deceived yourself. Your nature is tender and full of pity, and, in the deplorable state in which my girl lies, your great compassion may have easily been mistaken by you for love. Your friendship for me also may have helped to impose upon you, and you may have construed your regard and attachment to the father into a sentiment of tenderness and affection for the child. But O, my Harry, should any other woman be preferable in your eyes; or should it not be in my girl's power to win and wear your affections, I shall then have been instrumental in making you wretched; and my heart may as well be broken the one way as the other. No, my father, no. I have no foreign Delilahs, no secret amours, no pleasures that shun the light. My heart is a virgin heart, and my Matilda possesses it without a rival.

From the time that I was sensible of my father's partiality, a little matter of ambition, whether laudable or otherwise, incited me to attempt a distinction that would raise me toward a level with an only brother, who looked down with neglect and contempt upon me. Thence I became indefatigable in my studies at school and college, as also in my application under you, sir, during the first years of my apprenticeship, and this left me no manner of leisure for female attachments. Indeed I dreaded the appearance of any advances from the sex, and turned from them as I would from so many gins or pit-falls, purposely dug for my destruction. My conversation, sir, has been very little among the fair; and, excepting

my natural propensity to the sex, I never, till very lately, conceived a liking for any woman. In truth, my dear father, that lady is not alive whom my judgment or inclinations would prefer to your Matilda. You need not fear my being wretched, I think myself most happy in her affections.

Then, said he, I pronounce her the happiest of women. And now, my Harry, I will tell you a secret:—From the first time that I beheld you, I wished you for my daughter; I wished that she might have charms to attract and fix your heart. But, as I feared, and was persuaded that this was not the case, I forbore to indulge myself in such flattering expectations. You know I never took you with me to see her at the boarding-school; the true reason was, that I dreaded exposing her young and inexperienced heart to such a temptation, lest she should conceive and languish under a hopeless passion.

On her return to town, my apprehensions, on your score, were much abated, as I imagined that the great number of her gay and glittering suitors would divide, or at least divert her attention from you; and I purposely laid all the business of our house on your shoulders, that she might have as little of your company as possible.

I further had the precaution to warn my child against the danger of any affection for you. Matty, said I, one day, among all this assembly of fair and fortunate youths you are free and welcome to chuse your companion for life; there is only one who stands excepted; one only whom you must not look upon with any eye of expectation. Who is that, papa? My young brother and partner in trade, said I. He looks much higher, Matty, than to the daughter of a merchant. His prospects are immense. He is only brother and heir to the Earl of Moreland, who is now on his travels, a dissolute young man, whose vices, in all likelihood, will quickly carry him off; and, in such a case, our Harry Clinton would be considered as the first person in the land.

Ah! sir, I cried, I may bless your prohibition with regard to me; it was certainly the happy, the only cause of my Matilda's partiality in my favour. The good man smiled, and proceeded: Notwithstanding what I said to Matty, I had not given up all thoughts of you myself. While she talked or sung in your presence,

I often turned my eye upon you, and thought, at times, that I perceived a growing tenderness in your behaviour, which further acquaintance, I trusted, might ripen into love. But when, in order to try you, I proposed your advocacy in behalf of Spelling, and that you appeared to undertake it with readiness and pleasure, I at once dropped all my fond and flattering hopes concerning you, and I heartily wished that my child had accepted that modest and worthy young man. Blessed, however, be the favouring hand of that providence, who, so unexpectedly, hath conducted matters to the issue of this hour, and fulfilled the capital wish of my life. But I will no longer delay carrying to my dear child the glad tidings of your affection; it will prove the best of balms to her wounded mind, and will close her eyes, for this night, in rest and peace of heart.

I was scarce dressed the next morning, when Matilda's favourite maid entered my chamber, and bid me good-morrow. Mrs. Susan, said I, your pleasant countenance bids me presume that Miss Golding is better.—O, vastly better, vastly better, I assure you: she slept sweetly all night, and did not want for happy dreams neither, I warrant. Here is something for your good news. No, sir, no, I never take money from gentlemen; my mistress' generosity does not leave me to the temptation. I love my mistress, sir, and I think we ought all rather to join and fee you, as well for yesterday's visit, as for another which I hope you will pay her to-day. A fiddle for these old doctors, one pretty young doctor is better worth than a score of them. Susan, as it should seem, had been an observer, and did not want for penetration in such matters. Mr. Harry, she continued, I'd give my last quarter's wages to know what charm it is that you carry about you, to make all the pretty ladies so fond of you. In truth, Mrs. Susan, I am equally a stranger to the charm and to the fondness that you talk of. Don't tell me, sir, don't tell me. The very day of that night on which my mistress fell sick, here was a lady in her chariot to enquire for you, one of the loveliest young creatures I ever set my eyes on. I know she asked very particularly and very affectionately for you; for, though it was my mistress to whom she spoke, I stood within hearing. It must, I cried, have been some mistake, or some imposture; for I assure

you, Mrs. Susan, that I know of no such person. But pray be so good as to bear my compliments to your lady, and tell her I wait her permission to attend her.

I forgot to tell you, madam, that, agreeable to the advice which Mr. Golding had given me, I went to felicitate my uncle Goodall on his marriage with your mother. He had already been informed of my recent admission into partnership, and thereupon received me with very unusual marks of esteem and affection.

Your mother, at that time, was exceeding lovely in her person and manners. At every season of leisure I frequented their house, and she conceived a very tender and warm friendship for me; but, during Miss Golding's illness, I had not been to visit them.

Susan was but just gone, when Mr. Golding came and told me, that he believed his Matty would be pleased to see me. I instantly obeyed the summons. As I entered, I observed that she sat up in her bed; a morning gown was wrapped about her, and Susan, with the help of pillows, supported her behind. On my appearing, her spirits again took the alarm. She scarce ventured a glance toward me. I was greatly pained by the abashment under which I saw she laboured, and I hastened to relieve myself as well as her from the distress.

I sat down by the bed-side, and gently taking one of her hands, without looking in her face, My dear Miss Golding, said I, I hope you will not be jealous of your papa's affection for me. He has, indeed, been too partial, too generous toward me, and has proved himself more than a father to me. He is not satisfied with allowing me to call you by the tender name of sister; he further gives me leave to hope, that I may be united to you by the nearest and dearest of all ties. Nothing but your consent is wanting, my sister, to make me the happiest of mankind. You are silent, my Matilda; may I venture to call you mine?—Blessed be your silence, my angel, I will dare then to interpret it in my own favour. Indeed, I should long since have made the present declaration, I should long since have avowed my inclinations, my affection, my passion for you; but I did not presume to listen to my own heart on the occasion, I did not suffer it to tell me how much you were beloved. Amidst so many suitors of the first rank and merit, who were justly called together by your numberless at-

tractions, I deemed it a flight by much too high for me to aspire at a competition for the happiness of your hand.

Here, venturing to look up, I perceived that she had put her handkerchief to her eyes. Ah! Mr. Clinton, she cried with a trembling voice, you are very delicate, you are sweetly delicate indeed; but ought I to take the advantage of this delicacy? I see that you would save me from the confusion of an avowal, you would save me from the mortifying sensibility of my own weakness. But, sir, you ought not to esteem that a weakness in me, which I account my chiefest merit, and which is my chiefest pride. I am proud of my gratitude, I am proud of my discernment. From the moment that you preserved me, against arms and against odds, at the great peril of your own life, in you, and you alone, I saw every thing that was amiable, every thing that was excellent. But then I dreaded lest all women should behold you with my eyes; and, above all, I doubly dreaded, and was fearfully assured, that you never would have any eyes or attention for me. You have at length seen, or are rather informed concerning my malady. You pity me, you wish to relieve me, and you would love me if you could. It is enough, Mr. Harry; even this perhaps is quite as much of happiness as I can bear.

Here, again, I began to profess, and to protest the sincerity and ardour of my affections; but she cut me short, and said, I know your sincerity, sir, you are persuaded that you love me, because as yet, you know not what love is. True love, Mr. Harry, by its own light, sees into and throughout the bosom of the party beloved: I am very sensible of the tenderness of your friendship for me, and that sensibility constitutes the whole of my happiness. I trust also, that it is all the happiness I shall ever desire. To see you, to hear you, to have you with me, to gaze upon you, while you are looking another way, to be permitted to attend, to serve you to conduce to your satisfactions, is a lot that will lift me above that of mortality, that will cause me to account myself the first among women.

Ah, I cried, can I say nothing, can I do nothing to convince you, how dear, how exceedingly dear you are to me? I certainly loved you long before I knew what it was to be a lover. I now feel the united force of those imperceptible degrees, by which the pleasing

intruder daily stole and grew upon me. Believe me, my Matilda, when I presumed to present you with this as a token of my affections, I held it as a trifle altogether unworthy of you; accept it, however, I beseech you, for the sake of the giver.

And is this the gem, said she, which I cast from me with such disdain?—Forgive me, my brother; it is just so that the world casts from them the pearl of much mightier price. I would to heaven, that I could reject all the pomps, pleasures, and vanities of this transitory world, with the same aversion that I spurned from me this estimable jewel! but there is very little hope of that, Mr. Harry, while you yourself may be partly numbered among transitory things.

Here I was quite overcome by the affection of the dear girl, and, urged on by a sudden transport, I caught her to my bosom with a force that was something too much for her weakness. On recollection, I attempted to apologize for my indiscretion, but she sweetly cried, Ah! Mr. Harry, never repent of such faults; may I often, may I daily tempt you to be guilty of them. But tell me, and tell me truly, Mr. Clinton, these gems, when you first purchased them, were they actually intended for me? were they not rather intended for your Fanny, for your own Fanny, Mr. Clinton? What can you mean? I exclaimed, I know of no Fanny in the universe, with whom I have any acquaintance. That is strange! she replied, very extraordinary, indeed! but, lest you should think me of a jealous or whimsical temper, I will relate the affair to you precisely as it happened.

On the day in which I took to my bed, I was looking out at the parlour window, when a chariot and six horses whirled up to our door. I observed a single lady in it, whom I supposed of my acquaintance, and instantly sent Susan to request her to walk in. On her entering, I was greatly struck by the beauty of her figure, and eyed her very inquisitively from head to foot. Having curtsied gracefully to me, can you tell me, Miss, said she, is Mr. Clinton at home? No, indeed, madam, said I, but if you will be pleased to entrust me with your commands—It is only, Miss, that I request to see him as soon as possible. And, pray madam, where shall he attend you?—O, he will know that instantly, when you tell him it was Fanny Goodall, his own Fanny Goodall, who was here

to wait upon him.—Good heaven! I cried out, my aunt, my aunt Goodall, my very aunt I assure you!—What do you say, what do you tell me, your aunt, sir, can it be? ah, she is too young and two lovely to be an aunt, Mr. Harry. The very same, indeed, madam, there is no other Fanny Goodall. I admit, as you say, that she is young, and exceedingly lovely; but still she is a wife, and likely soon, as I think, to be a mother. Alas, says my Matilda, what a doleful jest is this! a cruel aunt she has been to me I am sure; what days of sighs and nights of tears she has cost me! Ah, that heart breaking term, “his own, his own Fanny;” I think I shall never be able to forgive her that expression!

As Mr. Golding just then entered, we dropped the subject we were upon. Why Matty, says he, you are quite another creature; I think I never saw you wear so happy a face. I know you are come to chide me, says she, for keeping your partner from business; but pay me down the portion you intended for me, papa, and I will reimburse you the damage of every hour of his absence. Yes, my love, cries the tender father, if wealth might serve, for wages, to a heart like that of my Harry, he shall be very amply paid for every act and instance of his affection and attention to you. Every hour of my life, I cried, is already her due; she has nothing to pay to one who is her debtor beyond account.

During several following days, Miss Golding recovered with amazing rapidity. In less than five weeks she looked plumper and fairer than ever: peace smiled in her countenance; joy laughed in her eyes; her whole frame appeared as actuated by some internal music. And thus, all lovely and beloved, she was given up to my arms, in the presence of my uncle and aunt, and of a few city friends.

FRIEND. As I wish that none of your faults should pass by me unnoticed, so I am willing to allow you all your just praises. The story of your old friend is hitherto very simple, natural, and domestic; and, to a mind yet undebauched, exceedingly interesting and affecting; for it opens and investigates a number of little passages and mazes in the heart, which are quite closed, or imperceptibly to persons of hard nerves and callous conceptions. I am free, however, to tell you, that I felt myself offended by the compliments which Mr. Clinton pays to himself through the mouth of

your Matilda. It is, indeed, a very rare matter for people to speak of themselves with due decency and delicacy. I wish you could have procured some other conduit for conveying to us the history of your knight. Cæsar, I think, is the only person who, with an easy though modest confidence, has successfully adventured on a detail of his own exploits.

AUTHOR. I have not a word to say in Mr. Clinton's defence; perhaps he may offer something for himself on the occasion.

CHAPTER XIV.

Birth of a Son and Daughter—happiness at home—death of Mr. Clinton's children—reconciliation to the will of heaven—the Grandfather's grief—Mr. Clinton is beset by robbers—he is wounded by them—Mrs. Clinton's illness in consequence—the Physician's report—solemn thoughts on death—resignation under affliction—death of Matilda—grief of the whole family—Matilda seen in a dream—Mr. Clinton discovered by the side of Matilda—interment of Matilda—Mr. Golding's fear of death—death of Mr. Golding—wonderful attachment—return of comfort.

HERE the countess, for the first time, broke in upon her cousin's narration. Happy Matilda, she cried, how distinguished was thy destiny! were it but for a year, were it but for a day, for that day thou didst yet enjoy the consummation of all thy wishes, a lot rarely allowed to any daughter of Adam! I was not then born to envy her state. Sweet girl! she deserved you; she was after my own heart; the excess of her passion for you made her truly worthy of you. But tell me, my cousin, how could you be so long ignorant of the dear girl's affection for you? the language of love is so very intelligible, so expressive, through every motion and every organ, as must, with sufficient clearness, have opened your eyes to the object. Indeed, madam, replied Mr. Clinton, she herself led me away from any such apprehensions, by drawing so many pictures of the man whom she said she loved, all copied from the creature of her own brain, and covered and disguised with such imaginary excellencies, as must have prevented myself, as well as every one living, from perceiving therein the smallest trace of my own resemblance. Do not tell me, cried lady Maitland, she was a true and sweet painter; and I would have known you by her por-

trait, in the midst of a million. But proceed, I beseech you; my whole soul is in your story.

Within a few months after my marriage, continued Mr. Clinton, you, my cousin, first opened your fair eyes to the light, and my Matty and I had the honour of being your sponsors.

Within the first year of my marriage, my girl, also, brought a son into the world, and within the two years following was delivered of a daughter.

The joy of the grandfather, on those events, was indescribable. Alas, good man! he thought that he perceived, in their infant aspects, a thousand happy promises and opening prospects. He saw himself, as it were, perpetuated in a descending and widening progeny, who, like their native Thames, should roll in a tide of expanding wealth and prosperity. He wished that all the world should participate of his happiness, and our house once more became the house of festivity.

A number of external successes, also, assisted to persuade us in those days, that felicity was to be attained and ascertained upon earth. The regency of Cromwell was administered with the strictest justice at home, while, at the same time, it became revered and formidable abroad, and extended its influence to regions the most remote. Under the protection of the British flag, we sent our ships out to the east, and to the west, and wealth came pouring in upon us from all quarters of the globe.

In the mean while, my wife and I lived together in perfect harmony. Though my commerce and acquaintance was greatly extended, I had yet formed no friendships from home, that partook of heart-felt tenderness, except for your mamma. All my pleasures and desires, all my world was, in a manner, confined and absorbed within the compass of my own walls. In the good old man and his daughter, and in pledges of their endearing attachment to me, every wish that my soul could form was centred. Mutual joy sat round our board, mutual peace prepared our pillows: and, during a swimming period of six years, I scarce remember to have experienced the smallest discontent, save what arose from the inordinacy of my wife's affection for me.

While she continued to bless my arms, I thought that no one had ever loved with greater warmth than I loved her; yet, at

times, I remarked a very striking difference between the manner and effects of our feelings for each other. If business detained me an hour extraordinary abroad, the panting of her bosom, that eagerness of look with which she received me, was to me a painful evidence of her anxiety during my absence. One evening I found her in fainting fits, merely because she was told that a duel had just happened between lord Mohun and a person who had much the resemblance of her Clinton. In short, if my head or my finger ached, I found myself under the necessity of concealing my ailment, and of assuming a cheerfulness disagreeable to the occasion, to prevent the worse consequences of her ready alarms. On the other hand, my affection was tranquil and serene; it was tender and fervent, indeed, but without tumult or disturbance; a species of love which I afterwards found to be by far the most eligible; for every kind of passion is unquestionably a kind of suffering; love in God, therefore, must be wholly an action; it acts infinitely upon others without any possibility of being acted upon.

Thus the years of my life moved onward upon down, when the small-pox, that capital enemy to youth and beauty, became epidemical in the city. Our children caught the contagion. All care was taken, and all possible art employed. A number of physicians was kept constantly about them. Fifteen days of their illness were already elapsed, and the doctors pronounced them out of danger; when the distemper took a sudden and malignant turn, and, in one and the same minute, both my babes, expired in the arms of their mother.

I was in the room at the time; and as I knew the extreme tenderness of my Matty's nature, all my concern, as well as attention, was turned upon her. I took her fondly by the hand, and, looking up to her face, I was instantly alarmed and shocked by that placid serenity which appeared in her countenance, and which I expected to be quickly changed into some frantic eruption. But, first dropping a smiling tear upon her infants, and then lifting her glistening eyes to heaven! I thank thee, I thank thee, O my Maker! she cried, thou hast made me of some use; I have not been born in vain; thou hast ordained me the humble vehicle of two safe and certain angels, living attendants on thy throne, and sweet singers of thy praises in the kingdom of little children, for ever and for ever.

I have yet sufficient left, more blessings remaining than suit the lot of mortality! take me from them, I beseech thee, whenever it is thy good pleasure; for I fear there are some of them, which I could not bear to have taken away from me! So prayed the dear saint; and looking eagerly at me, No, my Harry, she cried out, I fear, I fear I could not bear it! so saying, she suddenly cast herself into my bosom, and grasping at my neck, and gushing into a flood of anguish, we mingled our sobs and our tears together till no more were left to be shed.

You are affected my dearest cousin—I had better stop here. If you are moved by small matters, how would your heart be wrung by some ensuing distresses! I must not venture to proceed.

Go on, cried the countess, go on, I insist upon it! I love to weep, I joy to grieve; it is my happiness, my delight, to have my heart broken in pieces.

We are both of us much relieved by the vent of our mutual passion; for, though my wife still continued to keep to me and cling about me, yet she seemed to be sweetly composed, and sunk within my arms, as into a bed and depth of peace. At length I listened to a kind of murmur and bustle in the hall, and I heard some one distinctly cry, O my master, my master.

We started up at the instant. Mr. Golding had been from home at the time of the deadly crisis of my two darling little ones; and had quieted all his fears and renewed all his prospects, in the view and full assurance of their life and quick recovery. We had been too much engaged and occupied in our own personal griefs, to give to our servants the seasonable precaution of breaking the matter to our father by unalarming degrees; and a rude fellow, at his entrance, bluntly told him that the children were both dead, whereupon he clapped his hands together, and, casting himself in a chair, remained without sense or motion.

When we ran out, we were greatly terrified by the manner of his aspect; though his eyes were closed, his brows were gloomy and contracted, while the nether part of his face looked quiet and composed.

I instantly sent for a surgeon, and recalled the physicians who had but lately left us; while my Matty stood motionless, with her hands closed together, and her eyes fixed upon her father. At

length she cried out, my papa, my papa, my dear papa, I would, I would I had died before I came to this hour! but, blessed be thy will, since it is thy will, O God? when all other props are sapped and plucked from under me, I trust to fall into thee, my Father, which art in heaven!

Being put to bed, and bled, he recovered motion and speech, and we got him to swallow a composing draught, though he did not recollect any person or thing about him.

Notwithstanding our late fatigues, Matty and I sat up with him most of the night; and then ordering a pallet to be brought into the room, we lay down to take a little rest toward morning. Alas, said I to myself, how rich was I yesterday, and how is my world abridged! these narrow walls now contain all that is left me of all the possessions that I value upon earth. Poor Mr. Golding was but ill qualified to bear calamity. His life had been a life of sound health and successes; and he never had been acquainted with sickness, or with affliction, save on the death of his wife, whom he had married for money, and on the illness of his daughter as already related. As he had taken an opiate, he did not awake till it was late in the day. Turning his head toward me, is it you, Harry; says he? How do you find yourself, sir, said I?—Why, has any thing been the matter with me? indeed I do not find myself right, but send my children to me; send my Jacky and my little Harriet; the sight of them will be a restorative beyond all the cordials in the world.—You are silent, Harry—What is the meaning?—O, now I begin to remember—my sweet babes, my little play-fellows, I shall never see you any more.

Here he burst into the most violent gust of passion. He groaned, he wept, he cried aloud with heart-piercing exclamations; while I caught up Matty in my arms, and, running with her to a distant apartment, caught a kiss, and locked her in.

I returned, but found him in the same violence of agitation. I spoke to him, I would have comforted him; but he cried, be quiet, Harry, I will not be comforted. I will go to my children; they shall not be torn from me; we will die, we will be buried, we will lie in the same grave together.

As I found myself sick; and ready to faint under the oppression of his lamentations, I withdrew to the next chamber, and there plentifully vented the contagious shower.

After some time I listened, and perceived that all was quiet; and returning, I found him in a kind of troubled doze, from whence he fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. Thus, he continued for three days, wailing and slumbering by fits, without tasting any matter of nourishment, though his daughter and I implored him on our knees, and with tears. No reasonings, no intreaties could avail for appeasing him; it was from the association of our sorrows alone that he appeared to admit of any consolation.

At length his passion subsided into a sullen and silent calm; he would speak to nobody, he would answer none of us except by monosyllables.

Within a few following weeks, news was brought me that our ship the *Phoenix* was arrived in the Downs, safe and richly laden from the East Indies.

Immediately I carried the tidings to the old man, in the pleasing expectation that they would serve to divert, or, at least, to amuse his melancholy. But, fixing his look upon me, wherefore, Harry, dost thou tell me of ships and Indies? he cried; both Indies are poor to me, they have nothing that they can send me. I have no road to go upon earth, no way upon sea to navigate; I am already become a wild and wasted Babylon, wherein the voice of music shall never more be heard. O ye old and unblessed knees, where are now your precious babes, who were wont to play about ye, and cling upon ye? gone, gone, gone, never, never to return!

Here, breaking into tears, I cried, we are both young yet, my father, we may yet have many children to be the comfort of your age. No, my Harry, no, he replied; you may, indeed, have many children, but you will never have any children like my darling children.

Mr. Golding, from this time, no more entered his counting-house, nor paid or received visits, nor kept up any correspondence. Even my company and that of his daughter appeared to oppress him; and he rarely left his apartment, where an old folio bible was his only companion.

Hereupon I began to withdraw our effects from trade, and having called in the best part of them, I lodged near half a million in the Dutch funds. When I went to advise with my father on the occasion, what, my child, said he, what have I to say to the world, or

to the things of the world? do just as you please with the one, and with the other; and never consult a person on any affair wherein the party consulted has no interest or concern.

One morning, as I lay in bed, Matty threw her arms about me, and hiding her blushing face in my bosom, my Harry, says she, if you could handsomely bring it about to my poor papa, perhaps it would be some matter of consolation to him to know that I am with child.

When I broke the matter to him, he did not, at first, appear to be sensibly affected; in time, however, the weight of his affliction seemed considerably lightened, and, as my wife advanced in her pregnancy, he began to look us in the face, he sat with us at one table, and became conversable as formerly. One day I went to dine with Mr. Settle, a hardware merchant, who had appointed to pay me a large sum of money. On my return in the evening, through Moorfields, attended only by my favourite Irishman, a very faithful and active fellow, though it was yet fair day, I was suddenly set upon by a posse of robbers, who rushed on me from behind a cover. The first of them, running up, fired directly in my face, but did me no farther damage than by carrying away a small piece of the upper part of my left ear. Had the fools demanded my money, I would have given it to them at a word; but finding them bent on murder, I resolved that they should have my life at as dear a rate as possible. I instantly drew my sword, and run the first through the body; and then, rushing on the second assailant, I laid him also on the ground, before he had time to take his aim, so that his pistol went harmlessly off in his fall.

In the meanwhile, my brave and loving companion was not idle; with two strokes of his oaken cudgel he had levelled two more of them with the earth. Hereupon the remainder halted, retreated into a group, and then stood and fired upon us altogether; but observing that we did not drop, they cast their arms to the ground, and ran off several ways as fast as they could. My good friend, Tirlah O'Donnob, then turned affectionately to me. Are you hurt, my dear master, says he? I believe I am, Tirlah; let us make home the best we can. O, cried the noble creature, if no body was hurt but Tirlah, Tirlah, wouldn't be hurt at all.

Here, taking me under the arm, we walked slowly to the city, till coming to a hackney coach, he put me tenderly into it, and

sitting beside me, supported me, as I began to grow weak through much effusion of blood.

As soon as we got home, the coachman, as is their practise, thundered at the door, and my Matty, according to custom, whenever I was abroad, was the readiest of all our domestics to open.

By this time I had fainted, and was quite insensible; but when my tender and true mate saw me borne by two men into her presence, all pale and bloody, she, who thought she had fortitude to support the wreck of the world, gave a shriek that was enough to alarm the neighbourhood, and instantly falling backward, got a violent confusion in the hinder part of her head.

Immediately we were conveyed to separate beds, and all requisite help was provided. It was found that I had received six or seven flesh-wounds, but none of them proved dangerous, as they were given at a distance, and by pistol-shot. But, alas! my Matty's case was very different; she fell into sudden and premature labour, and having suffered extreme anguish all the night, during which she ceased not to inquire after me, she was with difficulty delivered of a male infant, which was suffocated in the birth.

In the mean while the good and tender-hearted old gentleman hurried about, incessantly, from one of us to the other, wringing his hands, and scarcely retaining his senses.

As soon as my wounds were dressed, and I had recovered my memory, I looked about, and hastily inquired for my wife; but they cautiously answered me, that she was something indisposed with the fright which she got at seeing me bloody, and that her father had insisted on her going to bed.

On the second dressing of my wounds, I was pronounced out of danger, and then they ventured to tell me of my Matty's miscarriage, and of the bruise which she had got in her fall when she fainted. On hearing this my heart was cleft, as it were, in twain; I accused myself of the murder of my wife and infant; and I accused all, without exception, of their indiscretion in not concealing my disaster from her.

At times I began to fear that my wife was either dead, or much worse than they represented. On my third dressing, therefore, I preremptorily insisted on my being carried to her chamber. I sent her notice of my visit, and, on entering the room, he lives then,

she cried, my husband, my Harry lives ! it is enough ; I shall die happy, I shall now depart in peace.

Here I ordered myself to be laid by her side, when taking her hand, which she had feebly reached out, and pressing it to my lips, you would forsake me then, my Matty ? you die, you say ; and you die happy, in leaving me the most wretched, the most desolate of men. You die, my love, you die ; and I, who would have fostered you and your babe with my vitals, have dug a grave for the one and for the other. But you must not forsake me, my Matty ; I will not be forsaken by you ; since we cannot live asunder, let us die, let us die together !

Here a passionate silence ensued on either part. But my wounds growing painful, and beginning to bleed afresh, I was obliged to be carried back to my own apartment.

Within a few days more, I was so well recovered as to be able to walk about ; from which time I was a constant attendant on my beloved, and became her most tender and assiduous nurse.

You must have heard, my cousin, that the customs and manners of those times were altogether the reverse of what they are at present. Hypocrisy is no longer a fault among men ; all now is avowed libertinism and open profaneness ; and children scoff at the name and profession of that religion which their fathers revered. On the contrary, in those days, all men were either real or pretended zealots ; every mechanic professed, like Aaron, to carry a Urim and Thummim about him ; and no man would engage in any business or bargain, though with an intent to over-reach his neighbour, without going apart, as he said, to consult the Lord.

My Matty, at the same time, was the holiest of all saints, without any parade of sanctification. Her's was a religion, of whose value she had the daily and hourly experience ; it was indeed a religion of power. It held her, as on a rock, in the midst of a turbulent and fluctuating world : it gave her a peace of spirit that smiled at provocation : it gave her comfort in affliction, patience in anguish, exaltation in humiliation, and triumph in death.

In about five weeks after her unhappy miscarriage, she appeared on the recovery, though by very slow degrees, and with assistance, at times, sat up in her bed ; when her oldest physician, one morn-

ing, called me apart, I am loth, sir, said he, very loth to acquaint you with my apprehensions. I wish I may be mistaken; but I fear greatly for you, I fear that your dear lady cannot recover. By the symptoms, I conjecture that an abscess, or imposthume, is forming within her; but a few days will ascertain matters either for us or against us.

Had all sorts of evil tidings come crowding one upon another, I should not have been affected as I then was affected. I could not rise from my seat to bid the doctor adieu. My knees trebled under me; a swimming came before my eyes; and a sudden sickness relaxed and reversed my whole frame. Alas, I had not at that time, the resource of my Matty; I had not on the armour with which she was armed to all issues and events. I, however, raised my thoughts to heaven, in a kind of helpless acquiescence rather than confident resignation. I struggled, not to appear weaker than became my manhood, and I said to myself, doctors have often been mistaken.

Having collected my strength and spirits the best I could, I ventured to enter my wife's apartment. She was just raised in her bed, from whence her pale and emaciated countenance looked forth, as the sun, towards his setting, looks through a sickly atmosphere, in confidence of his arising in the fulness of morning glory.

Having cautiously and dejectedly seated myself beside her, she reached out both her hands, and, pressing one of mine between them, I love you no longer, my Harry, she cried; I love you no longer. Your rival, at length, has conquered, I am the bride of another. And yet I love you in a measure, since in you I love all which is of him, or is his, and that I think is much, a great deal, indeed, of all that is lovely. O, my dear, my sweet, mine only enemy, as I may say! riches were nothing unto me, pleasures were nothing unto me, the world was nothing unto me! you, and you only, Harry, stood between me and my heaven, between me and my God. Long, and often, and vainly have I striven and struggled against you, but my bridegroom at length is become jealous of you; my true owner calls me from you, and takes me all to himself! be not alarmed then, my Harry, when I tell you that I must leave you. You will grieve for me, you will grieve

greatly for me, my beloved! but give way to the kindly shower that your Lord shed for his Lazarus, and let the tears of humanity alleviate and lighten the weight of your affliction. Ah, my Harry, I tremble for you; what a course you have to run!—what perils! what temptations!—Deliver him from them, my master, deliver him from them all! Again, what blissful prospects—they are gone, they are vanished! I sink, I die under the weight and length of succeeding misery! again it opens: all is cleared; and his end, like that of Job, is more blessed than his beginning. Ah, my Harry, my Harry, your heart must be wrung by many engines; it shall be tried in many fires; but I trust it is a golden heart, and will come forth with all its weight!

You have been dreaming, my love, I said, you have been dreaming; and the melancholy impression still lies heavily on your memory.

Yes, she replied, I have been dreaming indeed; but then my dreams are much more real than my waking visions. When all things sensible are shut out, it is then that the spirit enlarges, grows conscious of its own activity, its own power and prescience, and sees by a light whose evidence is beyond that of the sun.

O, my angel, I cried, should any thing happen to you—but I dare not look that way; for I know, I find, I feel that I could not survive you!

You must survive me, my Harry! nay, you will once more be married. I beheld your bride last night. Even now she stands before me, the sister of my spirit, and one of the loveliest compositions of sin and death that ever was framed for dissolution. Her, also you will lose, and you will think, nay, you will assure yourself, that no powers in heaven or earth can avail for a ray of comfort. In this life, however, you will finally, unexpectedly, and most wonderfully be blessed; and soon after, we shall all meet, and be more intimately, and more endearingly wedded than ever; where yet there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

While she yet spoke, her pains, as the pains of labour, again came upon her, and went off, and again returned, after intermitting swoonings.

O, my cousin, what a solemn, what a fearful thing is death! all our inlets of knowledge and sensation closed at once! the sound of cheer and the voice of friendship, and the comfort of light, shut

out from us for ever! nothing before us but a blackness and depth of oblivion; or, beyond it, a doubtful and alarming sensibility! strange scenes, and strange worlds, strange associates, and strange perceptions, perhaps of horrid realities, infinitely worse than non-entity! such are the brightest prospects of infidelity in death.

Where, at that time, are your scoffers, your defiers of futurity? where your merry companions, who turn their own eternity into matter of laugh and ridicule?—Dejected and aghast, their countenance wholly fallen, and their heart sunk within them, they all tremble, and wish to believe, in this the hour of dissolution. They feel their existence sapped and sinking from under them; and nature compels them, in the drowning of their souls, to cry out to something, to any thing, save, save, or I perish!

Far different was the state of my little and lowly Matty, my saint of saints, at that tremendous period! where all others would have sunk, there she soared aloft; and she dropped the world and its wealth, with her body, and all the sensible affections thereof, with the same satisfaction that a poor man, just come to a great estate, would drop his tattered garb to put on a gorgeous apparel.

O, my beloved! she would cry, in the midst of her pains, I have been weakly through life, I have been weakness itself, and therefore not able to take up thy cross; but be thou strong in my weakness, shew thy mightiness in me, and then lay it upon me with all its weight!

Again, after a swoon, and when her pangs became excessive, I refuse not thy process, my master, she cried! thy cross and thorny crown, they are all my ambition! point thy thorns, twist them harder, let them pierce into my soul; so thou suffer me not to fail or fall from thee, I care not!

Think, my cousin, what I endured upon that occasion; my rending heart shared her sufferings, and felt pang for pang. Nay, I was not far from murmuring and questioning with my God, on his putting to such tortures the most guiltless of his creatures. If the lambs of thy flock, I secretly said, if thy lambs are appointed to such excruciating sensations, what must be the portion of such sinners as I am?

When she drew near the goal of her blessed course upon earth, O my Almighty Sampson! she faintly cried, thou shakest the two pillars of my frail and sinful fabric; finish then thy conquest in me; down, down with the whole building appointed to ruin! let no one, O Lord, of mine enemies, or of thine enemies, escape thy victorious arm! but slay all those by my death, with whom I have been vainly combating during my life-time! so saying, her pains in an instant forsook her. The form of her countenance was suddenly changed from the expression of agony into that of ecstasy. She raised her hands on high, and exerting herself to follow them, she cried, I come, I come! then sighed and dropped over. The muscles of her face still retained the stamp of the last sentiment of her soul; and while the body hastened to be mingled with earth, it seemed to partake of that heaven to which its spirit had been exalted.

You may think it odd, dearest madam, that, for some time past, I have taken no note of the man to whom I was tied by every possible bond of duty, gratitude, and affection. The fact is, that, during the latter part of my wife's illness, and for some weeks after her death, Mr. Golding was confined to his chamber by a severe fit of the gout; and the acuteness of his pains scarce permitted him to attend to any other concern. While my Matty lived, therefore, I divided my time and assiduities as equally as I could between the daughter and father; and, at any intervals of ease, I used to read to him his favourite passages in the bible.

As soon as my saint had expired, I charged the servants not to give any intimation of her death to their master; but, alas! our silence and our looks were too sure indicators of the fatal tidings; for, from the highest to the least, my Matty had been the idol of the whole house, and her death appeared to them as the loss of every earthly possession.

Having looked, several times, intently and inquisitively in my face, well, Harry, says Mr. Golding, all is over then, I see; we must go to her, but my child shall no more return to us.—You are silent, My Harry.—O thou fell glutton, Death! I had but one morsel left for the whole of my sustenance, and that too thou hast devoured. Here he gave a deep groan, and sunk into a state of insensibility, from which, however, he was soon recovered by the return of an anguishing fit of the gout.

When I look back, my fair cousin, on the passages of my life; it is a matter of amazement to me, that a creature so frail, so feebly, and so delicately constituted as man, with nerves so apt to be racked, and a heart to be wrung with anguish, can possibly endure under the weights of calamity, that at times are laid upon him.

I had not yet dropped a tear. I was in a state of half stupid and half-flighty insensibility; as one who, having lost every thing, had nothing further to look for, and therefore nothing to regard. But when I saw my dear old man, my best friend, my father, whelmed under such a depth of affliction, all the sluices of my soul and inmost affections were laid open, and I broke into an avowed passion of tears and exclamations, till, like David, in his strife of love with Jonathan, I exceeded. I accused myself of all the evils that had happened to his house; and I devoted the day to darkness, and the night to desolation, wherein, by my presence and connections, I had brought those mischiefs upon him. The good man was greatly struck, and I think partly consoled by the excess of my sorrows; and, all desolate as he was, he attempted to administer that comfort to me which he himself wanted more than any who had life.

Break not your heart, my Harry, break not your heart, my child! he cried; deprive me not of the only consolation that is left me! you are now my only trust, my only stay upon earth. A wretched merchant I am, whose whole wealth is cast away, save thee, thou precious casket, thou only remnant of all my possessions! my girl, indeed, was thy true lover, the tenderest of all mates; her love to thee, my son, was passing the love of women; but we have lost her, we have lost her, and wailing is all the portion that is left us below.

As soon as the family heard the voice of our mourning, they too gave a loose to the impatience of their griefs, and all the house was filled with the sound of lamentation.

On the following day I summoned the chief medical artists, and got the precious remains of my angel embalmed. She was laid under a sumptuous canopy, with a silver coffin at her bed's foot, and, every night when the house was at rest, I stole secretly from my bed, and stretched myself beside her. I pressed her cold lips to mine; I clasped her corpse to my warm bosom, as though I ex-

pected to restore it to life by transfusing my soul into it. I spoke to her as when living; I reminded her of the several tender and endearing passages of our loves; and I reminded her also of the loss of our little ones, by whom we became essentially one, inseparably united in soul and body for ever.

There is surely, my cousin, a species of pleasure in grief, a kind of soothing and deep delight that arises with the tears which are pushed from the fountain of God in the soul, from the charities and sensibilities of the human heart divine.

True, true, my precious cousin, replied the countess, giving a fresh loose to her tears—O, Matilda, I would I were with thee!—true, my cousin, I say; even now I sink, I die, under the pleasure of your narration.

Upon the ninth night, continued Mr. Clinton, as I lay by the side of all that remained of my Matty, overtoiled and overwatched, I fell into a deep sleep. My mind, notwithstanding, at the time seemed more awake and more alive to objects than ever. In an instant she stood visibly and confessedly before me, I saw her clearer than at noon-day, by the light which she cast with profusion abroad. Every feature and former trace seemed heightened into a lustre, without a loss of the least similitude. She smiled ineffable sweetness and blessedness upon me: and stooping down, I felt her embrace about my heart and about my spirit; while, at the same time, I saw her bent in complacence before me. After a length of ecstatic pleasure, which I felt from her communion and infusion into my soul, my Harry, says she, grieve not for me? all the delights that your world could sum up in an age, would not amount to my bliss, no not for an hour; it is a weight of enjoyment that in an instant would crush to nothing the whole frame of your mortality. Grieve not then for me, my Harry, but resign my beggarly spoils to their beggarly parent; ashes to ashes, and dust to dust? In my inordinate fondness for you, I have at length obtained a promise, that my Master and your Master, my beloved and your lover, shall finally bear you triumphant through all the enemies that are set in fearful array against you. Having so said, I felt myself as it were composed within an engine of love; and again losing the remembrance of all that had passed, I sunk, as into a state of utter oblivion.

Toward the dawning, I was awaked by the clapping of hands and the cries of lamentation. Starting up, I perceived Mr.

Golding at the bedside, suspended over his Matty and me, and pouring forth his complaints.

There was a favoured domestic of his, a little old man, who had always kept a careful and inquisitive eye over every thing that was in or concerned our household. This Argus, it seems, at length suspected my nightly visits to the dead, and, lurking in a corner, saw me open and enter the chamber where the corpse was deposited. As he lay in his master's apartment, he took the first opportunity of his being awake to impart what he thought a matter of extraordinary intelligence to him. Sir, says he, if I am not greatly deceived, my young master is this moment in bed, with his dead lady. What is this you tell me? cried Mr. Golding. No, John, no, what you say is impossible. All who live, love that which is living alone; whatever savours of death, is detestable to all men. As I am here, replied John, I am almost assured that what I tell you is a fact. Peace, peace, you old fool, said Mr. Golding; think you that our Harry is more loving than father Abraham, and yet Abraham desired to bury his dead out of his sight. I know not how that may be, said trusty John, but, if you are able to stir, I will help you to go and see. I am sure the very thought of it melts the very heart within me. Accordingly Mr. Golding, like old Jacob, strengthened himself and arose, and, pained as he was, he came, with the help of his John, to the place where I lay.

Having for some time looked upon me, as I slept with his Matty fast folded in my arms; he could no longer contain his emotions, but he and John broke forth into tears and exclamations. O my children, my children, my dearest children, he cried, why did you exalt me to such a pitch of blessedness? was it only to cast me down into the deeper gulph of misery, a gulph that has neither bank nor bottom?

As I arose, all ashamed to be detected in that manner, the good man caught me in his arms. My Harry, my Harry, says he, what shall I pay you, my son, for your superabundant love to me and to mine? could my wretchedness give you bliss, I should almost think myself blessed in being wretched, my Harry.

I now prepared to execute the last command of my angel, and to consign to earth the little that was earthly in her. But when our domestics understood that all that was left of their loved Mistress

was now going to be taken away from them for ever, they broke into tears anew, and set no bounds to their lamentations.

Her desolate father was desirous of attending the funeral ; but on my knees, I dissuaded him from it, as I was assured it would burst in twain the already over-stretched thread of his age and infirmities. He then insisted on having the lid of the coffin removed ; and bending over, he cast his old body on the corpse : again he rose and gazed upon it ; and clapping his hands with a shout, *Is this my world, he cried, the whole of my possessions ? are you the one that was once my little prattling Matty, the play-fellow of my knees, the laughter-away of care, who brought cheer to my heart and warmth, to my bosom ? are you the one for whom, alone, I spent my nights in thought and my days in application ? is this all that is left, then, of my length of labours ? O my spark of life is quenched ! in thee, my Matty, my Matty, the flowing fountain of my existence is dried up for ever.*

There is something exceedingly solemn and affecting, my cousin, in the circumstances and apparatus of our funerals ; they are oppressive even to minds that are no way concerned or interested in the death of the party lamented. Though I grieved no more for my Matty, though I was as assured of her bliss as I was of my own being ; yet when the gloom of the procession was gathered around me ; when I heard the wailing of the many families whom her charity had sustained ; when I heard the bitter sobbings of the servants, whom her sweetness had so endearingly attached to her person ; when all joined to bewail themselves as lost in her loss ; my heart died, as it were, within me, and I should have been suffocated on the spot had I not given instant way to the swell of my sorrows.

The tempest of the soul, madam, like that of the elements, can endure but for a season. The passion of Mr. Golding, on the interment of every joy and of every hope that he could look for upon earth, within a few weeks subsided, or rather sunk into a solid but sullen peace ; a kind of peace that seemed to say, there is nothing in this universe that can disturb me.

Harry, said he, one evening, I have been thinking of the vision that I have had. Vision, sir, said I, has my Matty then appeared to you ? Yes, he answered, she was the principal part of the vision

that I have had. Vision, sir, said I, has my Matty then appeared to you? Yes, he answered, she was the principal part of the vision for these twenty years past. The vision that I mean, my Harry, is the dream of a very long and laborious life. Here have I, by the toil of fifty years' application, scraped together and accumulated as much as, in these times, would set kings at contention, and be accounted a worthy cause for spilling the blood of thousands; and yet what are these things to me, or of what value in themselves more than the stones and rubbish that make our pavement before the door? I have been hungering and thirsting after the goods of this world, I have acquired all that it could give me, and now my soul, like a sick stomach, disgorges the whole. I then took one of his hands, and pressing it tenderly between mine, O, my father! I cried, my dear, dear father, O, that I might be made sons and daughters, and every sort of kindred to you! all that I am and have, should gladly be spent in bringing any kind of comfort to you, my father!

In about a fortnight after, as I entered his apartment to bid him good-morrow, I observed that his countenance had much altered from what it was the evening before, that he looked deeply dejected, and seemed to breathe with difficulty.

Are not you well, sir? No, says he, my spirits are greatly oppressed. I find that I must leave you shortly; I believe that I must go suddenly, but where to? That is the question, the very terrible question, the very question of any importance, in heaven or on earth. Sure, sir, said I that can be no question to you, whose whole life has been a continual course of righteousness, of daily worship to God, and good-will to all men. If you have any sins to account for, they must be covered tenfold by the multitude of your charities.

Talk not, Harry, said he, of the filthy rags of my own righteousness. I am far from the confidence of the boastful Pharisee; alas, I have not even that of the poor and humble publican, for I dare not look up to say, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" wherefore then do you speak of having finished my course toward God and toward man? It is but lately, very lately that I set out upon it, and I am cut short before I have got within sight of the goal. Yes, Harry, I fear, I know, I feel, that there is no salvation for me.

You amaze me, sir, said I, you terrify me to death. If there is no salvation for such as you, what a depth of perdition opens for the rest of mankind?

I would you could convince me, he cried. I want to be comforted; I desire comfort, any kind of consolation: but I feel my condemnation within myself. Moreover, I see every text of the gospel of the words of life terribly marshalled and set in broad array against me. What text, sir? said I; I am sure I know of no texts that bring terror or condemnation to the just. Ah, Harry, he replied, justice is of the law and the circumcision, and has nothing to do with the new covenant or the new man. For what says the great Apostle? "Circumcision availeth nothing, neither uncircumcision, but a new creature." For Christ himself has said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Again the same Apostle saith, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man:" and again, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you." Now, if all these corresponding expressions of being "born again, a new creature, a new man, an inward man, Christ formed in us," &c. are to be glossed and explained away, as meaning little more than a state of moral sentiments and moral behaviour, there can be nothing of real import in the gospel of Christ.

Again, hear what the Redeemer saith: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Again, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." Again, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

If these things, I cried, are to be taken according to the apparent sense and import of the letter, neither the teachers of the gospel, nor those who are taught, can be saved.

Therefore, replied he, it is said, that "Many be called, but few chosen." And again, "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." O my Harry, my Harry, our lives have been employed in seeking and "loving of the world, and the things of the

“world, therefore the love of the Father could not be in us.” O that I had never been born! O thou God, whose tribunal, at this hour, is set up so tremendously against me, at length I feel the propriety of thy precepts, in rejecting the world and all that is therein; for what can they yield, save a little food and raiment to bodily corruption, or incitements to that pride, which cast Lucifer into a gulph, that now opens before me without a bottom!

As I trembled and had nothing to answer, I proposed to bring some of our clergy to him. No, Harry, no, says he, I will have none of their wordly comforts; I will not cast my soul upon bladdered expectations. Can they persuade me that I am one of the few that are chosen? Can they tell me wherein I have striven to enter at the strait gate, wherein many shall seek to enter but shall not be able?

Here he sunk into a fit of agonizing desperation, so that a cold dew broke forth from all parts of his body, and fell, drop after drop, down his ghastly and fearful countenance. Never, madam, never did I feel such a kind of anguishing horror as I then felt; I was affrighted and all frozen to my inmost soul. Haste, my dear sir, exclaimed lady Maitland, make haste through this part of your narration, I beseech you! I also feel for myself, I am terrified to the last degree.

At length, continued Mr. Clinton, I recollected myself a little. My master, I cried, my father, my dearest father, since you will not take comfort in your own righteousness, take comfort in that of him who was made righteousness for you. Do you not now reject the world? do you not now deny yourself: I do, I do, he said; I detest the one and the other. And do you not feel that you are wholly a compound of sin and death? Ay, he cried, there is the weight, there is the mountain under which I sink for ever. Come then to Christ, my father, heavy laden as you are, and he will, questionless, embrace you, and be rest to you, my father! I would come, Harry, he cried, but I dare not, I am not able. Strive, my father; do but turn to him, and he will more than meet you. Cry out, with sinking Peter, “Save, Lord, or I perish!” and he will catch you with the hand of his ever-ready salvation.

Here his countenance began to settle into an earnest composure, and his eyes were turned and fixed upward; while his old and enfeebled body continued to labour under the symptoms of near dissolution. At length he started, and seizing my hand with a dying pressure, there is comfort, Harry, there is comfort! he cried, and expired.

I was now cast, once more, upon a strange and friendless world. All the interests of my heart were buried with this family; and I seemed to myself, as without kindred or connections in the midst of mankind. Your dear mamma, indeed, sometimes called to condole with me, and water my losses with her tears; and in her, and you, my cousin, young as you then were, was locked up and centred the whole stock that I had left of endearing sensations.

As the scenes of my former happiness served daily and nightly to render me more wretched by a sad recollection, I determined to quit my house and to take private lodgings. For this purpose, I summoned Mr. Golding's domestics; and, as he had made no will, I first paid them their wages, and then gave them such pretended legacies as brought their tears and their blessings in a shower upon me.

As soon as I had discharged all, except the two favourite servants of my master and my Matty, I desired that John, our little old man, should be sent to me.

John, said I, as he entered, here is a bill for five hundred pounds, which our good old master has left you, in token of his acknowledgment of your true and loving services, and to help, with what you have saved, to soften and make easy the bed of death in your old age. Do you mean to part with me, sir? said John, seemingly thankless and unconcerned about the gift which I had offered him. Indeed, John, said I, in my present state of dejection, attendance of any kind would but be an incumbrance to me. Then, sir, you may keep your bounty to yourself, for I shall break my heart before five-and-twenty hours are over. Nay, John, said I, I am far from turning you from me; stay with me as my friend and welcome, but not as my servant; and I shall see the comfort of old times in always seeing you about me. Thank you, thank you, sir, he cried, I will not disturb you with my tears; but I should die unblessed, if I died out of your presence! so saying, he rushed from me in a fit of restrained passion.

I then sent for my wife's maid, whom I formerly mentioned. She had just heard of my discharging the other servants, and entered with a sad and alarmed countenance. Come near, Susan, I am going to part with you, said I; come to me and give me a farewell kiss. She approached with downcast looks, when, taking her in my arms I pressed and kissed her repeatedly, and scarce withheld my tears. O, my girl, my Matty's precious girl, I cried, I am not forgetful of your love, your honour, and your disinterestedness toward us. Here, my Susy, your darling mistress presents you with this bill of a thousand pounds, and, if you chuse, I will give you cash for it within a quarter of an hour. This, however, does not discharge me from my regard and attention to you. You are of a helpless sex, my Susy, that is subject to many impositions and calamities; wherefore, when this sum shall fail you, come to me again, come to me as to your friend, as to your debtor, Susy, and I will repeat my remembrance, and repeat it again, as you may happen to have occasion; for, while I have sixpence left, the favourite friend of my Matty shall not want her proportion.

Here the grateful and amazed creature, threw herself on the floor. She cried aloud, while the family heard and echoed to her lamentations. She clasped my knees, she kissed my feet again and again. I could not disengage myself; I could not force her from me. O, my master, she cried, my all that is left to me of my adored, my angelic mistress! must I then be torn from you? must you live without the service of the hands and heart of your Susy? But I understand your regard and care for me, my master! it is a cruel and naughty world, and must be complied with.

Here I compelled her to rise, and kissing her again, I turned hastily to the chamber where my Matty's corpse had been laid; and bolting the door, and casting myself on the bed, I broke into tears, and at length wept myself to sleep.

While I was preparing to leave the once-loved mansion, I found in Mr. Golding's cabinet, a parchment that much surprised me. On my marriage, he had proposed to make a settlement of his fortune upon me, which, however, I obstinately refused to accept; whereupon, without my privity, he got this deed perfected, which contained an absolute conveyance to me of all his worldly effects and possessions; and this again renewed in me the tender and en-

dearing remembrance of each of those kindnesses and benefits which he had formerly conferred upon me.

I now found myself in possession of near a million of money, which, however, in my disposition of mind at the time, appeared no worthier than so much lumber in a waste room. And I know not how it was, that through the subsequent course of my life, although I was by no means of an economical turn, though I never sued for a debt, nor gave a denial to the servants of those who asked, nor turned from him that desired to borrow of me, yet un-coveted wealth came pouring in upon me. It was not without some sighs and a plentiful shower, that I departed from the seat of all my past enjoyments. I took lodgings within a few doors of your father; and my little household consisted of my favourite Irishman, my little old man, two footmen, and an elderly woman who used daily to dress a plain dish of meat for us.

It was then, my fairest cousin, that your opening graces and early attractions drew me daily to your house; my heart was smoothed and my griefs cheered by the sweetness of your prattle; and I was melted down and minted anew, as it were, by the unaffected warmth and innocence of your caresses.

As I had no faith in dreams, not even in that of my Matty, I thought it impossible that I should ever marry again. I therefore resolved, in my own mind, to make you my heiress, and to endow you in marriage with the best part of my fortune. But you are a little pale, madam, you look dejected and fatigued. If you please, I will suspend my narration for the present; and in the morning, if you chuse it, as early as you will, I shall renew and proceed in my insignificant history. Here he pressed her hand to his lips. She withdrew with a tearful eye, and a heaving heart; and, the next day, he resumed his narration, as followeth.



 CHAPTER XV.

Old John on his death-bed—Singular mode of leaving property—Story of Eleanor Damer—Meeting of James with his father—The arrival of Mr. Clement and his pupil—Some account of their journey—Harry's visit at Lord Mansfield's—Smart Repartee—Mr. Clement and his pupil returns home—Some account of Mr. Sink—His luxury—Our right to defend our own—The laws of Egypt and Holland—The King's right to arrest in execution—Exorbitant demands of keeper's of prisons—Harry relates the particulars of their journey—Meets with Mr. Vindex in the Fleet—Mr. Vindex relates the cause of his misfortune—Harry relieves him—Story of Mr. Stern—Henry visits Mr. and Mrs. Ruth—His further generosity—Mr. and Mrs. Ruth's story.

THOUGH you, my cousin, at that time, were a great consolation to me, and a sweet lightener of my afflictions, yet the griefs of heart which I had suffered were not without their effect: at length they fell on my constitution, and affected my nerves, or spirits; I think our doctors pretty much confound the one with the other. Accordingly, I was advised to travel for change of air and exercise; and I was preparing for my journey, when there happened in my family the most extraordinary instance of an ever-watchful providence that occurs to my memory.

My little old man John, began to decline apace, and at length took to his bed; and, having a tender friendship for him, I went to sit beside him, and to comfort him the best I could. John, said I, are you afraid to die? No, sir, not at all, not in the least: I long to be dissolved and to be with our loving Lord. Indeed, John, said I, I am inclined to think that you have been a very good liver. A dog, sir, a mere dog, desperately wicked, the vilest of sinners! I am a murderer too, my master, there's blood upon my head. Blood! said I, and started. Yes, sir, replied John; but then the blood that was shed for me is stronger and more precious than the blood that was shed by me. Blood, however, John is a very terrible thing; are you not afraid to appear before the judgment seat of Christ? By no means, my dear master; I have long since laid

the burden of my sins before him, for I had nothing else to bring to him, nothing else to offer him; and he has accepted them and me, and my conscience is at rest in him. Then, John, there may be yet room for hope. There is assurance, my master; for I have laid hold upon the rock, and cannot be shaken.

But how do you intend to dispose of your worldly substance? all that I have, sir, I got with you and my old master; and where I found it, even there I resolve to leave it. Indeed, John, I will not finger a penny of your money. How much may it amount to? Eight hundred and thirty-seven pounds, sir, or thereabout. And have you no relations of your own? not one living that I know of. Then think of some one else, for no part of it shall lie on my conscience, I assure you.

I have read, somewhere or other, sir, of a great king who was advised of God, in a dream, to take the very first man, whom he should meet the next morning, to be his partner in the government. Now, if it pleases you, my master, I will follow the like counsel; and whosoever shall be the first found before our door, let that person be the owner and inheritor of my substance. It shall be even as you say; I will go and see whom God shall be pleased to send to us.

Accordingly I went and opened our door, when a woman, who had nearly passed, turned about at the noise, and perceiving me, came up and said, a little charity, sir, for the sake of him who had not where to lay his head!

I was strongly affected by the manner in which she addressed me, and, eyeing her attentively, I observed that she was clean, though meanly apparelled; wherefore, to make a further trial whether our adventure was likely to prove prosperous or not, I slipt a guinea into her hand, and desired her to go about her business. Accordingly she curtsied and went from me a few steps, when looking into her hand, she turned suddenly back; sir, sir, says she, here had like to have been a sad mistake; you meant to give me a shilling, and you have given me a whole guinea. It was, says I, a very great mistake, indeed; but, be pleased to come in, and we will try to rectify our errors.

Here I took her into the chamber where John lay, and, having constrained her to sit down, I put my hand in my pocket. Here,

good woman, said I, here are ten guineas for you, to make you some amends for the mistake I was guilty of in giving you but one. The poor creature could scarcely credit her senses, but, raising her eyes in an ecstasy, and dropping from the chair upon her knees, she was proceeding to bless me, but I peremptorily insisted on her retaking her seat. Mistress, said I, be pleased to stay your prayers for the present, what I want from you is the story of your life: tell me who and what you are, without suppressing any circumstance, or concealing the faults of which you have been guilty, and I will make you the mistress of twenty guineas, that shall be added to what you have already received.

Sir, said she, you frighten me, my story is a very unhappy and very foolish story, and cannot be of the smallest consequence to you. Sure you are too much of the gentleman to desire to ensnare me; and, I know not of any thing whereby I may be ensnared. Wherefore, bountiful sir, unto you, as unto heaven, I will open my whole soul, without seeking to know why you look into the concerns of such a worm as I am.

I am the daughter of a farmer in Essex; my maiden name was Eleanor Damer. I was married, early in life, to a man who kept a chandler's shop in a little lane that led to Tower Hill; his name was Barnaby Tirrel. Barnaby Tirrel! exclaimed John, are you very sure that his name was Barnaby Tirrel? Peace, John, I cried; whatever you may know of this man, or of any other matter, I command you not to interrupt the woman till she has finished her story.—She then continued: I had neither brother nor sister, sir, but one brother, a twin-brother; and we loved one another, as though there was no body else in the world to be loved.

About three years before my marriage, my brother Tommy, then a sweet pretty lad, took to a sea-faring life, and went from me, I know not where, upon a voyage that I was told was a great way off; and so I cried, day and night, as many tears after him as would have served me to swim in.

My husband was very fond of me, and when he used to see me cry, while he spoke of my Tommy, he would kiss me and try to comfort me, and say, that he wished for nothing more than his return to Old England, that he might welcome him and love him as much as I did.

One night, on the ninth month of my marriage, as I sat moping and alone, my husband being abroad upon some business, I heard a knocking at the door, which was opened by our little servant girl. And then, before you could say this, in leaped my brother, and caught me fast in his dear arms.

I gave a great shout for joy, you may be sure : and pushing my Tommy from me, and pulling him to me again, and again, we embraced, and cried, and kissed, and embraced and kissed again, as though we could never be tired.

In the mean while, the door being open, my cruel Barnaby entered, unperceived by either of us, and seeing a strange man so fond and so familiar with me, he opened a long clasped-knife which he had in his pocket, and rushing up, he gave my darling brother three stabs in the body, before he could speak a word, or turn about to defend himself. Then, casting down the knife, in a minute he was out of the house, and I never saw him more.

For a time, I stood like a stone, and then giving a great shriek, I fainted and fell on my brother as he lay weltering in blood.

Our little Mary, in the while, being frightened almost to death, ran out like a wild thing, and alarmed the street. Our neighbours crowded in, and sent for the next surgeon. My brother's wounds were probed and dressed, and he was laid in our spare bed.

Mean-time being forward with child, I fell into strong and untimely labour, and after very grievous travail, was delivered of a boy, who was christened and called James, after my dear and lately deceased father.

No pains of my own, however, kept me from inquiring after the dear and lamented brother who had been killed, as I supposed, for his love to me. But his youth and natural strength carried him through all dangers. In three months he was up and about, as well as ever ; and, in less than three more, he set out on another voyage, from whence he never, never, O never returned !

Before he went abroad, my dear and sweet fellow had left me a note of hand for the receipt of his wages. But in five years after, I heard that he was cast away or killed by the Barbary people : and, though I went and went again, in the middle of my wants, and in the middle of my sorrows, to ask and to petition for his pay from

the Admiralty, I never could get an answer of any profit or any comfort.

My little Jemmy, however, grew and throve, and prated apace, and was my only prop under all my afflictions. My husband indeed, had left me in pretty circumstances; and had he but stayed with me, we should have prospered above our fellows. But what can a woman do, single, weak, and unprotected? I was imposed upon by some, by others I was refused payment for the goods that I had given, and at length I was reduced to poverty, and obliged to shut up shop.

Mean-time I had spared no cost on the bringing up of my Jemmy. I had given him school learning, and he now was grown a very towardsly and clever boy: and, having taken to messages, my sweet fellow every night, used to bring to me whatever he had earned in the day-time.

In the loss of my husband and brother, in the loss of my Barnaby, and in the loss of my Tommy, to be sure I had grief upon grief; so that my health went from me, and next my strength went from me, and I was not able to work at the washing-business as before. But this didn't signify much, while my child had his health; for he had now got a porter's place in the custom-house, and, young as he was, he willingly carried heavy burdens to have the pleasure of bringing home his hard earnings to his mammy. But about six weeks ago, may it please your honour, my dear boy fell ill of a quartan ague, as they call it, under which he, and his mother's heart, still continue to labour.

As soon as she had ended her short narrative, Well, John, said I, methinks this business will do; in my opinion you have got a very worthy inheritor of your fortune: what say you to it, John? First, sir, let me ask her a question or two, if you please. Honest woman, draw your chair a little nearer to me, I pray you: and now tell me the truth; did you ever love your husband? Yes, dearly, indeed, very dearly did I love him; for he had loved me very dearly, till that miserable night. But when, as I thought, he had killed my brother, I hated him as much as I ever loved him before. But then again, when my Tommy had recovered of his wounds, I sent far and near to inquire after him and find him out; and when I could learn no tidings of him, I put it into all the printed papers,

that Thomas Damer was well recovered, and that Barnaby Tirrel, who had wounded him, might return, without danger, to his wife and infant.

And he is returned, shouted John, he is returned, my Nelly!— your barbarous and bloody husband; who stabbed your brother, and left you and your infant to famish, he is returned to you, my Nelly! and, in his death, he shall make you amends for all the sufferings which he brought upon you, during his lifetime! but, my master, my dearest master, send immediately for my child, my Jemmy, I beseech you, that, bad as I am myself, I may give him a father's blessing before I die.

I was surprised and affected, madam, beyond expression, by incidents that were at once so wonderful and so tender; and I directly sent servants and a sedan chair for James, with orders to have him carefully and warmly wrapt up; for what his mother told me of him had already given me a very strong prejudice in his favour.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Tirrel had sunk on her knees by her husband's bed-side, and was plentifully pouring forth her tears upon him; partly for joy of having found him, and partly for grief of having found him in that condition.

O my Nelly, my Nelly, cried Barnaby, had I known who the person was whose blood I drew that terrible night, I would sooner have thrust my knife into my own heart, than into any part of the body of that dear brother of yours. But I was old and ugly, you know: and you were young and handsome; and jealousy is a mad devil, that rages in the breast like hell-fire; it never knew how to spare, but tears and consumes every thing that comes within its reach.

At length James was brought to us; and, as we were in his father's apartments, a chamber no way adorned, James entered without any respect to persons. He was a tall and comely youth, but very pale and lean; and, as it was one of his well days, he walked in without help. He had barely been told that his mother sent for him in a hurry, so that he entered with a visible alarm in his countenance.

What is the matter, my dear mother? says he; alas, I am little able to help you at present. I hope nothing has happened that is suddenly distressful. Nothing amiss, my child, more than that

your dear father, for whom I have sought and been sighing this many a year, your father lies dangerously ill in this very bed my *Jemmy*. Am I then so blessed, cried the boy, as to see and embrace a father? O my child, exclaimed the old man, and eagerly stretched his arms toward him, come to my bosom, thou only offspring of my bowels; I may now say, with blessed *Jacob*, let me die, let me die, since I have seen thy face, and thou art alive, my son!

I would at any time give a thousand pounds, my cousin, for a tenth of the enjoyment that I then had, in the feelings which God poured into the hearts of this little family, on their so very unexpected and marvellous a meeting. It appeared to me, however, that young *James* even exceeded his parents in love; and this gave me such a cordial attachment to him, that from that hour to this we have never been sundered. He never failed nor forsook me; and, at this very day, he is my respected friend, and the superintendant of my family.

John, otherwise *Barnaby*, continued to linger, for about a fortnight longer, and then departed quite happy, and without a groan. During the same space, also, *James* was daily attended by my own physician, and was nearly re-established in his health.

Being then intent on my departure, I sent for *Mrs. Tirrel*. *Mrs. Tirrel*, says I, I should be much inclined to take your *James* along with me, if I did not think you would grieve over-much in his absence. No, no, sir, said she, I would to heaven I were, myself, a young man for your sake. I desire no better either of him or for him, than that he should live and die faithfully and lovingly in your service. When *Mr. Clinton* came to this part of the story, a messenger entered in fearful haste, and delivered a letter to lady *Maitland*. As soon as she had run it over, my dearest sir, she cried, I must leave you this instant. I lately made you an offer of an hundred thousand pounds; and now I know not that I have so many shillings upon earth. I am here informed, that the trustee of all my affairs has absconded and made his escape to France; but I must hurry to town, and inquire after this business. So saying, she curtsyed, and suddenly withdrew, without giving her cousin time to make a tender of his services. The next morning, *Mr. Clinton* ordered his chariot to the door, and hastened to attend her ladyship at her house in London; but there he was

told, that she had set out for Dover about an hour before ; and he returned, much dejected and grieved on her account.

In about three weeks after, Mr. Clement, with his young pupil, came home, quite lightened of the money they had taken abroad. Mr. Fenton, for so we shall call him again, gave Clement a friendly embrace, and took Harry to his caresses as though he had returned from a long and dangerous voyage.

Well Clement, said Mr. Fenton, what account have you to give us of your expedition? an account, that would be extremely displeasing to any man living except yourself; in short, our young gentleman here, has plunged you above a thousand pounds in debt, over the large sums that we carried with us. I hope the objects were worthy, said Mr. Fenton. Wonderfully worthy, indeed, sir; I never saw such tender and affecting scenes. Then I shall be overpaid and enriched by the narration.

Here, Harry inquired impatiently for Mrs. Clement and his friend Ned; and being told that they were on a visit to the widow Neighbourly, he took a hasty leave for the present, and away he flew to embrace them.

As soon as he was gone, sir, said Mr. Clement, I cannot think that there is, in the world, such another boy as your's. I will leave to himself the detail of our adventures in the several prisons; they had such an effect on his heart, that they cannot but have made a deep impression on his memory; so I shall only tell you of what happened in our way to London. As we were chatting and walking leisurely along the road, a poor man before us happened to drop in a fit of the falling-sickness. When Harry saw the writhings and convulsions in which he lay, he turned pale, and looked vastly frightened; and, seizing me under the arm, he cried, come, come away! and hurried me off as fast as he could. But he had not gone far, till his pace began to abate, and stopping, and hesitating, let us turn, let us turn, Mr. Clement, he cried, let us go back again and help the poor man! we then returned hastily, and raising his head, we kept him from bruising it against the ground. I then forced open his clenched hands, and having chaffed the palms awhile, he began to recover, and soon came to himself. Meanwhile Harry's fright was yet not quite over. He seemed willing to get away from the object of his terror, and, putting his hand in his

pocket, and giving him all the silver he had, he wished him better health, and away we went.

We had not got above half a mile further, when I saw a little girl, in a field on the right hand, endeavouring to drive a cow through a small gate into the road, in order to be milked, as I suppose, by her mother; but the cow kicked up her heels, and proved wanton and refractory, and ran hither and thither, and would not be guided. The poor child then set up a cry of as bitter distress, as if all that was valuable in the world was going to ruin. Harry gave a ready ear to the sound of lamentation, and seeing the plight that the poor thing was in, he suddenly crossed the road, above ankle deep in dirt, and, leaping the ditch, he proved nimbler than the cow, and, driving her through the pass, he turned her into the way that the child would have her go.

That morning, indeed, was to Harry a morning of petty adventures. By the time that we approached the suburbs, we had nearly overtaken a grown girl, who carried a basket of eggs on her head. A great lubberly boy, just then, passed us by at a smart pace, and, tripping up to the girl, gave the basket a tip with his hand, and dashed all the eggs into mash, against a stony part of the road, and, again taking to his heels, ran on as before. Immediately Harry's indignation was kindled, and setting out at top speed, he soon overtook him, and gave him several smart strokes, with his little cane, across the shoulders. The fellow then turned upon Harry, and gave him a furious blow with his fist over the head, while I hastened to his relief, as I perceived that the other was quite an overmatch for him. But, before I arrived, our hero had put a quick end to the combat; for springing from the ground, he darted his head full into the nose and mouth of his adversary, who instantly roared out, and, seeing his own blood come pouring down, he once more took to flight, while Harry continued to press upon him, and laboured him at pleasure, till he judged that he had beaten him to the full value of the eggs.

Meanwhile the poor girl, wholly unmindful of what passed, remained wailing and wringing her hands over the wreck of her merchandise. The voice of a Syren could not so powerfully have attracted and recalled Harry from the length he had gone; he returned with speed to her, and I followed. My poor girl, says he,

where were you going with those eggs? to market, master, says she. And what did you expect to get for them? about five shillings, sir; and I had promised my daddy and mammy to lay it out in shoes and stockings for my little brothers and sisters; and so I must now bear all the blame of the poor things going barefoot. Here she again set up her wailings, and her tears poured down afresh.

Harry then desired me to lend him ten shillings; and turning to the mourner, hold out your two hands, my poor girl, he cried: then putting her five shillings into each hand, here is the payment for the eggs, said he; and here are five shilling more, though I fear it is too little, to pay you for all the tears they cost you.

Never did I see so sudden, so great a change in any countenance. Surprise, gratitude, ecstasy, flashed from her eyes, and gave a joyous flush to the muscling of her aspect. She hurried her money into her bosom, and dropping on her knees in the dirt, and seizing hold of Harry's hand, she squeezed and kissed it repeatedly, without being able to utter a word; while Harry's eye began to fill, and, endeavouring to disengage himself, he made off as fast as he could, from such thanks as he thought he had no way deserved.

This, sir, was the last of our adventures going to London: but had you seen us, on our return about two hours ago, you would have wondered at the niry plight into which we were put, by helping passengers up with their bundles, that had tumbled into the dirt; or by assisting to raise cattle that had fallen under their carriages; for master Harry would compel me to be as busy and active in matters of charity as himself. However, sir, I am to tell you, that Harry, with all his excellencies of person, heart, and understanding, will be accounted a mere idiot among people of distinction, if he is not permitted to enter into some of the fashionable foibles, and fashionable vices of the age.

We were taking a walk in the Mall, when we were met by the earl of Mansfield, who expressed great joy at seeing his old acquaintance, as he called him; and he pressed us so earnestly to dinner, that we could not, in manners, refuse him. There was a vast concourse of company, especially of the little quality of both sexes, who came to pay their respects to young lord Bottom and his sister the lady Louisa.

Harry was received and saluted by lady Mansfield and the young lord, without any appearance of the old animosity. Some time after dinner, a large packet of letters was brought in to the earl, and, making his excuse to Harry alone, he rose from the table, and retired to his closet.

Lord Bottom and his sister then led the young males and females to an adjoining apartment, where several card-tables were laid; and I began to tremble for the credit of my pupil on the occasion, as I knew him to be a novice in such matters. In the mean-time, the remaining ladies and gentlemen divided into two or three parties at ombre; and I sauntered about the room, admiring the prints of the Ariadne and the Aurora that were taken from Guido, as also some capital paintings that the earl had brought from Italy.

I had spent above an hour in this pleasing amusement, and had nearly made the tour of the whole dining-room; when, as I stood at a little distance behind my lady's chair, seeming inattentive to any thing that passed, lord Bottom entered on tiptoe, and, tripping up to his mother, and tittering and whispering in her ear, what do you think, mamma, said he? sure master Fenton is a fool, a downright fool, upon my honour! he does not know a single card in the whole pack; he does not know the difference between the ace of hearts, and the nine of clubs. I do not think either that he knows any thing of the difference or value of coin; for, as we passed through the hall to-day, a beggar asked for a half-penny, and I saw him slip a shilling into his hand. Indeed, mamma, he is the greatest fool that ever I knew; and yet, poor fellow, he does not seem to know any thing of the matter himself.

During this oration of lord Bottom on the virtues of his new friend, I felt my whole body glow and tingle with concern; and soon after, Harry entered with the rest of the small quality. Master Fenton, cries my lady, I beg to speak with you; don't you know the cards, my dear? No, indeed, madam. Can't you play at dice? No, madam. Can you play at draughts, polish, or chess? Not at all, madam. Why then, my dear, I must tell you, that all your father's fortune will never introduce you among people of any breeding or of any fashion. Can you play at no kind of game, master Harry? A little at fox and geese, Madam. And pray, my dear,

said my lady, smiling, which of the parties do you espouse? the part of the geese, madam. I thought as much, pertly, cried out my lord Bottom; whereupon a loud laugh was echoed through the room.

Here my lady chid the company, and calling Harry to her again, for he had gone something aloof, Tell me, I pray you, said she, why you espouse the part of the geese? because, Madam, I always wish that simplicity should get the better of fraud and cunning.

The countess here looked astonished; and having gazed a while at him, and caught, and kissed him eagerly, you are a noble fellow, she cried, and all must be fools or mad that ever shall take you for the one or the other.

The elder gentry here laid their cards aside, and desired the young ones to set about some play. Lady Lonisa proposed draw-gloves, or questions and commands, and to it they went.

Among the females was one Miss Uppish, sole heiress to a vast fortune. Though her person was deformed, her face was the picture of confident disdain; and scarce any one could speak to her, or look at her, without being told of the contempt she had for them, by the side glance of her eye, the writhing of her neck, and tossing up of her head.

In the course of the play, our Harry was commanded to put the candle into the hand of Miss Uppish, and then to kiss the candlestick; which command he obeyed literally, by giving her the candle, and kissing the candlestick which he held in his own hand.

Hereupon a great shout was set up in the young assembly; and, O the fool, the senseless creature; the fool, the fool, the fool! was repeated throughout; while lord Bottom laughed, and danced about in the impatience of his joy.

I was amazed that Harry's countenance seemed no way disconcerted by all this ridicule. At length lady Mansfield called him to her. How, my dear, could you be guilty of such an error, she said; did not you know, that, when you gave the candle into the hand of the young lady, she became the candlestick, and it was her you should have kissed? Harry then approached to her ladyship's ear, and, in a pretty loud whisper, said, I did not like the metal, madam, that the candlestick was made of. Again lady

EARL OF MORELAND



*Harry relieving the Prisoners at the
Kings bench.*



Mansfield looked surprised, and said, you are a sly rogue, a very sly rogue, upon my honour; and have sense enough to dupe the wisest of us all.

Jemmy Bottom, cried my lady aloud, come here! I can't but tell you, Jemmy, that you have behaved yourself extremely ill to your young friend here, who might have improved you by his example as much as he has honoured you by his visit. I must further tell you, Jemmy Bottom, that, whenever you pique yourself on degrading master Fenton, you only pride in your own abasement, and glory in your shame. Hereupon I got up, and leaving our compliments for the earl, I carried off my young charge, for fear of our falling into any further disgrace.

While Harry is abroad, said Mr. Fenton, be pleased to give me a general sketch of the manner in which you disposed of your money. In the first place, sir, answered Clement, you will find, by this list, that, for little more than five hundred pounds allotted, we released ninety-five prisoners, whose debts amounted from forty shillings to about twelve pounds per man. These, in the general, had been journeymen tailors or weavers, or professors of other inferior crafts; and, as they wanted means or encouragement for exercising their respective occupations in goal, they subsisted on the pence which they got by begging at the grates, or on their dividends of occasional sums which were sent for their relief by charitable individuals. Nearly all of them were thin in flesh, and extremely shabby in cloathing; and yet they could hardly be said to excite compassion, as they appeared so cheerful and unfeeling of their own wretchedness. Neither was there one of them, that I could learn a single circumstance of, whose story was worth reciting.

Some, however, were of a quality much superior to this class. Among others there was a French marquis and a German prince; the prince had been put under arrest by his caterer, and the marquis by his tailor; so that something less than fifty pounds set them both at liberty.

While the keeper of the Fleet Prison was making out a list, for us, of the principal debtors, Harry and I took a turn about the court, and observed two fellows, in liveries, bearing several smoaking covers, up the stone-stairs to a front dining-room. This surprised me, and gave me the curiosity to inquire what prisoner it

could be who lived in so expensive and superb a manner. Sir, said the underkeeper, there are few men now at liberty, near so wealthy as this gentleman, who has done us the honour to set up his staff of rest in our house. His name is Sink. He is an attorney, an old bachelor, turned of sixty years of age. He is in for several sums, amounting to upward of nine thousand pounds, and he is reputed to be worth above double that money.

During the last twenty years, he behaved himself with the strictest probity toward all men, and with the strictest appearance of piety toward God. In the dark, in frost and snow, and all inclemencies of weather, he never missed attending morning service at church. He was equally solicitous to be at evening prayer; and, whatever company he chanced to have with him, or how important soever the business in which he was engaged, the moment he heard the bell ring, he would huddle up his papers and break away without ceremony. He was eager in his inquiries to know where the next sacrament was soonest to be administered, and he never missed receiving it at least once in the week. Whenever he heard any profaneness or obscenity in the streets, he would stop to reprove, and expostulate with the offender. In short, he so perfectly counterfeited or took off, as they call it, the real Christian, that many looked to see him, like Enoch or Elijah, taken alive into heaven.

This perpetual parade of sanctity gave him such an eclat and unmeasureable credit, that he was left trustee and executor in a multitude of wills; and numbers also deposited their substance in his hands, in order to be laid out at interest on securities, and so forth.

Three months since, about the dawning, as his butcher happened to pass by his door, he heard it open, and turning, saw a number of porters come out heavy laden. This gave him a kind of suspicion. He let them all pass, and, walking softly after, he stepped up to the hindmost, and offered him half-a-crown, on condition of his telling him where they were carrying those parcels. That I will, said the porter; for the secret, if such it is, is nothing to me, you know. In short, we are carrying them to the wharf, to be put on board a boat, that waits to take them in.

The butcher said no more, but hurried away to the baker, and, as they both ran to the office, they met the brewer by the way.

They took out their respective actions, and, taking a constable with them, they seized on good Mr. Sink, as he was stepping into a coach and six, to make the best of his way to dover. He would have paid them their money and discharged their actions on the spot; but here the master, in whom he trusted, happened to leave him in the lurch. As he had turned all his effects into money, and his money into paper, he had not at hand wherewith to pay his instant creditors. So they hurried him to goal, and before the banks were open, the matter was blown, and action after action came pouring fast upon him.

When he found himself thus at bay, he cast aside his disguise, and set them all at defiance. His creditors have since offered to accept ten shillings, and some of them to accept five shillings in the pound; but he swears that he will never pay them a groat; for he is now as liberal of his oaths and impious execrations, as he was lately of his more impious profanation of gospel phrases. And thus he daily revels in the sensual consumption of those wretches, whom he hath so inhumanly defrauded; while hundreds of orphans and widows, and other miserables, perish for want of the sustenance which one infernal appetite devours without remorse. Nay, several of his creditors are, at this very time, famishing in this very prison, while they see him feasting so lavishly upon their spoils. The gorge of my soul, cried Mr. Fenton, the very gorge of my soul arises against this dæmon. Can nothing be done to bring him to punishment? our parliament will surely interfere in such a calling exigence; they will send to the several banks, and take up all the deposits that have been made in his name. Alas, sir, said Clement, he was already aware of such possibilities, and has entered all his lodgments in feigned names, and to bearer upon demand.

Indeed, continued Clement, I heartily wished, at the time, that the laws of the Grecians and Romans, had been in force among us, by which the debtor was given up to be set to labour, whipped, or tortured at the pleasure of the creditor.

God forbid, God forbid? exclaimed Mr. Fenton. When we see mankind divided into the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the sound and the sickly, we are apt to imagine, that health, strength, or opulence, was given to those, and infirmity, want, or

weakness, appointed to these, as marks of peculiar favour or disfavour of Providence.

God, however, knows that there is nothing permanently good, or evil, in any of these things. He sees that nothing is a good, but virtue! and that nothing is a virtue, save some quality of benevolence. On benevolence, therefore, he builds the happiness of all his intelligent creatures; and, in this, our mortal state, (our short apparatus for a long futurity) he has ordained the relative differences of rich and poor, strong and weak, sound and sickly, &c. to exercise us in the offices of that charity, and those affections, which reflecting and reflected, like mutual light and warmth, can alone make us good to all eternity. Benevolence produces and constitutes the heaven, or beatitude of God himself: he is no other than an infinite and eternal Good Will: benevolence must, therefore, constitute the beatitude or heaven of all dependent beings, however infinitely diversified through several departments and subordinations, agreeable to the several natures and capacities of creatures.

God has appointed human power and human wealth, as a ready and sufficient fund for human want and weakness; to which fund, therefore, they have as good a right to resort, as any other creditors have to respective trusts or deposits; for, though poverty and weakness are not creditors by the laws of man, they are creditors by the eternal laws of nature and equity; and must, here or hereafter, bring their debtors to account.

Every man, when he becomes a member of this or that society, makes a deposit of three several sorts of trusts, that of his LIFE, that of his LIBERTY, and that of his PROPERTY.

Now as every man, in his separate or independent state, has by nature the absolute disposal of his property, he can convey the disposal thereof to society, as amply and absolutely as he was, in his separate right, entitled thereto.

This, however, cannot be said of his life, or of his liberty. He has no manner of right to take away his own life; neither to depart from his own liberty: he cannot therefore convey to others a right and authority which he hath not in himself. The question then occurs, by what right is it, that the legislative and executive powers of community, appoint some persons to deal, and others to imprison? my answer is short, and follows:

It is the right, perhaps the duty, of every man to defend his life, right, liberty, and property, and to kill or bind the attempters. This right he can, therefore, convey; and, on such conveyance, it becomes the right and duty of the trustees of society, to put to death or imprison all who take away, or attempt the life, liberty, or property of any of its members.

This right, however, extends to criminal matters only; and it does not yet appear to me, upon what reason, or right rule, founded in nature or policy, the several societies of mankind have agreed to deliver up their members to slavery, to stripes, tortures, or imprisonment, for matters merely civil, such as debts. Several of the states of Greece, though accounting the rest of the world as barbarians, and even the Roman republic, during the times of its most boasted policy and freedom, gave up insolvent debtors (without inquiring into the causes or occasions of such insolvency) as slaves, or absolute property, into the hands of their creditors, to be sold at will, or put to labour, or starved, macerated or tortured, in order to give value in vengeance, which they could not give in coin, or other equivalent commodities.

The Jewish or Mosaic law, though allowing sufficiently, as Christ says, for "the hardness of that people's hearts," yet gave perfect enlargement to all Jews who were bondmen, and perfect remission to all Jews who were personal debtors, on every seventh or sabbatical year: and on every seventh sabbatical year, or Jubilee, all prisons were thrown open; all slaves, though foreigners or aliens, set at liberty; and even the lands were enfranchised, however mortgaged, or labouring under debt and execution; that all things, animate or inanimate, might have an earnest of that immunity, and perfect freedom, which God originally intended, and keeps in store for all his creatures.

The laws of Egypt permitted no member to deprive the public of the life, liberty, or labour, of any other member, except he was a criminal, not fitting to live, or to be suffered to walk at large. In all cases of debtor and creditor, they equitably appointed value for value, as far as the substance of the debtor could reach; and, in case of insufficiency, the insolvent party was obliged to leave in pledge, the mummies or preserved bodies of his deceased ancestors, till, by industry, or good fortune, either he, or his posterity,

should be enabled to redeem them. A matter of refined, as well as charitable policy; as nothing was held more infamous, among the Egyptians, than their inability to produce the mummies of their forefathers.

The laws of Holland, by their late qualifications, seem to acknowledge the iniquity, or inadequateness, of depriving a man of the possibility of earning, merely because he has not an immediate ability to pay. Sensible, therefore, that all men are debtors to God, and reciprocally debtors and creditors to each other, they have ordained, that he who imprisons an insolvent debtor, shall pay the proper penalty, of his malevolence or indiscretion, by maintaining the party from whom he takes the ability of maintaining himself.

It must be admitted, that, were our laws less severe with respect to debtors; were people less afraid of a jail on failure of payment; there would be less credit, and, consequently, less dealing, in this so wonderously wealthy, and trading a nation. But if our credit were less, would not our extravagance lessen also? should we see such princely tables among people of the lower class; would so much claret, spirits, and ale, intoxicate a kingdom? should we see the value of a German prince's ransom gorgeously attiring each of our belle-dames, if neither merchant, butcher, brewer, laceman, mercer, milliner, nor tailor would trust?

Many of our poor city dealers are yearly undone, with their families, by crediting persons, who are privileged not to pay, or whose remoteness or power places them beyond the reach of the law. For, by the return of *non-invent*, generally made upon writs, one would be apt to imagine, that no single sub-sheriff knew of any such thing as a man of fortune, within his respective county, throughout the kingdom of Great Britain.

Before money became the medium of commerce, the simple business of the world was carried on by truck, or the commutation of one commodity for another. But when men consented to fix certain rateable values upon money, as a ready and portable equivalent for all sorts of effects, credit was consequently introduced, by the engagements of some, to pay so much money in lieu of such commodities, or to deliver such and such commodities on the advance of so much money; and states found it their interest to support

such public credit, by enforcing the performance of such engagements. By the common law of England, no person, except the king, could take the body of another in execution for debt; neither was this prerogative of the crown extended to the subject till the statute of Marlbridge, ch. 23, in the reign of Henry III.

Many contract debts, through vanity, or intemperance; or borrow money, or take up goods, with the intention of thieves and robbers, never to make return. When such suffer, they suffer deservedly, in expiation of their guilt. But there are unavoidable damages by water, by fire, the crush of power, oppressive landlords, and more oppressive lawsuits, death of cattle, failure of crop, failure of payment in others; and thousand of such like casualties, whereby men may become bankrupts, and yet continue blameless. And, in all such cases, one would think that the present ruin was sufficient calamity, without the exertion of law to make that ruin irreparable. As all the members of a community are interested in the life, liberty, and labours of each other; he who puts the rigour of our laws in execution, by detaining an insolvent brother in goal, is guilty of a fourfold injury: first, he robs the community of the labours of their brother; secondly, he robs his brother of all means of retrieving his shattered fortune; thirdly, he deprives himself of the possibility of payment; and, lastly, he lays an unnecessary burden on the public, who, in charity, must maintain the member whom he in his cruelty confines.

However, since the severity of law is such, that he whose misfortunes have rendered him insolvent must "make satisfaction," (for so the savages esteem it) by surrendering his body to durance for life; it is surely incumbent on our legislators and governors, to make the condition of the unhappy sufferers as little grievous as may be.

But this most Christian duty, this most humane of all cares, is yet to come. When a debtor is delivered up into the fangs of his goaler, he is consigned to absolute and arbitrary slavery; and woe to the wretch whose poverty may not have left him a sop for Cerberus. How more than miserable must be the state of those unhappy men who are shut in from all possible redress, or appeal against the despotic treatment of their savage keepers, whose hearts are habitually hardened to all sense of remorse, and whose ears are rendered callous by incessant groans.

We are credibly informed, that it is usual, with such keepers, to amass considerable fortunes from the wrecks of the wretched; to squeeze them by exorbitant charges and illicit demands, as grapes are squeezed in a vine-press, while one drop remains; and then to huddle them together, into naked walls and windowless rooms; having got all they can, and nothing further to regard, save the return of their lifeless bodies to their creditors.

How many of these keepers exact from their distressed prisoners, seven and eight shillings per week, for rooms that would not rent at a third of that sum, in any other part of this city. At times, nine of those wretched prisoners are driven to kennel together in a hovel fit only to stable a pair of horses, while many unoccupied apartments are locked up from use. Even a sufficiency of the common element of water is refused to their necessities, an advantage, which the felons in Newgate enjoy. Public or private benefactions are dissipated or disposed of at the pleasure of the keepers, regardless of the intention or order of the donors. And the apartments, appointed to these miserable men, are generally damp, or shattered in the flooring, and exposed, by breach or want of windows, to the inclemency of night-air, and all the rigour of the seasons.

But what avail their complaints, if the legislator have not authorised, or made it the duty of some especial magistrates to examine into, and redress these crying abuses?

But, tell me, continued Mr. Fenton, were there any prisoners of consideration among the confined debtors? A few, sir, of note, and many who had been well to pass in the world. Among these, indeed, it was that every scene, and species of misery was displayed; There you might see, as you have said, numerous families of wretches, whose thin and tattered garments but ill defended their shivering bodies from the inclemency of the elements, that blew through shattered windows, or came pouring from unstanch'd roofs.

These people fared incomparably worse than those of the vulgar herd; for, being ashamed to beg at the grates, they had nothing to subsist on, save their scanty portions of such charities as happened to be sent in from time to time, and this scarcely supplied them with a sufficiency of water, black-bread and offal; while the recollection of their former affluence added sharp and bitter poignancy

to the sense of their present wants—but here comes my pupil; he will be more particular, on scenes with which his heart was so meltingly affected. Harry then entered, with Mrs. Clement caressing him on the one side, and his old dependent Ned hanging about him on the other.

As soon as Clement and his Arabella had embraced, and all were settled and seated, Well, Harry, said Mr. Fenton, will you favour us with some account of your expedition? have you ever a pretty story for me, my Harry? Several stories, sir, said Harry, that were sweet pretty stories when I heard them; but Mr. Clement had better tell them; they would be sadly bungled if they came through my hands, dada. The company will make allowances, replied Mr. Fenton; let us have these stories in your own way, Harry, just as your memory may happen to serve you.

On the second day, dada, as my tutor and I were walking in the court-yard of the Fleet-prison, whom should I spy but my old master, Mr. Vindex, walking, very sad, to and again, by the wall. He was so pale and shabby, and so fallen away, that I did not rightly know him, till I looked at him very earnestly. My heart then began to soften and warm toward the poor man; for it told me, that something very sorrowful must have happened, before he could have been brought to that condition. So I went up to him, with a face, I believe, as melancholy as his own.

How do you do, good Mr. Vindex? said I. I should have been glad to see you, if I did not see you look so sad. He then stared at me for some time, and at length remembering me, he looked concerned, and turned away to shun me; but I took him lovingly by the hand, and said, you must not leave me, Mr. Vindex; won't you know your old scholar, Harry Fenton; Yes, says he, casting down his mournful eyes, I know you now, master; I know I used you basely, and I know why you are come; but, reproach me, and insult me, as much as you please, all is welcome now, since I cannot lie lower, till I am laid in the earth.

I do not mean to insult you; this tear will witness for me, that I do not mean to insult you, my dear Mr. Vindex; and so I wiped my eye. Here are twenty guineas, to put warm clothes upon you in this cold weather. Little and low as I am myself, I will try to do something better for you; and so give me one kiss in token that we are friends.

The poor dear man then opened his broad eyes, in a wild stare upon me, with a look that was made up, half of joy, and half of shame. He then kneeled down, as I supposed, that I might reach to kiss him, and taking me into his arms, You are not born of woman, you are an angel, an angel! he cried; and so he fell a crying, and cried so sadly, that I could not for my heart but keep him company.

I did all I could to pacify and make him cheerful, and getting him up at last, you must not part with me, Mr. Vindex, said I, we must dine and spend the day together. Here is Mr. Clement, my tutor, you and he too must be friends.

I then led him, by the hand, into a large ground room, that Mr. Close, the chief keeper, had appointed for us; and I ordered dinner to be hastened and brought up. As soon as we were all seated, I began to laugh and joke, after my foolish way, in order to make poor Mr. Vindex merry. When I found that it would not do, Mr. Vindex, said I, be so kind as to let me know what the money may come to for which you are confined? A terrible sum, indeed, my darling, said he, no less than a hundred and fifty-two pounds. I then put my hand in my pocket, and, taking out two bills and a little matter of money that made up the sum, I put it into his hand, saying, My friend shall never lie in goal for such a trifle as this. Having looked for some time at the bills with amazement, he turned to my tutor with a doubtful and shamed face; Is this young gentleman, sir, said he, duly authorized to dispose of such vast matters as these? He is, said Mr. Clement; he is the carver and disposer of his father's fortune at pleasure, and I am confident that his father will think himself doubly paid, in the use that his noble son has made of his privilege this day.

A gleam then, like that of sunshine broke through his sad countenance, as through the clouds of a dark day: And are you the one, he cried, are you the one, master Harry, whom I treated so barbarously? you may forgive me, my little cherubim; you, indeed, may forgive me: but I never, never shall forgive myself, O; Mr. Vindex, said I, I would very nearly undergo the same whipping again, to do you twice the kindness, and make you love me twice as much as you now love me. Dinner was now served, and, calling for wine, I filled him a bumper, in a large glass, which he drank

to the health of my glorious dada, as he called you, sir; upon this, we grew very merry and friendly, among one another; and, when dinner was over, I begged him to tell me how he came to be put into confinement.

O, master Harry, he cried, I have suffered, all that I have suffered, very justly, for my harsh and cruel usage of you, master Harry.

After the affair of the hobgoblins, as you know, the shame to which I was put by my fright and by my scourging, began to be whispered, and then to be noised about the town. The boys, at length, caught the rumour, and began to hoot at me; and the more I chastised them, the more they gathered about me, and shouted after me, a rod for the flogger, a rod for the flogger.

No disease is so deadly, no blasting so baneful, as contempt to a man in the way of his profession. My boys grew disorderly, and behaved themselves in school, without respect to my person, or regard to my government. Even my intimates shunned me, and would cast at me a side-glance of smiling scorn as they passed. My school then melted from me like snow in a fog. Even my boarders forsook me. I stood at a high rent; my effects were seized by the landlord. It was in vain that I solicited payment, from the parents of my scholars. No one who was indebted to me would give me a penny; while all that I owed came like a tumbling house upon me; and so I was cast into this prison, from whence your bounty has set me free. My poor broken-hearted wife would have accompanied me to goal; but, as I had not wherewithal to give her a morsel of bread, I sent her to an old aunt, who had the humanity to take her in.

Alas, alas, poor Mr. Vindex, said I, had I guessed any part of the mischiefs that our unlucky pranks have brought upon you, I would have put both my hands into the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, rather than have had art or part in such a wickedness. For herein we acted the fable of the frogs and the boys; that which was play to us, was death to you, Mr. Vindex.

In conscience now, we are indebted to you for every misfortune we caused you; and, as you are not yet paid for the half of your sufferings, I here give you my hand and word to make up a hundred and fifty pounds more for you; and for this I will not accept

the smallest thanks, as I think it is no more than an act of common honesty. And I, cried Mr. Fenton, I hold myself indebted to you a thousand pounds, my noble Harry for that single sentiment. That's well, that's well, dada; cried Harry, (leaping up and clapping his hands) I shall now be clear in the world with all my poor creditors!

Thus, dada, continued he, it rejoiced my heart greatly, to send poor Mr. Vindex away in such triumph; while my tutor and I went two or three doors off, to see a mighty young creature, who was said to be confined with her ancient father. And I will tell you their story, with two or three other stories, more on account of the incidents that happened while we were there, than of any thing else that was wonderful or uncommon in them.

On tapping at the door, we were desired to walk in, and saw a female, with her back to us, weaving bone-lace on a cushion; while an elderly man, with spectacles on, read to her in Thomas á Kempis. They both rose to salute us. Mr. Clement then stepped up, and seeing what they were about, cried, God cannot but prosper your work, good people, both on earth and in heaven, since you employ your time so well. As an earnest of his kindness to you, he sends you by us a considerable charity, which you shall receive as soon as you inform us who and what you are, and how you came here. Blessed be the messengers of my God, cried out the father, whether they come with happy or with heavy tidings! I say, with old Eli, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

O, dada, I was quite charmed, when the daughter turned to me. There was such a sweetness, such a heavenly harmlessness in her face, that I could have kissed her, and kissed her again and again. As I had brought a glass and the remainder of our bottle with me, we all got about a board that was half stool and half table, and, after a round or two, the good man began his story:

My father's name was Samuel Stern. He had a clear estate of nine hundred and fifty pounds a year in Sussex, and had, by my mother, three daughters and four sons, of whom I was the second.

My father, unhappily, was a loyalist, and when the troubles broke out between king Charles and the parliament, he took up all

the money he could at any interest, and raised a company at his own cost, which he headed on the part of his royal master.

After some successful skirmishes, his head was split in two by the broad sword of a trooper, at the battle of Naisby. Immediately all our servants forsook us, each carrying away with him whatever came to hand; and, quickly after, the soldiers of the commonwealth came, carried off all the cattle, and left nothing of our house, except the bare walls.

In the mean time, we, poor children, huddled together into the garden, and, there separating, ran and crept under bushes and hedges, as so many chickens endeavouring to gain shelter from the kite.

As soon as the noise of the tumult was over, we rose and looked about fearfully; and, getting together again, we helped one another through the garden hedge, and made, as fast as we could, to the cottage of a neighbouring farmer who had been our father's tenant. Here we were received coldly, and fared but very hardly for that night. On the next day, however, in order to get quit of us, as I suppose, the man went among our relations, and prevailed on one to take a son, and on another to take a daughter, till we were all divided among them; and so we entered on a kind of service to our kindred; a service, I believe, that is found, on experience, to be much harder and more insulting than any service to a stranger. I forgot to tell you, gentlemen, that our mother deceased before our father engaged in arms, insomuch that we became orphans in all respects. I fell to the share of an uncle by my mother's side. He had a small estate of about a hundred and twenty pounds yearly income, with one son, and a daughter whom I thought very lovely.

My uncle appointed me overseer of his labourers, as also his occasional clerk, for casting accounts, and inditing his letters, &c. but, when it was intimated to him that there was a secret liking between his daughter and me, he called me aside, and, taking up a book of profane poems, he kissed it, and swore, by the contents thereof, that if ever I married his daughter, he would not give us a groat.

If ever you knew what love was, said he to Mr. Clement, you must know that it breaks over stronger fences than these. In short,

we were wedded and turned out of the house, without any thing to live upon, except about the value of twenty pounds, in small matters, which had been given to my wife, from time to time, by lady Goodly, her godmother.

We made the best of our way to London. My wife understood needle-work, and, as I knew that my father-in-law was quite irreconcilable, I joined myself to a house-painter, to whom I gave my time for nothing, on condition of his giving me a sight into his business.

In the third year, my dear wife brought this poor creature into the world; but, happily, she did not encumber mankind with any more of our wretched and depending progeny.

All our care and delight was fixed on this our little daughter, and we thought nothing of any pains or labour that might serve to introduce her, like herself, into the world.

As soon as Charles the II. had ascended the throne, our relations were fully assured that we should be restored to our ancient rights and possessions; and they contributed, as it were, for their own credit, to set us forth in a suitable manner for appearing at Court. There accordingly we attended, from time to time, for the space of twelve months, and got a number of woeful memorials presented to his majesty; but his majesty was so deeply engaged in his pleasures, or so fearful of offending the enemies of his house, that he gave no attention to our wrongs. There may be also something in the breasts of the great that excites them to acts of bounty, rather than acts of justice; for these, as they apprehend, might be accepted as matter of debt, and not as matter of favour. Being tired of a fruitless suit, I returned to my former employment, and, by industry and frugality, I lived with my little family quite happy and contented.

About ten months ago, two men came to our lodgings; the one was in a rich livery, and, having inquired for my daughter, presented her with a note to this effect,—“Lady Diana Templar sends Diana
“Stern the inclosed bill of twenty-five pounds, in order to put her
“into some little way of livelihood.”—As my poor dear child had no cause to suspect any fraud or evil intention in the case, she desired the men to return her most humble thanks and duty to her ladyship, and away they went.

As this lady was a distant relation of my wife's father, my daughter, in a few days, dressed herself in her best, and went to return thanks to her ladyship in person, but was told that she was gone to her seat in the country.

In the mean-time she laid out her supposed bounty in furnishing a little shop with some millinary wares, and was already beginning to get some custom, when, one evening, two bailiffs entered, laid an action upon her, and, taking her up in their arms, hurried her into a coach that drove up to the door.

My wife and I had rushed out, on hearing our child shriek; and seeing a coach set off with her at a great rate, we ran after as fast as we could, shouting and screaming, and crying, Stop the coach, stop the coach, a rape, a rape! at length a bold fellow, who was passing, caught one of the horses by the bridle, and while the coachman lashed at him, he took out his knife and cut the reins in two. A mob then began to gather; whereupon a well-dressed man, who was in the coach, leaped out and made his escape; but the coachman was not so lucky; the people pulled him from the box, and having beaten and kicked him, they dragged him through the kennel. Mean-while we got our child out, and then the mob overturned the coach, and, jumping upon it, broke and dashed it all to pieces. We then thought that we had nothing farther to apprehend, and, taking our child between us, we turned back and walked homeward; but, alas, we were not permitted to enter; the two bailiffs met us, and producing their writ, again arrested our daughter at the suit, as they said, of Jonathan Delvil, Esq, for the sum of twenty-five pounds which he had lent her on such a day. So they conducted her here, while my wife and I accompanied her, weeping and sobbing all the way.

I then took these poor apartments to cover us from the weather, and, as my wife grew suddenly sick and faint, I hastened back to our lodgings, and had our bedding brought hither. It was now evident that the pretended gift of lady Templar was no other than a diabolical scheme of the villain Delvil, to get the person of my darling within his fangs; and I cursed my own stupidity for not perceiving it at first; but blessed be my God, however, in all events, that my lamb was still innocent, was still unsullied. What with grief, and the fright together, my dear wife took to her bed, from

whence she never arose, but expired on the fifth day, blessing and pressing her daughter to her bosom. My poor infant then fell as dead beside her mother, and could not be recovered from her fit, in many hours; and, indeed, it was then the wish and the prayer of my soul, that we might all be laid and forgotten in one grave together.

As soon as my darling was recovered, however, I again wished to live for her sake, that I might not leave her without a comforter, or protector, in the midst of a merciless and wicked world.

In order to pay the nurse, the doctor, and apothecary, as also to defray the funeral expences, I left my child with the nurse, and, going to our former lodgings, I sold all her millinary matters at something under a third of prime cost; and having discharged the lodgings and paid my goal debts, I prepared to lay my precious deposit in the womb of that earth which is one day to render her back, incorruptible, to eternity.

When the corpse was carrying out at the door, my child fell once more into fits, and I was divided and quite distracted about what I should do, whether to stay with the living, or pay my duty to the dead. But I will no longer detain you with melancholy matters, since all worldly griefs, with all worldly joys also, must shortly be done away.

As soon as I understood that lady Templar was returned to town, I waited upon her, and giving her an abridgement of our manifold misfortunes, I produced the note that had been written in her name; but she coldly replied, that it was not her hand, and that she was not answerable for the frauds and villanies of others.

Mean-while, my dear girl accused herself as the cause of all our calamities, and pined away, on that account, as pale as the sheets she lay in. She was also enfeebled by her faintish and sick fits, that she was not able to make a third of her usual earnings; and as I, on my part, was also disqualified from labouring in my profession, since I did not dare to leave my child alone and unsheltered, we were reduced to a state of the greatest extremity.

One day, word was brought me that a gentleman, a few doors off, desired to speak with me; and as they, who are sinking, catch at any thing for their support, my heart fluttered in the hope of some happy reverse. Accordingly I followed the messenger. His

appearance, in dress and person, was altogether that of the gentleman.

He ordered all others out of the room, and requesting me to sit beside him, in a half-whispering voice he began: I am come, Mr. Stern, from one whom you have great reason to account your greatest enemy; I come from Mr. Delvil, at whose suit your daughter now lies in prison. I stared—Be patient, sir, he said. He knows your distresses, he knows all your wants, he knows also that he is the author of them; yet I tell you, that he feels them, as if they were his own; and that it was not his enmity, but his love, that occasioned them.

He depends on his old uncle Dimmock for a vast fortune in expectation. He saw your daughter, and loved her; he saw her again, and loved her to madness. He inquired her family, her character, and found that he had nothing to expect from any licentious proposal. He feared, however, that all must love her, as he did, and, to prevent other pirates, he made use of the stratagem which, contrary to his intentions, has brought you here. He never meant any thing dishonourable to your daughter. Had he carried her clear off, you might all have been happy together at this day; and, if you consent, he will marry her here, in the presence of a few witnesses, who shall be sworn to secrecy till his uncle's death; and he will instantly pay you down three hundred pounds, in recompense for your sufferings, and will settle one hundred pounds annuity on your child for life.

I must own that, to one in my circumstances, this proposal had something very tempting in it. But who is this Mr. Delvil? said I, I know him not, I never saw him—I am the man, sir, said he. I would have discharged my action as I came to this place; but I dare not permit your daughter to get out of my custody; for at the loss of my fortune, at the loss of my life, I am determined that no other man living shall possess her. I then promised him that I would make a faithful narration to my child of all that had passed, but told him, at the same time, that I would wholly subscribe to her pleasure; and so we parted.

As soon as I represented this matter to my Diana, O no, my papa, she cried, it is impossible, it never can be; I would do any thing, suffer any thing, but this, for your relief. Would you act

the marriage of the lamb and the wolf in the fable? if such have been the consequences of this gentleman's affection for us, what have we not to expect from the effects of his aversion? I would prefer any kind of death to a life with such a man. And then my mother, she cried, and burst into tears, my dear mother, whom he has murdered! Though he were worth half the world, and would marry me publicly in the face of the other half; it will not be; it cannot be, indeed, my papa.

Hereupon I writ Mr. Delvil almost a literal account of my daughter's answer. It is nearly five weeks since this happened, and we have not heard any thing further from him.

In this time, however, we got acquainted with a family at the next door, whose converse has been a great consolation to us. There is a father and mother with seven small children, boys and girls; they are very worthy people, and of noble descent; but how they contrive to live at all I cannot conceive, for they have no visible means of making a penny. Had we not known them, we should have thought ourselves the poorest of all creatures. We must own them more deserving of your charity than we are.

Here poor Mr. Stern ended; and you can't think, dada, how my heart leapt with love toward him, on his recommending others as more deserving than himself. So I resolved, at once, what to do, and taking two £50. notes from my pocket book, You shall not be under the necessity, Mr. Stern, says I, of marrying your pretty lamb here to the ugly wolf; so here is fifty pounds to pay your action, and fees, and other small debts. On taking the note, dada, he looked at it very earnestly; and when he saw it was a true note, he opened his eyes and his mouth so wide, and stood so stiff, without stirring hand or foot, that he put me in mind of Lot's wife, who was turned into a pillar of salt. However, I did not seem to mind him, but turning to his daughter, and shewing her the other note, Miss Diana, says I, here is fifty pounds for you also, in order to set you up in your little shop again; but you shall not have it without a certain condition. What condition, master, said she, smiling? The condition, says I, of putting your arms about my neck, and giving me one or two sweet kisses. She then looked earnestly at me, with eyes swimming with pleasure; and starting suddenly to me, and catching me to her bosom, she kissed my lips and my forehead,

and my head, again and again; and then set up as lamentable and loud a cry, as if her father had lain a corpse before her.

Mr. Stern then lifted up his eyes, and dropping on his knees, O my God, he cried, how bountiful art thou to a wretch who is not worthy the least of all thy mercies! hereupon the daughter turned, and seeing the posture of her father, she fell on her knees before him, and throwing her arms about him, he folded her in his also, and they wept plentifully upon each other. How comes it, dada, that crying should be so catching? however it be, Mr. Clement and I could not contain; and I shall love him the better during life, for the tears that he shed on that occasion.

On hearing a smart rapping, Mr Stern rose and opened the door, where a footman, almost breathless, delivered him a letter. The letter was to the purpose that Mr. Delvil was ill of a quinsey, that he had but a few hours to live, and requested Mr. Stern to bring his daughter to him, that by marriage, he might give her a lawful title to his fortune. No papa, cried Diana, living or dead, nothing shall ever bribe me to give my hand to a man who has had a hand in the death of my dearest mother.

Mr. Clement, however, thought it adviseable that Mr. Stern should attend the messenger, to see if Mr. Delvil was really ill, or whether this might not be some new contrived treachery.

This was a day of successes to poor Mr. Stern. We had promised to stay with his Diana till his return; and he had not been long gone till some one tapped at the door. I opened it, and saw an exceeding old and reverend man; he was dressed all in black, and his white head looked like snow on the feathers of the raven. Is Tom Stern here? said he. No, sir, said I, he is gone into town. I thought he was a prisoner. No, sir, it is not he, but his daughter, who is under confinement. Will you give a feeble old man leave to sit with you gentlemen? and so down he sat. Come here to me, child, says he to Diana, are you a daughter of Tom Stern? I am, sir, so please you. And what was your mother's name? Ann Roche, sir; but, alas! she is not living, I was the cause of her death; she broke her heart, good sir, on my being put to goal. I hope, child, said the old gentleman, that you were not imprisoned for any thing that was naughty. No, sir, no, cried Mr. Clement, it was her honesty alone that brought and kept her here;

had she been less virtuous, she might have been at liberty, and flaunting about in her coach.

The old man then put on his spectacles, and ordering her to draw nearer, he took a hand in each of his, and looking intently in her face, What is your name, my dear? said he. Diana, honoured sir. That is a pretty and chaste name, for an unchristian name. Indeed, Diana, you are a sweet babe, and the prettiest little prisoner that ever I saw. I will pay all your debts, and give you a thousand pounds over, if you will come along with me, and be my prisoner, Diana. Ah, sir, cried the girl, it is too much to have broken the heart of one parent already; I would not leave my dear father for any man with all the money in the world. You do not leave your father, he cried, by going with me, Diana. I am your true father, the father of Nanny Roche, the father of her who bore you, your own grandfather, my Diana.

Here she sunk on her knees, between his, begging and beseeching his blessing; while his hands and eyes were lifted in prayer over her. He then raised her, and placing her gently on his knee, clasped her in his aged arms; while she threw her's about his neck, and joining her cheek to his, sobbed aloud, and poured her tears into his bosom. The old gentleman, however, did not express his concern by word, or sob, or even any change of his countenance; and yet his tears fell fast down his reverend and delighted features, upon his grandchild.

This, dada, was a very pleasing, though a very affecting sight. As soon as the height of her passion was something abated, Miss Diana turned her eye toward me, and said, You were pleased, my grandpapa, to promise that you would pay my debts, but that is done already. This angel here was sent to prevent all others, and he further presented me with this bill of £50 to set me up in a better shop than I kept before.

I rejoice, cried the old man, I rejoice to find that so much of heaven is still left upon earth. But you, my Diana, are now in a condition rather to give charity than receive it from any. Your dear uncle Jeremy, who traded to the West Indies, lately died of the small-pox on his passage homeward. You are the heiress of his fortunes, and the heiress of my fortune; you are the whole, and sole lady of all our possessions. But tell me, how much did this young gentleman advance in your favour! A hundred pounds, sir.

He then took out a banker's note of a hundred pounds, and having offered it to me, I did not dare to refuse it, for fear of offending the honour of the respectable old gentleman; so I held it in my hand after a doubting manner. My dear Miss Diana, says I, I will not be put to the pain of taking this back again, but on the condition of your telling me to whom I shall give it? O, she cried out, instantly, To the babies, to the sweet babies at the next door! I wish to Heaven I had as much more to add to it for their sakes.

I then inquired the name of her favourite family at the next door, and being told that it was Ruth, I looked over my list, and found that Mr. Ruth was in for above seven hundred pounds. This grieved me very much, as such a sum nearly amounted to the half of our whole stock. However, I comforted myself with the hope that God would send some one else to make up to this poor family what should be wanting on my part.

Mr. Stern just then returned. I beg pardon, said he, gentlemen, for detaining you so long, but I could not avoid it. The unhappy man is actually dying a very terrible death, indeed, in his full strength, and almost in his full health, stifling and gasping for air, which the swelling of his glands will not suffer to pass.

As soon as I entered, he beckoned to me, and put this paper, sealed, into my hand. And again, observing that I was agitated and deeply concerned for the state under which he laboured, he reached out his hand to me, and, grasping my right hand, put this ring upon my finger. This paper contains, under his hand, and seal, a discharge of the action which he laid upon my daughter, as also a conveyance to us, of the cash-notes inclosed, amounting to three hundred pounds, in consideration, as he recites, of our losses, and unjust sufferings. And so, my dear master Fenton, I here return you your £100 with all possible acknowledgments, and a sense of the obligation that will never leave me, during life.

Sir, said I, you must excuse me, I am already paid. That gentleman, yonder, compelled me to accept of the very sum you offer.

Mr. Stern then started, and, turning, he saw his uncle; and, eyeing him inquisitively, at length recollected who he was. He then stepped up, and falling on his knees before him, O sir, he cried,

your pardon, your pardon! 'Tis all I presume to ask, I dare not hope for your blessing.

Tom, said the old gentleman, I wanted to be even with you; I wanted to seduce your daughter, as you seduced mine. But your daughter, Tom, though come of very rebellious parents, would not be seduced. Howsoever, as I have taken a liking to her, she must come along with me, whether she will or no. And, as Jacob said to Joseph, concerning Ephraim and Manasseh, she shall be mine, and not thine, Tom; and my name, and the name of my fathers shall be named upon her, according to her inheritance. But if you have any affection for this, my child, Tom, and are unwilling to part with her, you may follow her, and welcome.

Soon after we got up, and, having congratulated this happy family on the blessing of their meeting and happy reconciliation, I stepped to the old gentleman, and, catching him about the neck, tenderly took my leave of him, as I did also of Mr. Stern. But when I went to take leave of the fair Diana, she drew some steps backward, and, her eyes and sweet features beginning to swell, she again ran forward, and catching me in her dear arms, O, my darling, my darling, my darling, she cried, am I then going to lose you, it may be never to see you more! were it but once in a week, in a month, in a year, to behold you, even that would keep me alive for all the remainder. O my best, my most generous, my first preserver! It is you who might be the seducer, who might make me and others run after you bare-foot. But if we must part, my little angel, do but promise to know me in heaven, and there your poor Diana will meet you, never to part any more.

What could I say or do, dada, in answer to the dear girl? my heart swelled, almost to bursting, while she caressed and wept over me. At length, with words, as well as my tears would give me leave to pronounce them, I demanded the name of the place to which she was going, and promised to pay her a visit as soon as possibly I could. We then parted very melancholy, notwithstanding all our success; and, going out, I wiped my eyes; and begged Mr. Clement to order tea and coffee, with a comfortable entertainment for the family at the next door, while I should go in and introduce myself as well as I could.

Having tapped gently at the door, it was opened by a little ragged boy of about five years old. Mrs. Ruth sat full in my view, and

her three little daughters stood before her, while she examined them in the Old Testament, by questions of who was the first man, and the wisest man, and the strongest man, and the oldest man, and, above all, the man after God's own heart?

Mrs. Ruth was a fine woman, and had a great deal of humble dignity about her. I bowed to her as I entered, and, going familiarly up, I took her by the hand and kissed it. Allow me, madam, said I, to introduce a little neighbour to you: I lodge within a few doors, and shall think myself happy in being acquainted in your family. Alas, my dear, says she, there are very few who seek acquaintance with calamity. They, who wish to relieve it, seek acquaintance with it, madam. Having eyed me all over, with an earnest kind of surprise, You look, my love, said she, to be very good natured, and I dare say will be very charitable when you come to have the ability. The little ability I have, madam, shall be strained for your service. In the mean time, pray pardon the freedom I have taken in ordering tea and coffee into your room, with some cakes and sweet-meats for these pretty misses. I will only trouble you, madam, with one guest more; it is Mr. Clement, my tutor, who, good man, has been no stranger to poverty or distress.

Here she called Mr. Ruth from an inner-room. Give me leave, my dear, says she, to introduce a young stranger to you: from what world he comes, I know not; but I am sure that he is not wholly of the world that we have lived in.

Mr. Ruth's countenance spoke at once the meekness of Moses and the patience of Job. Having saluted, we both sat down. Mr. Ruth, said I, I have a message to you and your lady, from your sweet pretty neighbour, Miss Diana Stern. In token of her respect and affection for you, she presents you with this cash-note of a hundred pounds. Diana Stern! cried out Mr. Ruth, why, master, she is nearly as poor as ourselves. By no means, sir, I assure you; her grandfather is come to town; she is worth several thousands, besides a considerable estate to which she is heir. O, the dear creature, the dear angel! cried Mrs. Ruth, I will instantly go and pay her my acknowledgements; so up she got, and out she ran, before I could prevent her.

As soon as she was gone, Mr. Ruth, says I, my dada is much fonder of me than I deserve. He has given me a little money to

dispose of at pleasure, among the confined debtors ; and though I may not have enough to answer your occasions, yet my dada is so very good, and so very generous, that if you give me the sum of your debts, with the story of your distresses, his heart I am sure, will melt, and he will set you clear in the world.

He made no answer, however, to this my offer, but, lifting up his eyes, he cried, Well mightest thou say, great Saviour of the simple, " Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." O, thou babe of the manger, thou first-born of many brethren ! here, indeed, is a dear, and true little brother of thine ; but he speaks in his simplicity, and not according to knowledge ! then, turning toward me, can you guess, my darling, said he, what you undertake to do for me ? I question if the charities of all this nation would be sufficient, when united, to effect my deliverance. Nothing, nothing but the arm of the Almighty can do it. He will do it, indeed, in death ; but what then shall become of my wife and seven infants ? that truly is terrible, is worse than death to think of !

While we were speaking, two sweet little fellows came in ; the eldest very nearly of my size, but both clad in very thin, and poor-looking apparel. Having kneeled for their father's blessing, they slipt behind us ; and, turning my head to observe them, I was quite ashamed, and drew it back again, on perceiving that the poor things were unlading their pockets of old crusts and broken meats, which I supposed they had begged for the family.

Mrs. Ruth just then returned, and her countenance looked something dejected. She took her seat by her husband, and continuing a while silent, she put her handkerchief before her eyes, and began in broken words, Can you guess, my dear, said she, what sort of a creature this is, whom we have got among us ? this little heavenly impostor, to lighten our obligation, would have persuaded us that the hundred pounds was the gift of another ; but it is all his own bounty, it is all his own graciousness. Come, my daughters, come, my children, kneel down and return your thanks to this your patron, your benefactor, your little father, here !

O dada, you would have pitied me sadly, had you seen me at this time. The poor dear things came, ail in a cluster, pressing, and catching, and clasping, and clinging about me ; while my love,

and my very heart was torn, as it were, to fritters among them. So I took them one by one, in my arms, and kissed, and embraced them very cordially, calling them my brothers and sisters. I then took out another hundred pound note, and giving it to the eldest of the daughters, Here, my dear, said I, I always loved the little misses better than the little masters; here is for yourself and your sisters, to clothe you in a way more becoming your family. And then taking a note of equal value, I gave it to the eldest son, for himself and his brothers, as I said, to help and educate them in a manner more agreeable to the house from whence they came.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruth looked so astonished at me, and at each other, that, for a while, they were not able to utter a syllable; and, just as they began to make their acknowledgements, I cried, Hush, hush! here comes my tutor.

Mr. Clement just then entered, followed by several servants, who carried a tea equipage, cold fowl, baked meats, with pastries, and some wine.

Having introduced Mr. Clement, we all got round the table, and, after tea, and a further regale, I besought Mr. Ruth to give us the story of his misfortunes.

My father, said he, was baron of Frankford. He left my brother, with the title, four thousand five hundred pounds a year, entailed however upon me, in case of his dying without male issue. And left me a small inheritance of four hundred pounds yearly, to support in some measure the appearance of a gentleman.

As my concern bordered on my brother's estate, we saw one another every day, and continued, for several years, in strait and tender amity.

Being both invited one day, to dine with other company at the house of a neighbour, called Mr. Heartless, a question happened to be started over the bottle, whether the method of setting an egg on end, was originally the invention of Columbus, or whether it was communicated to him by some other? and I unhappily espoused the opinion that was opposite to that of my brother.

Now, though the question was not worth the very shell of the egg, about which we debated, yet we entered as warmly into it, as though a province had lain at stake: for it is not truth, or instruction, that disputants seek after; it is victory alone, that is the object of their contention.

After some warm words, and personal retorts had passed between my brother and me, he started into sudden passion; gave me the lie; whereupon reaching across the table, I gave him a tap on the cheek with the flat of my fingers: then, rising furiously from his seat, he swore a fearful oath, and cried, I will ruin you, Harry; though it cost me my estate, I will ruin you, Harry Ruth, with all who are yours.

The very next day he mustered his tenants and labourers, and coming upon me with a little army, he laid most of my fences level with the earth.

When I complained of his violence to my next neighbours, Mr. Heartless, and Mr. Hollow, they protested they would stand by me against such outrageous proceedings to the last of their fortunes. They then advanced me, between them, five hundred pounds for the purpose. I immediately commenced suit against my lord's tenants. But though I cast them all with costs, I unbappily found that nearly all my money was suuk in the contest.

Mean-time, scarce a day passed wherein I was not served with a subpoena from Chancery to answer such or such a bill, to which my brother had procured me to be made a party. And he also entered me himself, in order to invalidate my father's will, whereby I claimed a little patrimony. When I told this to my friend Mr. Hollow, he broke into a loud laugh; Your title! cried he, the world cannot invalidate your title, Mr. Ruth; I will let you have a thousand pounds upon it to-morrow; and this I was under the necessity of accepting soon after.

Contention serves, with mutual hands, to shut every door against reconciliation. The more I had loved my brother, the more I now detested him. Instead of any submission or overture to appease him, my lips uttered, in daily invectives, the overflowings of my heart; as I also was assured that, on his part, he wished me nothing less than eternal perdition. Thus we burned on both sides, with unquenchable fire, and the kingdom of Satan was fully opened within us.

At length my body was imprisoned, at the suit of my neighbour Heartless, for £750, and my lands were taken under execution, at the suit of my neighbour Hollow, for the sum of £2000. But I soon was informed that all this money was my brother's, who had

advanced it, from time to time, to those his clandestine correspondents, in order to hasten and deepen my destruction. When I understood this, I raged, I was all on fire; I took a horrid-pleasure in the notion of having the fangs of a tyger, that I might tear my brother piecemeal, and my false friends limb from limb, and feast my spirit on their pangs, and mine eyes on their carnage.

But when I turned a look upon my wife and seven infants, grief joined with rage to tear me by a double distraction. I cursed the lot to which I was appointed upon earth; and I should have sought some desperate means of putting an end to my torments and existence together, but that I dreaded, by my death, to give pleasure to my brother, ten times more than I dreaded the pain of death itself.

O, my friends, had all that ever were sainted, come and preached to me, the peace of our Lord Christ, at that season, it would have been no more than beating the air, or striving with so many sponges to make an impression on a block of marble. It is distress alone, that, by oppression, makes impression; that preaches the internal doctrine of sensible mortification, and humbles a proud spirit, by plucking away all its props.

At first, I was a worm under the foot of my God. I turned, and struggled, and writhed, and fought with all my force against the crusher. But, alas! all was in vain; he was too mighty for me; and opposition only added to my anguish.

At length I was compelled to acquiesce, rather through the want of power than the want of will to resist. And I lay, as it were, without motion, under his dispensations; at the same time that my heart reproached him in secret.

Having sold all our moveables, and even our wearing apparel, for sustenance, we were reduced to the necessity to send our eldest boys to beg fragments of victuals at kitchen-windows, to keep us from utterly famishing. This I held to be such a further shame and disgrace, that it stung my soul to the quick: I therefore began to kick against these pricks also; but finding that the more I spurned, the stronger I was held and pressed into the dust, I gave up all resistance, and contented myself with grieving and weeping under the hand of the Almighty.

From hence I gradually sunk into a state of resigned serenity, which, although, without sunshine, was yet without disturbance. My fury smoothed its crest, my passions subsided, and I felt nothing more of rancour against my brother, or resistance against my God.

The activity of the soul will find itself employment. As I had now no further prospect or concern upon earth, I began to turn my thoughts and attention towards heaven. I locked myself in yonder closet. I threw myself into the dust. I have sinned, I cried, I have greatly sinned, O God! I am nothing, I am crushed even lower than the nothing that I am; spare, spare me from a deeper perdition, I beseech thee!

I felt that my prayer was heard: peace descended upon me like dew upon the night; the day-star began gradually to dawn upon my soul; the dark kingdom of Satan gave way before the kingdom of the Son of Light and Love; and I would no more have entertained any one of my former passions, than I would have taken burning coals and have buttoned them in my bosom.

I was greatly delighted, dada, with this part and some more of Mr. Rutli's story; and I got him to repeat it over and over, that I might remember it the better.

I now, continued he, I now pitied my brother, as much as ever I had hated him. I grieved for having caused him the loss of his peace. I wished to restore it to him. I wrote a penitential acknowledgment of my faults. I besought his pardon, in the humblest manner, for the unfortunate blow. I subscribed to the justice of my consequent sufferings; and I sent my son, here, to attend his lordship with my lowly address. The triumph, which this humiliation gave to my brother, supplied him with patience to go through my memorial. But when conceiving, as I supposed, that it was dictated by mercenary meanness and hypocrisy, he tore it to pieces and dashed it into the fire. Then, returning to my child the box which had so inflamed the soul of his lordship, he kicked my poor little fellow out of his house.

My child came home to me, weeping sadly; but I consoled him the best I could, and mingled my tears with his; not in any resentment for the treatment received, but through grief for the inveteracy of my unhappy brother. O my God, I cried, I no longer re-

pine at my abasement, at the weight of my sufferings and mortifications; I bless thee for them, O God; they have proved my best friends, my most salutary physicians. Cruel, and stern, indeed, as the porter who stands at the iron gate of pain; but O, it opens upon regions of inward delight; for he who clothed himself with the cross, is all-glorious within!

My happy experience of this truth, opened for me, a new prospect into the mystery of God's dispensation to mortals; and threw a number of shining lights on those very articles of gospel-redemption, which had formerly appeared to me so exceptionable and gloomy. If God, said I to myself, hath suffered man to fall, he hath also provided for him every possible means of recovery and restoration.

Wherefore, when sin came into the world, God also sent suffering, its inseparable attendant, to be a cure and an antidote to the poison thereof. If sin therefore hath thrust the kingdom of heaven from within us, suffering comes, as God's forerunner; it relaxes and unfolds the brazen gates of our polluted temple, that Christ our Righteousness may enter, the very hem of whose garment is salvation to every soul that lays hold upon it.

Here I took Mr. Ruth about the neck, and kissing him, said, that I was sure my dada would be willing to pay his whole debt, in return for the sweet instructions which he had given to his Harry. You speak of your dada, my dear, said he, as though he were the representative of God in the gospel, who forgave to his servants ten thousand talents. What you have given me already, master, is beyond any human bounty that ever I heard of. I shall therefore lay by two of these notes, till I am better informed how far your good father may be satisfied with the donation.

Soon after, we took leave, for the present, of this honourable family. We then went among the other principal debtors, whose distresses indeed were great, though their stories except one, had little singular in them. In order to make our money go as far as we could, we hurried here and there, through the town, compounding with the several creditors, from eight to ten, and twelve, and fifteen shillings in the pound; so that, for about six hundred pounds, we discharged a number who were indebted to the amount of a thousand.

On Tuesday about noon, in the last week, I stepped to Mr. Ruth's to see if the family had been decently clad, agreeably to my request. There I found him and his four sons clothed in warm and clean, though very coarse apparel: and he told me, that his wife had gone abroad with her three daughters, in order to put them also into a suitable condition.

While I sat with him, a young woman came in, of a very genteel appearance, though in a plain dress. Don't you remember the girl, sir, said she to Mr. Ruth, who used to come to you, over night, in a green kerchief and a little red mantle? I should be very ungrateful, indeed, said he, if any change of dress could conceal from my remembrance that sweet and charitable countenance. O sir, she cried, the few shillings that I brought you, from time to time, came from a very affectionate hand, though from a hand you would little suspect of any affection towards you; they came from your loving niece Belinda Ruth, who has shed many a shower of tears on your misfortunes. May heaven be her portion, cried out the good man, since earth has nothing equal to so much goodness. Indeed, sir, continued the girl, the little that your niece sent you, was procured with much difficulty and danger to herself, for, from the time, that on her knees and with a deluge of tears, she petitioned her father in your behalf, he kept a watchful eye over her, and took from her all family-trusts; so that she had nothing wherewith to supply you, except the price of some cast-gowns, and of other little matters that she feigned to have lost. Moreover, my lord swore vehemently, that, if ever she furnished you with the value of a farthing, or kept any kind of correspondence with you or with yours, he would disown and turn her into the public streets.

You alarm me greatly, cried out Mr. Ruth. Is any thing amiss, has any thing happened to my dear child? she was a lovely little lamb, a little angel from her cradle; though I should not know her now, if she stood erect before me. I hope, I say—tell me—proceed, I beseech you.

There was a servant, sir, a man whom your niece thought very faithful, and therefore entrusted with the secret of my coming to you, that he might attend and see me safe back again. This fellow, presuming on the confidence that was placed in him, would, this morning have taken indecent liberties with his young mistress.

This she resented in a becoming manner, and threatened to complain of his insolence to her father. The revengeful villain instantly ran, and told the affair to his lord, with many aggravations, as though his daughter was robbing him of all his substance. Thereupon she was hastily called, and having in part confessed the charge, my lord drew his sword in his fury, whereupon giving a shriek, and a sudden spring, she got out of his presence, and has sent me to know, sir, if you will be pleased to receive her?

Yes, cried Mr. Ruth, to my bosom, to my heart, with the same pleasure and welcome that a convict receives pardon in the hour of execution.

Just then Mrs. Ruth entered, with her three daughters, who, running up to their father, dropped together on their knees before him for a blessing.

While his hands and eyes were raised in prayer over them, the young stranger stepped earnestly up, and falling on her knees beside the daughters, she broke into tears and cried aloud, Bless me, bless me also, O my father! I am your niece, your Belinda. My father is no more! your's, my Lord, is the title, your's all the possession! I now, in my turn, depend on your bounty for a morsel of bread. My brother, my brother dead! exclaimed Mr. Ruth. He is, my lord, she replied; he was suffocated by his rising choler, and expired on the spot.

While the young lady spoke, Mrs. Ruth looked, as quite terrified by the tidings of such a sudden elevation; and clapping her hands together, and lifting her eyes, she cried, It cannot be, it is impossible! Ours the title, ours the fortune!—O my God!—O my husband!—O my children! and down she dropped.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ned sees the woman who stole him—his confusion—arrival of Mr. Fielding—the nurse's tale—Ned finds his parents—Mr. Fielding's thanks to Mr. Fenton—Ned's departure from Mr. Fenton—story of the stranger.

WHILE Harry was speaking, Ned saw a woman standing before one of the windows; and looking earnestly at her, he gave a sudden

jump, and, dancing about, cried, O sir, sir, my mammy, my mammy! there's my mammy, as sure as day!

Run, Ned, instantly, cried Mr. Fenton, and call James to me. James, yonder's the woman who stole Ned, from his parents; have an eye to her, do not let her escape! order Frank to take a horse and go with all speed to Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, that they may come and know, of a surety, whether Ned is their child or not—Stay a moment; as soon as you have given Frank his orders, take the rest of the servants and lay hold on this bad woman; bring her into the house by force, and confine her in one of the back rooms till Mr. Fielding arrives. By all Ned's account, she must be a very sad creature, and deserves no favour.

James went out with alacrity upon his commission; and, having executed matters with his accustomed punctuality, he returned to the company.

O, sir; cried James, it is impossible that this woman should be Ned's mammy, as he called her. This is some unhappy, decayed gentlewoman, as innocent of the fact, I dare answer, as the child unborn. I am sorry, with all my heart, that I have used her so roughly. Beside, sir, she is so deaf, that she can't answer to any thing of which she may be accused.

When we took her in hand she was terribly frightened. Come, says I, mistress, you must now give an account of all your wickedness.—Ennis, says she, Ennis? No, but Enfield; five miles beyond Enfield, with the Rev. Mr. Catharines.—I know nothing, said I, aloud, of your Enfields or your Catharines, but I tell you, that you must now answer for the life that you have led.—Dead, dead, says she, God forbid! a dear and good master he was to me, I am sure. I have lived with him these five years; and he gave me money enough to bear my charges; but I fell sick at St. Alban's, and spent all; and I have been these three days creeping along, and begging wherewithal to keep life in me on the way. As you say, James, cried Mr. Fenton, this account seems pretty facible; a deaf servant however is something uncommon. Go to her yourself, Ned, and observe her more exactly; for if what she says has any truth in it, it is impossible she should be your mammy.

Ned accordingly went, but returned under evident confusion and difficulty. I don't know what to think, sir, of this matter, cries

Ned. When I look at the gentlewoman's face, I could swear, twenty times over, to every feature; but when I look at her dress and manners, I could again almost swear against her face.

Ned's perplexity added greatly to Mr. Fenton's curiosity. He got up in haste, and went in person to inspect the party. When he entered, he saw a young woman who looked very pale and sickly, but of a genteel appearance, and neatly though plainly dressed. She cast upon him a sensible and penetrating look, and curtsying to him, with downcast eyes, sir, said she, your presence tells me that you are master here. I know not for what offence your people have confined me; but if it is on any suspicion of misbehaviour, I have here the certificate of a worthy man and a great saint, who vouches at least for the innocence of my conduct.—Here she presented him with a paper that contained the following words:

‘ I certify, that the bearer hath served me upwards of five years, in quality of housekeeper and intendant of my family; and that she is a young woman of distinguished piety and merit, and departs at her own desire, on some business to London. Given under my hand, &c.

MARMADUKE CATHARINES, Cl.’

On reading this, Mr. Fenton bowed, and made a motion with his hand for her to sit down. He then took a pen and paper that lay beside him, and wrote to the purpose, that he requested her to allow him to detain her certificate for about an hour; after which he would return it, and endeavour to make her amends for the unbecoming treatment which his people had given her.

On casting her eyes over the paper, she made a low courtesy, and said, I shall willingly attend, sir, during your pleasure; but hope, in the mean time, that your charity will afford me a morsel or two of the fragments of your last meal.

Mr. Fenton then pulled a bell, and having ordered some cold meats and white wine to be served, he bowed, and withdrew to his company.

Ned, said he as he entered, this woman is just as much the empress of Russia, as she is your mammy. Here, Mr. Clement, look at this certificate; I have no reason to doubt the truth of the character given in it, for her person and manners are every way con-

formable. I am sorry at heart, that I sent in such a hurry for Mr. and Mrs. Fielding; I have, thereby, raised a sort of expectation in them, and it may be very mortifying to have that expectation so suddenly, and so wholly defeated.

Some time after, a coach and six frothing horses drove up to the door, and Mr. and Mrs. Fielding alighted, with a kind of impatience and trepidation apparent in their countenance. As soon as Mr. Fenton had duly received and seated them, My dear madam, says he to Mrs. Fielding, I think myself very unhappy in having given you a deal of unnecessary trouble. My poor Ned, here, has been utterly mistaken in the person of the woman whom he took to be his mammy. The certificate of her certain residence, bears a date even previous to that in which we found him; and her deportment is more than a thousand testimonies against her being of the wandering or dissolute class of people. Be pleased, Mr. Fielding, to look over this certificate; I think it has all the marks of its being genuine.

The moment that Mr. Fielding cast his eye on the paper, A well-known character, indeed! he exclaimed. It is the hand of Mr. Catharines, my tutor, my friend; the man of the world, excepting yourself, Mr. Fenton, for whom I have the dearest respect and affection. No question can be made of any thing to which he sets his affirmative.

Alas, cried Mrs. Fielding, then all the hopes we had conceived must again be cast aside. Here comes our nurse too, poor woman, in great haste; I sent her word that we had found the person whom we suspected to have stolen our child, and desired that she would meet me here directly.

While Mrs. Fielding spoke, nurse entered, panting, and almost breathless, and without saluting or taking any notice of the company, Where, she hastily cried, where is the boy, madam, whom you supposed to be your child?

Ah! nurse, said Mrs. Fielding, we were quite mistaken in the woman whom we suspected to be the kidnapper, and so that affair is all over again.

I have nothing to say, cried nurse, to this woman or t'other woman; but you must not have another body's child put upon you. If he is indeed your son, I shall know him in an instant; I should

know him from all the children that ever were born. Why, nurse, cried Mrs. Fielding, eagerly, do you know of any natural mark, or mole, or spot, by which you could guess at him? He had no such spot upon him, madam; but, if he be a living boy, he has a mark of my own making that never will wear out, and that's the reason that I never dared to tell you of it. What mark, nurse, what mark? tell me instantly, I beg you.

Why, madam, you must know as how the weather was very cold, it being twelfth day in Christmas holidays. So you and my master were from home on visiting, and I had a rousing fire down, and my child stood by my knee, being just then twelve months nineteen days old, and as sturdy a fellow, of his age and inches, as any could desire to see. So the cat, all at once, threw down some crockery-ware behind me. Up I started, to be sure, and ran to save the vessels; but hearing my child scream, I turned much nimbler back again, and found him fallen with his little neck against the upper bar of the grate. It was well that I did'nt die on the spot, for then he must have died too. So I whipt him up in my arms, but he shrieked and roared terribly; so I got some softening cream, and spread it over the burn, and I put a plaister upon that again; and I covered the place, from day to day, so well with his cap, that neither you nor my master knew any thing of the matter. But the shape of his hurt went so deep into my heart, and into my memory, that, as I was saying, and still say, I should know him by it again, among all the children in all the world.

Go then, my dear nurse, cried Mrs. Fielding, go immediately, and examine if this boy has your mark upon him. Is this the master, madam, whom you suspect to be your son? It is, nurse, it is; my heart took a liking to him the first moment I saw him; he too was stolen from his parents, and may as well be my son, as the son of another.

Here nurse made a hasty step or two toward Ned, but suddenly stopping, and turning pale, Ah! madam, she cried, I wish you would go, and try yourself; the wound, if he has it, is just under his right ear; for if I should find, indeed, that he is my very child, I shall certainly run mad on the very spot for joy. I dare not try, nurse, I dare not try for the world, said Mrs. Fielding; I am already all of a tremble, I know not how.

Nurse then plucking up a little resolution, stepped suddenly to Ned, and turned up his hair; when, giving a loud scream, she had just the power to cry out, My child, my child! and dropped down in an anguishing fit of hysterics. Mrs. Fielding, on hearing her nurse cry out, rose hastily from her chair, and would have gone to embrace her son, but falling instantly back, she fainted away. The poor nurse, however, was not so happy; she broke forth, at times, into convulsive peals of laughter, that made the house ring; and again she fell into fits of weeping, so outrageous and bitterly desolate, as no heart, under the temper of adamant, could support.

While the family were all in bustle, applying remedies to their patients; Mrs. Fielding recovered, and, hearing the cries of her nurse, she went and kneeled down by her, and wept with her, and over her, while her tears proved a seasonable restorative to herself.

As soon as Mr. Fielding found that his lady was well recovered, he turned to Ned, and, lifting his hair, observed the remarkable seam that the burn had made. It is, it is my child! he tenderly cried. O my God, how is this? wherein have I deserved thy smallest notice or regard, that thou shouldst thus visit me with thy wonders, and by thy mercies put me to confusion of face?

Here Ned kneeled respectfully down for a blessing, which his father silently called upon him with lifted hands and eyes. He then raised him, and sitting down, took him fondly to his bosom; Thou art, thou art my son, my beloved son, he cried; my first, and my last, the only offspring of my bowels! thou shalt no more be a wanderer, no more be a beggar, my babe. Thrice blessed be our meeting, and tenfold blessed thy future fortune! O that our lives, my child, might be made one whole oblation to Him, from whom this amazing salvation hath come!

By this time, the nurse's distemper was greatly abated, though she still continued extremely low and feeble, and did not seem to recollect, except by faint glimmerings, any matter that had passed. Mr. Fielding then proposed to take her to town, to the physicians; observing that there was room enough for her and Ned in their carriage; and as Mrs. Fielding made no objection, the coach was ordered to turn directly to the door.

Poor Ned, during this time, was as a person, who fluctuated between the dread of leaving known, and certain enjoyments, and the hopes of possessing somewhat that he had not yet tasted. Mr. Fielding then stepped up, in a kind of quick rapture, to Mr. Fenton. He caught him in his arms; My dearest sir, he cried I love, I respect, I revere you; even next to my God! What can I return you? what shall I say to you? All that I am, or have, sinks out of sight from your benefits.—I am blessed, my dear sir, I am blessed beyond expression, replied Mr. Fenton, in being made an humble instrument of happiness to a worthy man.—O sir, cried Mr. Fielding, what events! next to miraculous! we came to your door, but we were not permitted to pass; our carriage broke for the purpose: you then told us of this foundling: but what likelihood that among millions he should happen to be ours? You then proposed an expedient for ascertaining the persons from whom he was kidnapped. This expedient failed. God, however, would discover him, and had fore-ordained the means. He set upon him an undubitable mark for the purpose; none knew of this, but his nurse, and she has revealed it. Had any one of these many circumstances been wanting, our child must have continued a stranger to us for ever. Indeed, sir, said Mr. Fenton, they are all concurring proofs, that you are under the especial eye of Providence. But, sir, I fear we shall have a heavy loss of our friend Ned: for, though he does not want his small faults, he is a worthy-hearted child, and a very pleasant companion. O, sir, cried Mr. Fielding, you and master Fenton have a right to command both him, and us, at all times. But come, Ned, take leave, for the present, of your best friends.

Here Ned, with filling eyes, stepped respectfully to Mr. Fenton, and, kneeling before him, took each of his hands and kissed them, crying, my father! my father! whereupon Mr. Fenton tenderly raised him, and, pressing him affectionately to his bosom, cried, God be good to you, my son, and make you a blessing to your true parents, and to all your kin!

Ned then turned to Harry, and taking him by both hands, and looking him fondly in the face, O master Harry, master Harry, he cried, I never shall be able to say the word farewell to you, my master Harry! I was hungry, and you fed me; I was naked, and

you clothed me; I was a stranger, and you took me in; the whole world to me, was fatherless, and friendless, when you were father and mother, and a whole world of friends to me, my true lord and master Harry! Are you not my owner, am I not your property, your own hard bought bargain? Did you not purchase me with your stripes, and with your precious blood, and will you suffer me to be taken away from you, my heart's master? Here Harry, swallowing his passion as well as he was able, clasped Ned in his arms, and cried, my brother, my brother, my friend and brother for ever! then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, and wiping his eyes, I hope, madam, I hope, sir, says he, that you will excuse my young friend here, for his partiality to a family, who have loved him long and very dearly; in a little time, to be sure, he will love and respect you both, above all the world, though put all together. Though I grieve to part with him, I heartily rejoice at his being found, and acknowledged to be the child of such worthy parents; and I hope, I say, that you will not be offended at his concern for parting with his old friends.

No, my noble creature, cried Mr. Fielding, we are delighted at the proof that he gives of his gratitude, and at the strength of his attachment where he has been so highly obliged.

O sir, O madam, says Ned kissing the hands of his parents, did you but know the value of what I lose, when I leave—when I leave, and here he burst afresh into tears.

Mrs. Fielding then took Ned in her arms, and tenderly embracing him, cried, We do, my love, we do know the value of the family that you leave; and it is the first and the dearest wish of my heart, that we should all become as one family, and as one household. This angel here, as you say, is your rightful owner, and we owe him more, on that account, than our whole fortune can pay, and he shall have you as long and as often as ever he pleases; but for this night, my darling, it would be very unkind not to go with your good nurse, your true, and loving mammy, who has suffered so much for your sake; and her case requires that we should take her immediately to the doctor's.

Here Ned acquiesced; and, having taken a weeping leave of all the family, not forgetting the meanest servant in the house, he

stepped slowly into the coach, sat down by his nurse, and away they drove.

As soon as the family of the Fieldings were gone, Harry withdrew to his chamber, and locked himself in, while Mr. Fenton went to enfranchise his late prisoner.

He first returned the certificate to her, and then presenting her with twenty guineas, he bowed and made a motion with his hand to the door, intimating that she was at liberty to depart when she thought proper.

Having looked several times, with silence and surprise, now at Mr. Fenton, and again at the money, I should be very ill-deserving of your bounty, sir, she said, should I attempt any longer to impose upon you. I am not deaf as you supposed, it was only an artifice which I made use of when taken into custody, to avoid answering questions that might have brought a worthy family into disgrace. But you look so altogether the gentleman and the kind-hearted christian, that I think I ought to have no reserve of any kind toward you.

Be pleased, then, said Mr. Fenton, as far as prudence will allow, to let me know who and what you are.

I hope, sir, she replied, that I am very far from being what I was, otherwise I should be the very vilest of the vile; wherefore if you will allow a weakly woman to sit, I will tell you the whole of my short story, with the same openness that I make confession of my sins to him from whom alone I can look for remission.

My maiden name was Fielding; my father was a gentleman of large fortune and good repute; he had by my mother a very worthy son, who inherits his estate, and a very unworthy daughter, who now takes the shame of confessing her faults before you.

My mother was one of the holiest of women, and brought me up to the best of her power, in her own principles and practice; but she died when I was in the thirteenth year, an age when the blood is in the tide of flow, before I had acquired a due relish for my duty, before the yoke of Christ became easy, or his burden delightful.

My father then provided me a governess, a woman well skilled in French and needle-work, and other such shewy matters of accomplishment; a woman also of much apparent modesty and decorum, though inwardly of a debauched and lascivious disposition.

There is nothing so pernicious to the breeding and morals of children, as their being permitted to keep kitchen-company, where high-fed husseys and pampered fellows form a hot-bed of steaming sensuality and guilt.

My governess, though something elderly, took a liking to my father's clerk, a modest young man, whom, however, she had the art to seduce to her wanton purposes.

In order to promote her intrigue, in my father's absence, at evenings, she used to procure collations, and after we had eat and drank, to propose plays, and other matters of innocent merriment, as she called them.

The chief of our men-servants was one Guillaume Rampant, the butler, a comely robust fellow, and one in whom my father had placed great trust.

One night, as we were playing at hide and seek, this man watched the place where I sought to conceal myself, and coming softly and suddenly to me, he caught me up under one arm, and running with me to a distant apartment, he there ruined me.

A false shame did not permit me to say any thing of the matter; and the villain had, afterwards, the insolence to threaten me, that, if I did not admit him to further familiarities, he would tell what had passed, and expose me to the family.

At length, both the governess and I proved with child, of which the housekeeper, in private, informed my father; whereupon my governess was turned with infamy out of doors, and I was locked up and confined in a waste room.

On the third day of my imprisonment my father entered, and having examined me with a stern though sedate severity, on my knees, and with a flood of tears, I confessed the whole affair.

The butler was then sent for. Guillaume, said my father, if you do not directly marry this strumpet, I will hang you for a rape; but if you marry her, I will give you two hundred pounds, to set you going in some poor way, on condition that I never see the face of either of you any more.

The last terms were immediately complied with. A licence was sent for: we were married in my father's presence: the money was paid down, and we were directly turned into the streets.

Upon this small fund, and about a hundred and fifty pounds

more, which my husband had saved of his vales and wages. He set up a gaming tavern, to which there was a great resort, and as he was a very bold, sensible, and enterprising man, he became extremely agreeable to numbers of his customers, among whom there were many persons of fortune and distinction.

At length the time of my labour approached: I lay for a fortnight in agonies that admitted of little intermission: my child died within me, and was brought into the world piecemeal.

I languished for three months after my delivery, without being able to quit my bed; and the remembrance of the pangs and miseries that I endured caused me to vow, within myself, that I would never more have any commerce with mankind.

On my recovery, therefore, I daily rejected the caresses of my husband, and, every night, I bolted myself in my chamber; whereupon he began to behave himself with great coldness and distance toward me, and to frequent the company of common and lewd women.

In about fourteen months after my marriage, my husband had a run of dice against him, whereby he lost to the amount of fifteen hundred pounds; and, as he had not wherewithal to discharge the full sum, he determined, at all events, to pay to the last penny of his debts of honour, as he called them. Hereupon he began to raise contributions on the public, and, after several very bold and successful exploits, his person became notorious, and he was taken, from amidst his right honourable associates, at a gaming-table in London, conveyed to Newgate, tried, convicted, and executed at Tyburn.

Upon this, all our substance was immediately seized by creditors, or by the officers of the sheriff, and I was turned into an unknown world, without any thing to sustain me, save a few shillings in my pocket, and the single suit of clothes which I happened to have on my back.

I forgot to tell you, my dear sir, that my worthy but afflicted father had died before this period; and this ought to have been the greatest of afflictions to myself; but the season of my feelings was not yet come, and I barely dropt a slight tear, without any sense of remorse for having been, in all likelihood, his principal executioner.

As my brother was now the only person upon earth to whom I

had any right to apply for support, I accordingly went to his house with an anxious beating heart, and sent him in a written state of my very deplorable case. But his answer was, that, if ever I should again appear before his doors, he would take me up as a vagabond, and transport me to the plantations.

Wholly desperate by this disappointment, and stimulated almost to phrenzy, my blood boiled in my veins. The horrid thoughts of vengeance could alone assuage my raging spirit; and I resolved to compass my ends by poison, by dagger, or any, the speediest means. For I looked upon my brother as a robber, who had spoiled me of my title to my father's affection and inheritance.

For this accursed purpose it was necessary to get near him. I sold my clothes, and having disguised myself in the dress of a char-woman, I engaged as a servant in a cellar over the way. From this place I observed an infant, of about two years old, who, at times, was brought to the door by the hand of his nurse; and I learned that he was the only child of my brother, and that the lives of his parents were wrapt up in him.

Here I conceived I had found an object on whom I might execute my vengeance, with better safety to my own person, and greater torture to my adversary, than by any other method that invention could supply. I therefore couched on my watch, like a lioness for her prey, and spying the child alone, I shot across the street, caught him up in my arms, and away I flew.

I hasted with him as fast as I could, till I reached the fields. I then got under a ditch, and stripped him of his gay raiment, which I folded in a handkerchief; and having cut in pieces an old petticoat, and tacked it about him, I made my way to a cabin, where they sold small ale and spirits, and there took up my lodgings for the first night.

I believe, sir, I am the greatest instance that ever was, of the length to which human nature can go in reprobacy, when abandoned by God, and unvisited by his gracious motions in the heart. The strong bent which my mother had given me to religion, caused me only to recoil with the greater force; and, when my father cast me off, I even reproached my God, and was at enmity with him, for having suffered me to fall into my first offence against virtue.

I was yet urged and carried further down the hill of perdition,

by the example of the licentious set of profligates that daily and nightly frequented my husband's house; insomuch, that, in time, I began to relish their profaneness, and my tongue, as well as my ear, at length became accustomed to oaths and execrations; a vice, of all others, the most unnatural, most shocking, and abhorred in our sex.

In fine, I became an alien, and even an enemy to all goodness; and I would willingly have been a party in any kind of wickedness, save that of personal prostitution, and this I avoided merely for fear of a second childbirth, which I dreaded more than I dreaded the torments of hell.

How pitiable, then, must have been the case of the unhappy infant who had fallen into my cruel gripe. I often suffered him, on purpose, to weep for hunger, and then would lash him for crying, that I might please myself, as it were, with the miseries of my brother, in the person of his child.

For four years and nine months I led a wandering and mendicant life, in which trade my little nephew grew very successful and useful to me, so that I began to abate of my severity toward him.—Detested by my relations, and outcast from the world, I cared for nothing but myself; and nightly indulged my appetite with the best victuals and liquor that my pocket could afford, from the issues of my own petitions and those of my fellow-traveller.

One day having passed through Enfield, where I had raised some petty contributions, I espied an infant on a bank, at a distance from any house, and instantly the project occurred of exacting larger charities by his means. I looked about, and thinking that I was not observed, I caught the child up, and ran off with all my speed. But I had not gone far, when I heard a man shouting after me, and I perceived that I was pursued. Thereupon I cast down the child, with my pouch of provisions; and leaving little Ned behind me also, I made the best of my way through the opposite thicket.

As my terrors continued, I continued to run, till I was all in a glow, and faint with fatigue; but still keeping forward, though slower and slower, God conducted me within sight of the parsonage-house of Mr. Catharines, which I reached with much difficulty, and then sunk away on the threshold.

I knew nothing further of what passed, till I found myself in a warm though coarse bed, with one woman holding a bottle of salts to my nose, and another presenting me with a cordial. I looked about and found myself something revived; but, on the sight of some meat which was brought to me, I again fainted.

Within some hours after, I was seized with pains in all my bones, and fell into a raging though intermitting fever. Mr. Catharines, who was physician to the bodies as well as souls of all his flock, visited and prescribed for me, and had me attended with great humanity.

On the third night, I dreamed that an invisible hand came, and seizing me by a single hair of my head, hurried me aloft, through the regions of the air, till it held me right over a fiery gulph, in the pinnacles of whose flames a variety of dæmons appeared to hover, the horridness of whose figures was indescribable to ears of flesh and blood. They all seemed to struggle toward me, and to stretch forth their plangs to receive me; while my husband, Guillaume Rampant, ascended swiftly in the midst, and, rushing up with a pair of sheers, cut the hair that held me in twain; so down I thought I fell, and, giving a great shriek, I awakened to darkness and inexpressible horrors.

Though no light was in the room, my conscious spirit supplied the office. All my transgressions arose minutely and distinctly to memory. They appeared substantially as so many fiends within me, and round about me, and I fell into an agony that threw me into a fit. I awoke again before morning, but without any abatement of my terrors or desperation. The former objects continued to present themselves before me; and, no longer able to support existence, I groped about for a knife, or other instrument of self-destruction; for I said to myself, Perhaps death may bring rest to the weary and overladen, or at least afford some respite before the fearful judgment of final condemnation. So, finding no other means that suited my desperate purpose, I grasped my neck in my hands, and exerted my force to strangle myself; but nature proved repugnant to the completion of an office against herself, and I sunk from my agonies into a second fit.

HISTORY

OF

HENRY
EARL OF MORELAND.

CHAPTER XVII.

The stranger's story continued—the stranger's story concluded—Mr. Fenton relates the discovery of Ned—Mr. Catharine's Letter to Mr. Fielding—meeting of Mr. Fielding and his sister—the will of Phœbe's father—joy of Mr. Fielding—Mr. Fenton's Letter to Mr. Catharines—Mr. Vindex's gratitude—arrival of Mr. Vindex—little Susan kisses Harry—Harry's account of tyrant ladies—Peter Patience and his wife—Peter and Harry go to a Tavern—true courage—God cannot be angry—Mr. Vindex introduced to Mr. Fenton—Mr. Fenton's address to Harry—man a stranger and pilgrim—man's greatest enemy is man—caution against uncharitableness—self and love—goodness of God—man turned from God—Adam the greatest penitent—Ruler's God's Vicegerents—God cannot will wrong to any—constitution of England—Government no powers but in the people—benefit of liberty—inherent right of monarchs—evil of arbitrary power—man restrained from doing injury to any—dissatisfaction under arbitrary power—Britannic constitution no beginning—present laws, the laws of the Goths—origin of parliament—struggle for British liberty—prerogative of kings—sins against the king and people—bishops appointed by the king—a king cannot create or defeat a title—the persons of nobles exempted from arrest—prerogative of the house of peers—power of the democratical or third estate—the grand inquest of the nation—the commons control the public money—the twenty-first clause of Magna Charta—division of the three estates—a king cannot do wrong—a change in the constitution.

ON the breaking of the day, Mr. Catharine's entered, but as the room was darkened, I did not know who he was. He approached my bed, and taking hold of my hand, he sighed and said, You are very ill, poor woman, exceeding ill, indeed! you have more need of

a physician for your soul than your body; if you please then I will kneel down and pray with you, and for you, that God may receive your departing spirit.

O no sir, I cried, I cannot pray; even to hear a prayer would be worse than hell to me. I have no God, no Saviour, they have long since departed from me; I am a sinner to whom hope can never come; Omnipotence itself can do nothing for me; I feel that, if God would, he cannot save me, except he were to create me over again.

And he can create you over again, cried the good Mr. Catharines; even in this instant, he can make you a new nature, and a new creature; he can save you from all your sins by an inward salvation, by pouring the abundance of himself into your bosom.

O sir, I exclaimed, you do not know how vile I am. Even now I am in hell; the fiends have the property and possession of me. O, if any single soul were to suffer, for everlasting, what I suffered last night, better it were that creation had never been.

Here I recounted to him my dream, with the agonies I felt, and my attempt to destroy myself; when the comforting saint cried out, Good hopes, good hopes! very excellent hopes, indeed! these are strong and blessed compunctions. I see that the Saviour of sinners is determined not to lose you. Be of good cheer! here, take this julep to recruit your wearied spirits, that you may be able to lay open the woundings of your soul to the ministering physician of your dear and loving Lord.

But do you think, sir, said I, that there is any hope for me? Hope, cried he, there is assurance, more stable than the marble foundations of the earth! God is all love; he is nothing but love; he never rejected any that once turned unto him. His incarnation, his whole task and business upon earth, his sufferings and crucifixion, his agonies and death, were chosen and embraced by him, for the love and sake of sinners. It is in the regions of sinning Naphthali, in the darkness of the shadow of death, that the light of the loving JESUS delights to spring up. But come, my dear sister, tell me who and what you are: lay open, with truth and honesty, the manifold distempers of your sin-sick soul; your weakness, your poverty, your nakedness, your pollutions, your errors, and your emptiness; and He, who shineth in darkness, will descend into

you, my sister, and will be your strength, and the riches of pardoning mercy to you; and will cover your nakedness, and purify your pollutions, and turn your errors into rectitude, and your emptiness into the fulness of the joy and glory of your God!

Here I made him a full recital of all the passages of my life, as openly, but much more minutely, than I have done to your honour. Never was man so affected; he groaned, he sobbed aloud, he wet his handkerchief with his tears, as though it had been drenched in the river.

As soon as I had concluded, Do you not know me, then? he cried (breaking afresh into tears); do you not know me, Mrs. Phæbe? Know you not Marmaduke Catharines, your brother's tutor, and your tutor, the man from whose lips you used to imbibe instruction with so much avidity?—Ah, had I stayed, nothing of this would have happened; but your brother got me presented to a rich living here, and so I left my vineyard and the fruits thereof unguarded!—O that cursed Rampant! I left my lamb to the voracious and remorseless wolf!—From your infancy, Mrs. Phæbe, you were the darling of my affections; the day did not seem to shine in which I saw you not: your smiles cheered my spirit, and your unaffected graces played round my heart.

Your brother, too, saw and approved my passion for you. What happiness did he not promise to himself in our union! We will be brothers, he cried, my Catharines, folding me fast in his arms; we will be brothers in reality, as well as inclination!

But those blissful prospects soon vanished away. You were seduced, my daughter, you were seduced from your duty, from your God, and your lover. Your brother writ me an account of your fatal falling away; and I spent my nights in tears and my days in anguish.

Ah, how you are altered, even in person and aspect! I could not have known you again. Sin hath taken away the innocence and sweetness of your countenance, and spread a cloudiness and stain in the place thereof. But you are returned, my child, you are returned to virtue and piety, to yourself, and to your God! and he will once more beautify you, and make you, as the king's daughter, all-glorious within, and deck you with living sapphires, even the morning-stars of the preparation of the appearance of JESUS!

While the holy man spoke, the nether millstone of my heart began to dissolve; my agonies and terrors departed from me; my breast began to heave with a kindly, though sad emotion; and a torrent of tears greatly eased my distemper, both of body and mind.

Mr. Catharines, as I afterwards learned, on hearing of my doleful miscarriage, had vowed to himself in secret, never to have commerce with womankind.

A widow lady, however, of large fortune and liberal education, but much advanced in years, happened to reside in the neighbourhood. She was first caught by the simple, though affecting piety of his discourses from the pulpit. She visited, and was visited by him. She was then further charmed by the lustre of his sentiments, the sanctitude of his manners, and the sweetness of his disposition. Sir, said she to him one day, I am by birth a foreigner, and neither have children nor any relation of my blood in this kingdom, who, on my decease, may put in for a title to my fortune. I blush not to tell you, that, if I were young and beautiful, you are the man of the world whom I would have chosen for my husband: but my defects take nothing from your great merits: you are as precious in my eyes as if I were deserving of you; and I am desirous of making you my own for life, provided you swear to me, before the nuptial knot is tied, that my fortune, my company, and my obedience, are all that ever you will require from me in right of our marriage. You shall live, and shall be as an only son to me; and I will have for you, at once, all the duty of a wife, and the tenderness of a mother.

I am not insensible of what gibbers may say, respecting the impropriety of certain appetites at my years; but I trust, by my conduct, to disabuse their opinion, and to cause all occasion of stumbling, in my neighbour, to cease.

In the mean time, my two capital prospects will be compassed by this scheme; the one, of giving myself a legal title to your company; the other, of giving you a legal title to my fortune.

A proposal for such a species of marriage answered exactly to Mr. Catharines' vow of celibacy. The lady, though considerably upwards of sixty, shone in all the graces and attractions of youth, excepting only those personal allurements to concupiscence, toward

which Mr. Catharines had resolved on an aversion; he could therefore form no rational objection to the scheme; and within a few weeks they were privately married. While I wept, as I told you, sir, under a kindly remorse for my manifold offences, Mr. Catharines kneeled down, and poured forth his prayers beside me, with an elocution so warm, and so deeply affecting, as entered and searched through my heart and my reins, and seemed to tear out, by the roots, all the evil that was in me.

As soon as he had ended, and that I had thanked him, with words half-suffocated, for the graciousness of his consolations, Mrs. Catharines came in. Would you, then, sir, said she, would you monopolize all the charities? will you not suffer a sister near the throne of grace, who may assist in the under-services to the servants of our Master?

My dear, said he, tenderly, I was about to request your presence. Here lies on the bed of sickness, and perhaps of death, the daughter of my patron, the sister of my friend, and once the dearest object of my affections and prospects for life: pray order a chamber for her more becoming her station and my debts to her family.

She instantly went out with alacrity, and without reply; and within a few minutes, several female servants entered, who, gently wrapping me in the clothes wherein I lay, conveyed me to a bed ready sheeted and warmed, that stood in a small but decent apartment.

As soon as I was placed, Mrs. Catharines came up, and, stooping, tenderly kissed me, and said, God be very gracious unto you, my daughter!

Here I was treated with an attention and delicacy, that joined with my evil deeds to put me to utter shame. However, I began to recover apace, and within a few days was able to sit up.

On the seventh night I had a very singular dream, or vision, which will never depart my memory; and which, I trust, through life and death, will preserve its happy and comforting influence upon me.

Methought I walked with vast crowds of fine and merry people, along a gentle and pleasant descent, made easy to the foot, like the Mall in London.

On a sudden, my husband, Guillaume Rampant, stood beside

me. I surveyed him with a delight that I had never known before. He seemed to surpass in beauty all the persons around us; his garments were embellished with gold and gems, and his countenance shone with a wonderful lustre.

Come, Miss Phæbe, said he, gracefully taking me by the hand, come with me to yonder paradise, where I will weave a garland for you of never-fading flowers, and lead you to fruits of a heavenly flavour. Immediately, a vast garden opened its blooms and incomparable beauties to my quickened imagination. The odours thereof perfumed the air far and wide, and the burdened trees reached forth fruits of irresistible temptation.

My husband then plucked and gave me to eat of the clusters of the grape, and apples of the pine, which I seized and devoured with an intemperate relish; when happening to look down, I perceived that he had got the legs and hoofs of a goat, and it instantly occurred that he could be no other than the tempter of our first parents. Terrified almost to death, I did not dare to speak out; but lifting up my heart in a secret prayer, he and his paradise immediately vanished.

At once I found myself in a vast and dreary wilderness, whose trees were barren of fruits, and the brambles of berries; through which there was no path, and from whence there was no outlet. Go to what side I would, I had scarce made my way through one thicket when I was presented with another; till, being spent with fatigue, I despaired of any deliverance, and sat me down to die.

Soon after, methought Mr. Catharine's approached, in mean and beggared apparel, but with a majestic and stern countenance. Wretch! he cried, are you at length come to a knowledge of the evil of your ways? are you now come to a sense of your vile and forlorn estate? do you find, at last, that I alone can be your stay and helper? So saying, he seized me by the hand, and his touch filled my frame with confidence and delight. We rose into the air, we moved together over a boundless track of desert, from whence the lions roared, and the wolves bayed at us. At length we alighted at the entrance of a narrow path, that led up the ascent of a mountainous country. The nearer side was covered with clouds, and blasted by tempest, through which the farther part seemed to gleam with a faint radiance that promised the rising day.

Courage! said my conductor, we must ascend this mountain, in spite of all opposition; in spite of the toils, the difficulties, and dangers; the pains, calamities, distresses, and discouragements, of the way. No obstacles, I cried, shall appal or discourage me; I will rejoice in distresses and pains, while I have you by my side.

Hereupon I felt wonderful strength and alacrity; I ran up the ascent with a willing and eager pace, and proposed in a few minutes to reach the top: but, alas! I was widely out in my account: the way became straighter, and steeper, and rougher. I began to fail through fatigue, and the edged flints tore my feet, and marked my footsteps with blood. Ah, sir! I cried, this is very grievous indeed. Peace, said he, it is very salutary; these flints are your kindest friends, your truest physicians; and the wounds that they give your body will be more than the balm of Gilead to the healing of your soul. I then summoned all my powers, and proceeded, though with much anguish, which often compelled me to lean, with all my weight, upon my companion.

At length we came to a pass that was thick set and interwoven with briars and thorns, and seeing no way, I made a full stop. Good cheer, cried my guide! this must also be traversed; there is no quailing now, you must endure to the end, my daughter. The thorn was pronounced a curse to the first Adam and his posterity; but your second Adam has made it a wreath of living brightness: these, accordingly, are appointed to twist the garland of your blessedness, and to make you a partaker of their crown of eternal glory.

Revived by this promise, I rushed into the midst, and struggled to get forward, though screaming with anguish: but, when the thorns rent my skin, and entered into my body and soul, and lodged their stings within me, I could endure no longer; but casting myself on my conductor, O that death, that death, I cried, would put an end to my sufferings! He then turned and smiled upon me, and, taking me under his arm, bore me harmless through the remainder; then, seating me on a bank, he placed himself beside me.

While I sat, still panting with pain and fatigue, he bent forward, and pulled off his sandals, I then saw the large wounds that the spike had made. My spirit instantly told me, that it was my Lord himself, under the form of his minister. I threw myself prostrate

before him. My bosom opened wide, and taking hold of his feet, covered with dust as they were, I pressed them to my heart, and would have thrust them into my soul; when, on their touch, I felt such an extatic transport, that, if I had not awoke, my body could no longer have retained my spirit, it must instantly have issued to him who breathed it.

The consolation of this dream greatly strengthened and restored me, and I hastened to get up, that I might delight myself with serving the servants of my benefactors.

When Mrs. Catharines rose, she found me busied in the basest employments of the kitchen. She looked astonished. Why, my dear, she cried, would you demean yourself in this manner? O madam, I replied, I beseech you to leave me to my own conscience; it tells me that even this office is much too honourable for me.

When breakfast was ready, Mr. Catharines came in from his morning walk of meditation. As he entered, I cast myself before him, and, clasping his knees, cried, How blessed are the feet of him, who bringeth good tidings of salvation to sinners! but, above all, blessed is he who beareth in his own person the image and impression of the Prince of peace! being much surprised and abashed at my manner of salutation, he demanded the reason of it, and I told my dream; whereupon they were so affected, that they both shed tears of tender congratulation.

I have already told you, sir, that Mr. Catharines was physician to the bodies as well as souls of all his parishioners; I might have added to all the country about him.

For this purpose, he provided a little kind of apothecary's shop, where he kept all manner of drugs for the sick, as well as matters of surgery for the sore and the wounded. On these occasions I became his principal deputy and assistant. I was myself, often astonished at the effects of my application in this way. I scarce remember an instance wherein I failed of success. A spirit of healing seemed to accompany my walks. I have frequently cured those who were given up as irrecoverable by the doctors and surgeons.

And never had such heartfelt-delight as when on my knees I bathed the feet of the sick, or washed the ulcers of the beggar; for in them, methought, the great physician of sin-sick souls lay before

me, who had healed my own woundings, and done away my transgressions.

I should have told you, sir, that when Mr. Catharines heard that I had stolen and dropped my little nephew, the only child of his best and most beloved friend, he, that very day, dispatched a number of emissaries to Enfield, and throughout all the adjacent country, with orders to make the most diligent search and inquiry after him; but, alas! all our pains and solitudes, both then and afterward, proved fruitless. This cost me, day and night, secret deluges of tears, and served to embitter the happiest life that otherwise, perhaps, could be spent upon earth.

About three months ago, Mrs. Catharines began to decline, and peaceably dropped, like over-ripe fruit, into the lap of our general mother.

Mr. Catharines had often desired my permission to write to my brother in my favour; but, conscious of the injury that I had done him in the person of his child, I had hitherto declined the proposal. At length, however, I determined to throw myself at his feet, and confess my guilt, though without any prospect of obtaining his pardon; perhaps, said I, he may think on some more successful means for the discovery of his son than we have yet hit upon. My benefactor approved of my resolution; he wrote a letter to my brother by me; and within a few days I set out in his chaise for London.

On the road, I took it into my head once more to make trial of my brother's nature, and to present myself before him as an object of his charity. For this purpose I dismissed the chaise at St. Alban's. I also sent back my little baggage, with an account of my project in a note to Mr. Catharines, and retained nothing but this poor garb that I have on.

On that night I was taken suddenly and extremely ill of a cholic, and could keep nothing in my stomach for the six following days. I sent to London for a physician, who attended and prescribed for me; and by the time I was able to creep abroad, what with fees to the doctor, the apothecary's bill, and a still more exorbitant bill from the landlord, I had scarce three sixpences left to bear my charges to the city. With that sum, however, I set forward on foot; but, finding myself still very weak and sickly, I was tempted

to repine for not having brought more money from home; but, again, I remembered that my master had told me, that sufferings were the best friends and physicians to such a sinner. I was, therefore, content and pleased, to be once more reduced to the lowest state of beggary; and after three days sore travel, God was pleased to conduct me to your charitable door.

This, sir, is the letter which my friend wrote in my favour to my brother. You see it is open; but, before you read it, I ought to account to you for some touches of uncommon tenderness, which Mr. Catharines has expressed toward me.

Some weeks after the funeral of his lady, he and I stood chatting in the front of the house. The evening was exceeding pleasant, and the maids sat singing and milking the cows before us; when the great bull, suddenly tearing up the ground with his feet, ran furiously at his master. On seeing him approach, I shrieked and rushed into the house; but, observing that Mr. Catharines did not follow, I turned and ran as precipitately out again. There I saw that the terrible creature had pinned him up, between his horns, against the wall, at which he butted with all his force.

Then, casting fear aside, I sprung up, and, seizing the bull by one of his horns, would have torn him away from my dear protector. But my strength not availing, I caught his ear in my mouth, and bit it through and through, while I endeavoured to tear out his eyes with my nails. In the mean time, a little favourite mastiff, scarce bigger than two fists, came happily out, and, leaping up, caught the monstrous animal by the nose, whereupon he gave a hideous roar, and, flinging away the dog, ran kicking and leaping about the yard.

I remembered nothing more, till I awoke from a swoon, and perceived that Mr. Catharines sat beside me. He held one of my hands, which he had washed with his tears, and which, at times, he pressed to his lips, and again to his bosom.

When he had prevailed upon me to swallow a spoonful of cordial, O my Phæbe, my Phæbe, he cried, you have this day offered up your precious life, a victim for the preservation of mine; and, from this day forward, my life, and all that I am, is your property for ever. But tell me, my Phæbe, whence could you get, in a moment, such astonishing intrepidity? how attain to the power of acting

against nature, the constitutional terrors and delicacies of your sex? Ah, sir, I replied, the book of life tells us, that "perfect love casteth fear away."

From that time Mr. Catharines earnestly pressed me to marriage. My first, and my last, and my only love, he would say, you know that in womankind, I can love nothing but you. Your whole image, your every feature is impressed upon my soul; I am already wedded to them, they are inseparable from my being. Why then do you wish to have me cast forth my species, as a withered branch, without any kind of fruit, without one, the least little one, to bind us up together, and carry us down to posterity? O, sir, I would then say, let not our nuptials be sullied by any gloom or regret; let me first be reconciled, if possible, to my brother, and then dispose of me as you please; it is your right so to do.

I thank you, madam, said Mr. Fenton, I thank you for your very affecting, and still more edifying narrative; and I will endeavour to recompense you for the trouble that I have given you, by being the bearer of very happy tidings. Your little nephew has lived with me almost ever since you lost him. He has received an education becoming his family, and was this day discovered and restored to his parents.

My God, my Christ, she exclaimed, what a wonder is here! How are blind and erring mortals, wilfully blind and wilfully erring, deserving of such a clue as this to guide them! My nephew alive and well, discovered and restored this very day to his true parents!—I am confounded, I am crushed to the centre beneath the weight of thy benefits, O thou overflowing Fountain of mercy and grace!

Now, madam, said Mr. Fenton, now it is at your election to reveal or suppress the affair respecting your nephew. I know, sir, she replied, you proposed this only to try me; I desire no advantage from fraud or disguise, and could I be so base, this letter, as you will find, would detect and betray me.

Mr. Fenton then unfolded the letter, and read as follows:

To EDWARD FIELDING, Esq.

Friend and brother of my soul,

'I have often reprov'd, and always detested, that cruel and 'impious custom of casting off our friends or kindred, on account 'of their errors or frailty, or even of their fall from honour. This

‘ custom is more especially condemnable and pernicious, when it
 ‘ affects the more tender, and more pitiable sex: the indiscretion of
 ‘ their nearest friends begins the alarm; the world follows, and in-
 ‘ creases the cry; the wretches, like marked deer, are driven forth
 ‘ to the hounds, and must speedily become a prey to famine and
 ‘ death, or for ever be precluded from any return to virtue.

‘ Had you, my dear brother, had you given that charity to your
 ‘ only sister, which you slightly throw to a common beggar, you
 ‘ might have saved her soul alive, and have continued a happy pa-
 ‘ rent of a promising son at this day. She resented your treatment,
 ‘ she rent your child from you; you merited the motive, but I am
 ‘ grieved at the consequence. As God has been pleased wonderfully
 ‘ to restore your sister to virtue, she would rejoice to restore your
 ‘ son to you; but it is not in her power; he strayed from her within
 ‘ some miles of this place: we have used all possible means to
 ‘ recover him, but in vain; and his loss hath cost her seas of tears,
 ‘ and years of anguish.

‘ Receive her, then, as a precious pearl from the bottom of the
 ‘ deep, as a casket of gold and jewels recovered from shipwreck.
 ‘ She was dead, but is alive again; she was lost, but is found.
 ‘ Receive her then, I say, as an angel of God, sent on purpose to
 ‘ effect your own salvation.

‘ I know not how it comes to pass that great sinners often be-
 ‘ come the greatest of saints; and, in a year, a month, a day exceed
 ‘ in growth and stature a long life of leisurely righteousness. Their
 ‘ bows, as it should seem, being strongly bent the adverse way, they
 ‘ dart forward with the greater strength and rapidity. It is even
 ‘ so with our precious Phœbe. She is become a gentle flame of the
 ‘ divine loves and charities. While she stands upon earth, and
 ‘ bends, in her lowliness, beneath all creatures, the moon of change-
 ‘ able things is put under her feet. She treads, as it were, upon
 ‘ the stars of the galaxy; and I behold at a distance, and revere
 ‘ the glory of her steps.

‘ Receive her then, I say again, as the dearest boon and blessing
 ‘ that heaven can bestow. But, O restore her to me; give her to
 ‘ me, according to promise, that she may assist to conduct me to
 ‘ that kingdom of little children, whereof she is a blessed inhabitant
 ‘ at this very day.

Yours, &c.

M. CATHARINES.’

You see, sir, said Mrs. Phœbe smiling, you see that Mr. Catharines must be a lover, by the extravagance of his praise. I see, madam, said Mr. Fenton, that he deservedly loves; and greatly deserves also to be beloved. But, madam, if you will be ruled by my advice, you will stay here, till your brother shall call upon me, which I expect he will do in a very little time. Mean-while, I will introduce you to a sister-saint, who has been long tried and refined in the hottest furnace of affliction.

The very next morning Mr. Fielding rode to the door attended only by a single servant. As soon as he had saluted Mr Fenton, and sat down, he took out a note for £2000, and presented it to him. You must not refuse, sir, said he, to relieve my distress, by accepting this in part of what I owe you. I can spare it, without the smallest inconvenience. I have lately recovered a track of land that lies contiguous to Mr. Catharines, the worthy man of whom you heard me speak yesterday; so that I shall soon have the pleasure of taking possession of a considerable accession to my fortune, and at the same time, the greater pleasure of embracing so very dear a friend. This sum, sir, said Mr. Fenton, comes very seasonably to the relief of a person for whom I have conceived an extraordinary esteem and affection; a person who is entitled to my best service, and who may also be entitled to your further munificence. So saying, Mr. Fenton rose, went to the door, took Mrs. Phœbe by the hand, and leading her toward her brother, This, sir, said he, is the gentlewoman of whom I spoke, and whom I recommend to your tenderest regards.

Mr. Fielding looked earnestly and inquisitively at his sister, changed colour, and, for awhile, sat mute with astonishment, when suddenly rising, and stepping hastily to her, he clasped her in his arms, and cried aloud, My Phœbe, my dearest Phœbe, my long lost, long sought, long lamented sister! have I found you at last? are my prayers at length heard? and are you once more restored to my bosom, my sister? Ah, what must have been your sufferings! what have I not suffered myself, from the stinging recollection of the barbarity of my behaviour? But at the time that you applied to me, I was exasperated against you, by being told you had turned out a common prostitute; and, from your connection with that reprobate to whom my father had unhappily married you, I

was ready to believe the worst that could be reported concerning you. Pardon me, however, my Phœbe, do but promise me your pardon, and I will endeavour to compensate for my injurious treatment of you.

Here, the sister dropped on her knees, and, breaking into tears and sobs, replied, you want no pardon, my brother, you never wronged me.—I deserved all sorts of evils; they were due to my transgressions—but I have injured you, I fear, past forgiveness, my brother.—It was I who stole your little darling, who robbed you of your only child, and caused you so many years of sorrow and bitterness.—I deserved it, I deserved it at your hands, exclaimed Mr. Fielding; let us then exchange forgiveness, my Phœbe; for our child is restored to us, and we remember our sorrows no more. So saying, his eyes filled, and tenderly raising his sister, he took her again to his bosom.

Mr. Fenton, wholly melted by this passionate scene, took them jointly in his arms, and then silently seated them opposite to each other.

My sister, said Mr. Fielding, you have promised me your pardon, before you were acquainted with the extent of my faults. Our dear father, in his last illness, made me sit by his side; when, heaving a deep sigh, he thus began: I fear, I fear, my son, that I have greatly wronged your sister. I grieve at heart that I had her married to that ruffian Rampant. With a little less of severity, and more of tender admonition, she might have arisen from her fall; she might have returned to virtue and honour; her errors might have been forgotten; perhaps, restored to rectitude, she might have been less wretched, and my days might have been longer. She was young, she was artless, and obvious to seduction. I, myself, joined to betray her, by that she-wolf whom I appointed the guardian of my lamb. Perhaps, as she affirmed, her inclination no way concurred with the force that was offered her. We ought as far as possible, to have covered her shame: shame only serves to bronze over a bashful countenance, and make it altogether shameless. Alas, my child, all things appear quite different at my death, from what they did during my lifetime; and the pride of blood, and the resentment for injured gentility, give place to the calls of nature, and the feelings of humanity.

I intended your sister five thousand pounds ; but by my will I have cut her off with a shilling, lest the villain, her husband, should come in for any share of our substance. Wherefore, I leave you, in my place, at once the father, the brother, and the guardian of my dear child—and here his bursting tears prevented another word.

As soon as he was more composed, he proceeded:—I adjure you, my son, in the name of our common father, in the name of that God to whom I am going, I adjure you, I say, to keep a constant watch over the conduct of your still precious sister, my son ! and, if such an one may be found, to keep in fee some discreet and pious matron, who may insinuate into her acquaintance, and gain her confidence, and preserve her from a further progress in the paths of vice ; for, O the soul of my wrecked child, at this hour, is infinitely precious in my eyes !

I further enjoin you, that, in case the reprobate, her husband should perish by sword or pistol, or by the gallows, as is most likely, you will pay your sister the sum of three thousand pounds, but gradually at first, as her necessities may crave ; and the whole, on your assurance of her return to virtue. While her brother was speaking, Mrs. Phœbe had thrown her apron over her face, and by her groans and passionate sobs prevented his proceeding. At length she exclaimed, Wretch, paricide that I am ! I have cut short the sacred life of him who brought me to the world. You then loved me, my father, you still continued to love me, though I knew it not ; and I have murdered the kindest, the tenderest of parents ; but I will die to make atonement, I will not survive you, my father !

Mr. Fielding then arose, and stepped affectionately to his sister, and taking her in his arms, and mixing his tears with hers, endeavoured to console her. You did not my dearest sister, you did not murder him, he cried ; you accuse yourself of faults of which you are no way guilty. Our father was aged, and laboured under a complication of disorders that must, shortly, have put a period to all that was mortal in him. Be comforted then, I say be comforted, my sister !

When Mr. Fielding had resumed his seat, and the violence of his sister's passion had subsided, he looked earnestly and tenderly at her. I will, said he, my Phœbe, at some other time, account to

you for the motive of my barbarity toward you, and how I was imposed upon by the very person whom I kept in pay to give me intelligence concerning you. But tell me how it comes to pass that, in my life, I never saw you look so charmingly? even during your infant years, you never had such a sweet simplicity, such a heavenly childishness of countenance as you now have. It is, said Mr. Fenton, because she is the King's daughter, 'all glorious within,' and the loveliness of her spirit informs, and shines through her aspect— But here is a known character, that will fully clear up the matter. And so saying, he presented him with the letter from Mr. Catharines, when, at the sight of the superscription, Mr. Fielding gave an exclamation of surprise: then, unfolding, he read it in deep silence, but by fits, and interruption; frequently putting, and long holding his handkerchief to his eyes.

As soon as he had finished, Yes, yes, my dear Catharines, my brother, he cried, the wish of my heart shall be accomplished for us both! You shall have your Phœbe restored to you, and she shall be restored to you with Benjamin's portion, even a double portion!—But, O my God, how wonderful, how miraculous is all this! to have my only child, and my only sister, at once restored to me by one and the same hand! teach me, teach me, Mr. Fenton, by some new method of gratitude, to express a part of the sense of what I owe you! You have already, sir, cried Mr. Fenton, done and said by much too much upon that head, and have thereby given me great pain instead of gratification. The payment that I get is a treasure hidden from all men, save him to whom it is given. I will not, however, do you the offence to return you your bill, but shall dispose of it in a manner that, I trust, will be nearly as equitable. Meanwhile, my dear friend, I most cordially congratulate you on the signal evidences that have been given of the favour of your God to you, and of his watchful and intending providence over you and yours. I suppose you will soon set out, with your amiable sister here, on your visit to your friend and brother, the worthy Mr. Catharines. I shall heartily pray for a blissful issue to the union of the sainted pair, and I request you to favour me with a call on your way.

Within an hour after, Mr. Fielding set off for London, on horseback, and Harry accompanied his sister, in Mr. Fenton's post-chaise, upon a short visit to his friend Ned.

As soon as they were departed, Mr. Fenton took paper, and wrote the following letter to Mr. Catharines :

Reverend, and Dear Sir.

‘ Allow a stranger, but a very warm lover of yours, to felicitate you with his whole heart on the success of affairs. Our precious Phœbe was received with transport by her brother, and you cannot be more impatient than he is for your union. He generously presented me with the inclosed bill for £2000, merely because God had appointed me an humble instrument for doing him some little matter of service. Though I determined not to accept any part thereof, yet I dreaded to grieve him by an avowed refusal. I therefore restore it to you and your Phœbe, as a matter of equity next to that of returning it to himself. It is surely full as proper that your family should take charge of that wherewith providence had been pleased to intrust them, as that I should be incumbered with the disposal thereof. And, indeed, my dear sir, I am already burdened with more trusts of this nature than I fear, I shall be able duly to account for.

‘ That your heart may always continue where your true treasure is already laid up, is the wish, dear sir, &c.’

When he had folded and sealed his letter, he took bills from his pocket-book, to the amount of £1300, and on Harry’s return from London, presented them to him. Here, my dear, said he, here is what will enable you to be more than just to your engagements; it will enable you to be generous also. And I desire, my Harry, in matters of charity, you may never stint the sweet emotions of your heart; for we have enough, my child, and we are but the stewards of the bounty of our God.

Here Harry’s speech was stopped, but his silence was more eloquent than a thousand harangues. He suddenly threw his arms about his dear dada, and, hiding his face in his bosom, he there vented the tears of that pleasure, love, and gratitude, with which he found himself affected.

On the afternoon of the following day, Harry and Arabella went to drink tea with the widow Neighbourly, who received them with a countenance that bespoke an uncommon welcome. Some other

company had arrived before them, and rose on their entrance. When all were again seated, Mrs. Neighbourly very affectionately questioned Harry concerning his dada.

On hearing the name of Mr. Fenton, an elderly gentlewoman started. Pray madam, said she eagerly, is this master Fenton, the son of that noble gentleman who lives on the hill?—He is, madam, said Mrs. Neighbourly. My God! exclaimed the stranger, can this suckling be the father of the orphan and the widow? Is this he who goes about turning sorrow into joy; who wipes the tears from the afflicted, and heals the broken of heart? Permit me, then, thou beloved child of the Father which is in heaven, permit me to approach and throw myself at the feet of my preserver!

So saying, she rose with a rapturous motion, and, dropping at Harry's knees, she clasped his legs, and kissed his feet, before he could prevent her.

Poor Harry, much to be pitied, sat astonished, abashed, and distressed to the last degree. At length, recollecting, and disengaging himself with difficulty, My dear madam, he cried, you hurt me greatly; what have I done, that you should put me to so much pain?

Babe of my heart, she cried, I am the wife of your Vindex, your own Vindex, whom you redeemed from beggary and slavery; whom you restored to his wretched partner, whom you restored to his infant-daughter; all pining and perishing apart from each other, but now united by you, my angel, my joy and thanksgiving!

Here her words were suffocated, and throwing herself back in her chair, she was not ashamed to give way to her tears, and, putting her handkerchief to her face, she vented her passion aloud.

Harry, then rising and going tenderly to her, put his arms about her, and kissed her forehead, and then her lips. You owe me nothing, my dear Mrs. Vindex, said he, I am still greatly in your debt: I was the very naughty boy who brought your misfortunes upon you; but I am willing to make you amends, and that will do me a great pleasure, instead of the punishment which I deserve.

The tea-table was now laid, and Mrs. Vindex grew more composed, when her husband entered, leading his daughter by the hand, a very pretty little girl of about six years old. Harry instantly sprang up, and running and throwing himself with a great leap upon

him, he hung about his neck, crying, How glad I am to see you, my dear Mr. Vindex!—Boy of boys, cried Vindex, am I so blessed as to have you once more in my arms!

The company then rose and saluted Mr. Vindex, and congratulated him on his return to his ancient habitation. But Harry took him aside, and having cautioned him in a whisper not to take any notice of what should pass, he stole a bill for £160 into his hand, saying softly, It is good first to be honest, so there is what I owe you; and here also is a small matter for your daughter; I did not know, till now, that we had such a sweet little charge in our family; so saying, he slipped to him another bill of £50, and then, turning from him, stepped carelessly to his seat, as though nothing had happened.

Mean-time the astonished Vindex was greatly oppressed. He did not dare to offend Harry by an open intimation of his recent bounty, and yet he could feel no ease till the secret should be disclosed. He therefore stole softly to the back of our hero's chair, where, unperceived of Harry, he displayed the bills to the company, beckoning, at the same time, in a way that forbade them to take any notice; then, raising his hands over his head, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, he blessed his benefactor, in a silent ardent ejaculation, and, taking an empty seat, joined in with the company.

While they were in chat, the little Susanna slipped unnoticed, from the side of her mamma, and veering over toward Harry, she went on one side, and then on the other, and surveyed him all about; then, coming closer, she felt his clothes, and next his hands, in the way, as it were, of claiming acquaintance with him. At length, looking fondly up to his face, she lisped and said, Me vood kiss oo, if oo voud ask me. Indeed, then, said Harry, me vill kiss oo, fedder oo vill or no. And so, catching her up on his knee, he pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her over and over again.

You all see, cried Mr. Vindex, it is not one of the elders with whom our Susanna has fallen in love. My sweet babe, cried Mrs. Vindex, her little heart instinctively led her to her best friend, to the one of all living who best deserved her love. Miss Susanna, said Mrs. Clement, puts me in mind of some very delicate lines in Milton respecting our Virgin Mother; for she also refused to kiss the loveliest man that ever was created, at least till she was asked.

‘ And though divinely brought,
 ‘ Yet innocence and virgin-modesty,
 ‘ Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
 ‘ That would be wood, and not unsought be won,
 ‘ Not obvious, nor obtrusive, but retired,
 ‘ The more desirable.’

It is happy, said Mrs. Neighbourly, for our weakly and over-affectionate sex, that God has been pleased to fix a monitor within us, which struggles against our inclinations, which fights against our affections, and is, with difficulty, won over to acquiesce in our desires. I know not else, what might become of the most of womankind.

But then, said Mrs. Vindex, are we not rather to be pitied, that, even when our propensities are warrantable, we are prohibited, by custom, from giving any intimation thereof to the object? while the licentious reprobate, man, roves and riots at large and unrepented, beyond the pale over which it is treason for us to look.

I do not pity you, ladies, said Mr. Vindex, I do not at all pity you on account of any restraints that custom has laid you under respecting chastity, or its environs, called decorum. The chastity of woman is the only basis upon which the order, honor, and peace of the world can be built: it twists the sacred and endearing cord of society: without it there could be no amity, no brotherhood upon earth. But then, surely there is much respect and tenderness due to those from whom such advantages are derived. Whereas I have observed, on the contrary, that the most amiable of your sex are generally mated to tyrants; to men who, being born and appointed their protectors, pervert every end of nature and duty, and treat, with injury, contempt, and insult, the gentle saints whom they should have cherished with their most respectful endearments.

The question yet occurs, said Arabella, whether your devils of husbands find us angels, or make us such? Tyrants are like files, they serve to smooth and polish whatever they are applied to. I was once in company with a man who was called the saint-maker; he had married five shrews in succession, and made grizels of every one of them before they died.

But pray, ladies, said Harry, are there no tyrants among the wives? I lately took a walk to Tower-hill, and, growing hungry, I

turned into a little shop of groceries, where a slender skinny woman, of about four feet high, stood behind the counter. Taking out a sixpence, I threw it on the board, and desired her to give me the value in almonds and raisins. She had scarce weighed my merchandise, when a huge jolly-looking quaker came up to the hatch-door, but seemed fearful of opening it. The moment the little woman had cast her eye toward him, she exclaimed, in a shrill and exasperated accent, Art thee there, thou rogue, thou hang-dog, thou gallows-faced vagabond? when, gathering up the whole dignity and importance of his person, and clapping a hand on each side, he cried, with an undaunted air, 'I tell thee, Mary, I fear thee not!' Ah, thou villain, she vociferated, dares thee then appear in my presence? get thee back to thy fellows and hussies on whom thee spendest my substance! Still, however, he kept his ground, and courageously repeated, 'I tell thee, Mary, I fear thee not!'—Not fear me! sirrah, sirrah, not fear me! says she, we shall see that in a twinkling. So saying, she whipt up the measuring yard, and scud-ding round the counter, she flew to the door. But he was already vanished as fast as his fat sides would let him. And, to tell you the truth, ladies, there was something so authoritative and tremendous in the little body's voice and manner, that I was glad to get out, and to scamper after him.

The company laughed heartily; and Mr. Vindex added, I forget the hero's name, a great general he was, and, I think, a Frenchman. He won every battle abroad; but was sure to be beaten in his turn also, as often as he returned home to his wife.

Well said Hercules and the distaff! cries Hatry. But to the point: the bravest man I know is one Peter Patience, a currier, who lives in the suburbs. My tutor and I were walking one day through Islington, when we perceived the likelihood of a scuffle at a distance.

As we approached, we saw one man making up, with great fury, to another, who would have avoided him, and who, retiring backward across the street, parried his blows, and kept him off as well as he could. His enraged adversary would then have closed in upon him, but, grasping his shoulder with a long and very strong arm, he still held his enemy aloof, who nearly spent all his efforts and blows in the air.

Never did I see so living a representation of heaven and of hell, as was visible in the faces of those two men. The muscles of the one were frightfully distorted; his eyes shot fire, and his mouth frothed with madness; while the countenance of the other was as a lake in a summer's evening, that shews heaven in its bosom, and reflects all the beauties of nature around it.

Be quiet, Ben, he said; you know that I would not hurt you; you know that I love you. What a fool the man makes of himself! Are you not sensible that I could demolish you with a single blow? but I cannot find in my heart to do it. Be quiet, Ben, I say; I see you want to vex me, but I won't be vexed by you, my dear Ben.

While the gentle Peter was thus expostulating with his exasperated friend, Mrs. Patience, as it should seem, had seen all that had passed from an upper casement; and flying down stairs, and rushing out at the door, she seized her husband behind, by the hair of his head, and tore and cuffed away at a terrible rate.

Poor Peter, finding himself thus between two fires, gave a slight trip to his male assailant, who instantly fell with his shoulder against the pavement, and, rising with difficulty, limped homeward, muttering curses all the way.

Then Peter, turning meekly to the lady-mistress of his house, Gatty, my love, says he, what have I done to provoke you?—O, she cried, you mean-spirited, hare-hearted, milk-livered poltroon, I'll teach you what it is to suffer every fellow to pommel you!—Sirrah, sirrah, (and still she cuffed), I'll have you tied down at the foot of the market-cross, with notice on your breast, for all who pass to p—s upon you.

Then, quite angry to see the man so abused to whom I had taken such a fancy, I rushed in between man and wife, and seized Mrs. Patience by both her hands: but wrenching one of them from me, she gave me a round cuff on the side of my head. I was, however, too well used to cuffs to matter that much; and so, catching one of her hands in both of mine, I gave her a pluck to me, and a foot at the same time, and laid her on the broad of her back in the kennel.

My friend Peter looked quite astonished at this, and fearing what might happen to me on the rising up of his wife, he tucked me like a gizzard under the wing of a turkey, and off he scoured with me

down the street ; while Mr. Clement also made pretty nimbly after us, for fear, as I supposed, that Mrs. Patience, when on her legs, might take him for one of our company.

As soon as we had turned a corner, and were out of harm's way, honest Peter set me down. My friend, says I, if you would be advised by me, you will not be in a mighty hurry to get back to your wife : I see a house of entertainment yonder, and I wish to be further acquainted with you. Adad, said he, you are the boldest little boy that ever I knew ; you performed a feat to-day that made me tremble for you. Had any other man, though, used my wife so—but I pass that matter over ; I see you're too great a hero to be threatened by any one, and I should consider that you did what you did for my sake.

So saying, we all went into a sort of tavern, and being shewn to a little parlour, I called for a pint of white-wine.

As soon as we were seated, I took my new acquaintance very lovingly by the hand. My dear friend, said I, I have conceived a great respect and fondness for you, and should be glad to know who and what you are. I am a currier by trade, sir, and my name is Peter Patience. You are Patience itself, indeed, said Mr. Clement ; but your wife, as I think, has taken the whole trade of the currier into her own hands.

Peter laughed and replied, She is a dear and a sweet girl as ever lay by the side of a man, and she loves me as she loves her own soul. Her blows were sweet blows to me ; they were the blows of her affection. For though I did not matter the strokes of my friend Benjamin a single fillip, yet every one of them went to her heart, and she wanted to frighten me from ever taking the like again.

But pray, says I, how happened the quarrel between you and your friend Benjamin, as you call him ? Why, there it is too, said Peter : he also beat me out of his downright and true-hearted kindness to me.

As this is holiday in the afternoon among us trades-folk, Ben Testy invited me to a share of a can of flip, at the cat and bagpipes over the way. Just as we sat down, Peter, says he, I am told that your Gatty is with child ; I believe it may be so, says I. I am glad of it, Peter, with all my heart ; and so now remember that I bespeak myself gossip. Why, that may happen, says I, just as matters

shall turn out. If the child is a boy, you shall be one of the god-fathers and welcome; but if it is a girl, this cannot be, for my Uncle Geoffry has already engaged himself, and I have some expectations from him. And so, says he, you refuse to adunt me for your gossip. If it is a girl, says I, you see that I cannot. O, he cried, I had forgot, I was a rascal for proposing it: you're of high blood, have high relations, and so scorn to have connections with a poor tradesman like me. That is not the case indeed, my dear Ben, but—Damn your dears, says he, I will have no more of them! you are a covetous scoundrel, and value money more than love. Well, says I, but will you be patient, will you hear reason, my friend: friend, friend, says he, my curse upon all such friendships! I see into you now. You're an ungrateful, unloving, cold-hearted villain, and I would sooner be godfather to a child of the Turk. So saying, he struck at me, and repeated his blows across the table. But as I saw that his choler was inflaming more and more, I got up and retreated, merely intending to defend myself till his passion should be spent upon me. But you saw what happened, gentlemen, which I am heartily sorry for, as I fear that my poor dear fellow is much hurt.

Well, said my tutor, I have heard many definitions, and many disputes concerning the word courage, but I never saw the thing itself till this day. Pray, Mr. Peter, where you never angry? Scarce ever, sir, that I remember; at least on my own account; for I do not fear any man that steps upon the earth, and what is it then that should make me angry? A man may be angry, said Mr. Clement, from other motives sure, besides that of fear. God himself can be angry, and yet he cannot possibly fear.

I am feelingly assured, sir, replied the valiant Peter, that God was never angry in his whole life; and that is a long time, that has neither beginning nor ending. Don't you believe the gospel? says Mr. Clement; the scripture assures us, in a hundred places, of the anger of God against impenitent sinners. I am the son of a clergyman, sir, said Peter, and mayhap could quote scripture as well as another. The scriptures were written for man; but how should man understand them, if they were not written according to his own language and to his own passions? I will ask you a question, sir, Can you be angry at a mite or a worm which you

can crush into nothing at pleasure? I think, not, said my tutor. No, certainly, said Peter, because you cannot fear a thing that has not power to offend you. Now all the world is but as a worm or mite to God; and neither man nor angels can disturb or affect him with any thing, except delight, on their acceptance of that happiness which he desires to give to all his creatures.

Ay but, says Mr. Clement, you see that God's anger and indignation was so great against sin, that nothing could satisfy for it save the death of his beloved Son. Ay but, says Peter, the scripture, which you quote, tells you, that it was not his anger, but his love that sent him to us. 'For God so loved the world,' a very sinful world indeed! 'that he gave his only begotten son to take his death upon the cross.' And I am as fully assured, as I am of my own being, that the same gracious God, who has already redeemed poor sinners, would willingly redeem the poor devils also, if they could but find in their hearts to desire his salvation.

Here, catching and clasping his hand, My dear Peter, says I, I embrace and wish from my heart that your doctrine may be true. I have many tutors, Mr. Peter, and my dada pays them all with pleasure for the instructions that they give me. Tell me then, Mr. Peter, what must he give you for the lesson which you have taught me? What lesson, my hero? A very precious lesson, says I; a lesson that will always teach me 'to despise myself for a coward, whenever I shall be angry.'

Peter then sprung up, without speaking a word, and hugged, and clasped, and kissed me with all his affections. Then, plucking a button from the upper part of my coat, I will accept of this token, my darling, says he; and will look at it many a time in the day, for your sake.

But Mr. Peter, says I, I think it would be my advantage to keep up an acquaintance with you, and this cannot be so well done while your dear Gatty is angry with me. You must therefore promise me to carry a token to her also, as an olive branch of that peace which I want to be made between us. I will, my love, says he; I never refuse to give or accept the favours of a friend. You must be upon honour then, not to reject what I offer you. I am upon honour, he said.

I then slipped something into his hand, at which he looked and looked again; and then cried out, from the overflowings of a good and grateful heart, You are either of the blood-royal, or ought to be so! for the man was very poor, though so very sensible and well descended, and so he looked upon a little as a great matter.

Here Harry closed his narration, and all the company gathered about him, and nearly smothered him with their caresses, in which little Susanna came in for her full share.

On the following day Harry introduced his friend Vindex and family to his dear dada, who received them with a graciousness that soon dispelled that awkward diffidence and humbling sense of obligations under which the late unhappy preceptor apparently sunk.

As soon as it was known abroad that Mr. Vindex enjoyed the patronage and good countenance of Mr. Fenton and his family, his former friends resorted to him, his acquaintance was sought by all the neighbourhood, his credit was restored, his school daily increased, and, like Job, his latter end was far more blessed than his beginning.

Within a few weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding with their sister Phœbe, our friend Ned, and a splendid equipage, called and breakfasted at Mr Fenton's; and, soon after, Mr. Fenton and his Harry, with Mr. and Mrs. Clement, attended their visitants to St. Alban's, where, all together, they spent the happiest night; only that this happiness was blended, at times, with the affecting consideration of parting in the morning.

For two succeeding years and upward, little interesting happened, save that our hero increased in stature, and all personal accomplishments, and had happily got over the measles and small-pox. He was now nearly master of the Latin and Greek languages. He could out-run the rein-deer, and outbound the antelope. He was held in veneration by all the masters of noble science of defence. His action was vigour, his countenance was loveliness, and his movement was grace.

Harry, by this time, was also versed in most of the select and interesting portions of history. Mr. Clement had instructed him in the use of the globes and maps; and as he there led him from clime to clime, and country to country, he brought him acquainted

with the different manners, customs, laws, politics, government, rise, progress, and revolutions of the several nations through which they passed. Finally, said Clement, you see, master Fenton, that the mightiest states, like men, have the principles of growth, as likewise of dissolution, within their own frame. Like men, they are born and die, have their commencement and their period. They arise, like the sun, from the darkness of poverty, to temperance, industry, liberty, valour, power, conquest, glory, OPULENCE—and there is their zenith. From whence they decline to ease, sensuality, venality, vice, corruption, cowardice, imbecility, infamy, SLAVERY. And so good night.

Mr. Fenton now judged it full time to give our hero an insight into the nature of the constitution of his own country: a constitution, of whose construction, poise, action, and counteraction, the lettered Mr. Clement, had scarcely any notion; and even the learned in our laws, and the leaders in our senate, but have a very confused idea.

For this especial purpose he called Harry to his closet. You are already, my love, said he, a member of the British State, and, on that account, have many privileges to claim, and many duties to perform toward your country in particular, independent of your general duties to mankind.

Should it please God to bless your friends with the continuance of your life for eight or ten years longer, you will then be a member of the legislature of GREAT BRITAIN, one of the highest and most important trusts that can be confided by mankind!

Here, my Harry, I have penned, or rather pencilled, for your use, an abstract in miniature of this wonderful constitution. But, before I give it you for your study and frequent perusal, I would give you some knowledge of the claims whereon it is founded; as also of the nature of man in his present depraved state, and of his several relations as a subject, and as a sovereign.

Man comes into this world the weakest of all creatures, and, while he continues in it, is the most dependent. Nature neither clothes him with the warm fleece of the sheep, nor the gay plumage of the bird; neither does he come forth in the vigour of the foal or the fawn, who, on the hour of their birth, frisk about, and exult in the blessing of new existence.

Sacred history, indeed, intimates, that man was originally created invulnerable and immortal; that the fire could not burn him, stones wound, air blast, nor water drown him. That he was the angelic lord and controller of this earth, and these heavens that roll around us; with powers to see, at once, into the essences, natures, properties, and distinctions of things; to unfold all their virtues, to call forth all their beauties, and to rule, subdue, and moderate these elements at pleasure.

These, truly, were god-like gifts, illustrious powers and prerogatives, and well becoming an offspring produced in the express image of an all-potent, all wise, and all-beneficent Creator.

True, sir, said Harry; but then we see nothing now of all this greatness and glory. Man, on the contrary, is himself subjected to all the elements over which you say he was appointed the ruler; he has every thing to fear from every thing about him; even the insects and little midges fearlessly attack and sting this boasted lord of the creation; and history shews, from the beginning of the world, that the greatest of all enemies to man, is man.

This, replied Mr. Fenton, is continually to remind him of the depraved and guilty state into which he has fallen. Man, indeed, is now no better than the remains of man; but then these remains are sufficient to prove the lustre and dignity of his original state. When you behold the ruins of some lofty and spacious palace, you immediately form an idea of the original beauty and stateliness of the structure. Even so, in our present feeble and fractured state, a discerning eye may discover many traces and fragments of man's magnificent ruin—thoughts that wing infinity; apprehensions that reach through eternity; a fancy that creates, an imagination that contains an universe; wishes that a world hath not wherewithal to gratify; and desires that know neither ending nor bound!

These, however, are but the faint glimmerings of his once glorious illumination. All his primitive faculties are now lapsed and darkened; he is become enslaved to his natural subjects; the world is wrested out of his hands; he comes as an alien into it, and may literally be called 'a stranger and pilgrim upon earth.'

All other animals are gifted with a clear knowledge and instant discernment of whatever concerns them: man's utmost wisdom on the contrary, is the bare result of comparing and inferring; a

mere inquirer called Reason, a substitute in the want of knowledge, a groper in the want of light; he must doubt before he reasons, and examine before he decides.

Thus ignorant, feeble, deeply depraved, and the least sufficient, of all creatures, in a state of independence, man is impelled to derive succour, strength, and even wisdom, from society. When he turns a pitying ear and helping hand to the distressed, he is entitled, in his turn, to be heard and assisted. He is interested in others, others are interested in him. His affections grow more diffused, his powers more complicated; and, in any society or system of such mutual benevolence, each would enjoy the strength, virtue, and efficacy of the whole.

You have, sir, said Harry, here drawn an exceeding sweet picture of society, and you know I am but a fool and a novice in such matters. But if any other man breathing had given me such a description, I should, from all my little reading, have withstood him to the face. Look through all the states and associations that ever were upon earth; throughout the republics of Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor, and others the most renowned for urbanity and virtue; and yet what do you find them, save so many bands of public robbers and murderers, confederated for the destruction of the rest of mankind? what desolation, what bloodshed, what carnage from the beginning! what a delight in horrors! what a propensity in all to inflict misery upon others! the malignity of the fiends can, I think, pierce no deeper!

Neither is this, sir, as I take it, the extent of their malevolence. For when any of these bands, or states, as you call them, have conquered or slaughtered all around them, they never fail, for want of employment, to fall out among themselves, and cut the throats of their very confederates; and this puts me in mind of what is said by the Prince of peace. 'The Prince of this world cometh, and has no part in me.' And again he says to the purpose, that fathers and sons, and mothers and daughters, shall be divided against each other, and that 'a man's enemies shall be those of his own household.'

I lately met with a fragment of an epic poem, that struck me wonderfully at the time: and I recollect some of the lines that contain, in my opinion, the most genuine, the truest picture that ever was drawn of the state of mankind.

‘ Man comes into this passing world in weakness,
 ‘ And cries for help to man, for feeble is he,
 ‘ And many are his foes. Thirst, hunger, nakedness ;
 ‘ Diseases infinite within his frame ;
 ‘ Without, inclemency, the wrath of seasons,
 ‘ Famines, pests, plagues, devouring elements,
 ‘ Earthquakes beneath, the thunders rolling o’er him ;
 ‘ Age and infirmity on either hand ;
 ‘ And death, who shakes the certain dart behind him !
 ‘ These, surely, one might deem were ills sufficient.
 ‘ Man thinks not so ; on his own race he turns
 ‘ The force of all his talents, exquisite
 ‘ To shorten the short interval, by art,
 ‘ Which nature left us.—Fire and sword are in
 ‘ His hand, and in his heart are machinations,
 ‘ For speeding of perdition.—Half the world,
 ‘ Down the steep gulph of dark futurity
 ‘ Push off their fellows, pause upon the brink,
 ‘ And then drop after.’

Say then, my dearest father, tell me, whence comes this worse than flinty, this cruel-heartedness in man? Why are not all like you? Why are they not happy in communicating happiness? if my eyes did not daily see it, in fact, as well as in history, I should think it impossible that any one should derive pleasure from giving pain to another. Can it be more blessed to destroy than to preserve, to afflict than to gladden, to wound than to heal! My heart wrings with regret for being cast into a world, where nation against nation, family against family, and man against man, are perpetually embattled; grudging, coveting, grasping, tearing every enjoyment, every property, and life itself, from each other.

Here Harry for awhile held his handkerchief to his eyes; while his fond uncle dropt a silent tear of delight, at beholding the amiable emotion of his beloved.

Take care, my Harry, replied Mr. Fenton, beware of the smallest tincture of uncharitableness! You see only the worse part, the outward shell of this world, while the kernel, the better part, is concealed from your eyes. There are millions of worthy people and

affectionate saints upon earth; but they are as a kingdom within a kingdom, a grain within a husk; it requires a kindred heart and a curious eye to discover them. Evil in man is like evil in the elements: earthquakes, hurricanes, thunders, and lightnings, are conspicuous, noisy, glaring; while goodness, like warmth and moisture, is silent and unperceived, though productive of all the beauties and benefits in nature.

I once told you, my darling, that all the evil which is in you belongs to yourself, and that all the good which is in you belongs to your God: That you cannot in or of yourself so much as think a good thought, or form a good wish, or oppose a single temptation or evil motion of any kind. And what I then said of you may equally be said of all men, and of the highest angels now in bliss.

No creature can be better than a craving and dark desire. No efforts of its own can possibly kindle the smallest portion of light or of love, till God, by giving himself, gives his light and love into it.

Here lies the eternal difference between evil and good, between the creature and the Creator: The spirits who are now in darkness, are there for no other reason, but for their desire of a proud and impossible independence; for their rejecting the light and love of that God, in whom, however, they live, and move, and have their desolate being.

God is already the fulness of all possible things; he has, therefore, all things to give, but nothing to desire. The creature, while empty of God, is a wanting desire; it has all things to crave, but nothing to bestow. No two things in the universe can be more opposite, more contrasted.

Remember, therefore, this distinction in yourself and all others; remember, that when you feel or see any instance of selfishness, you feel and see the coveting, grudging, and grappling of the creature; but that when you feel or see any instance of benevolence, you feel and see the informing influence of your God. All possible vice and malignity subsists in the one; all possible virtue, all possible beauty, all possible blessedness, subsists in the other.

As God alone is love, and nothing but love, no arguments of our own can reason love into us, no efforts of our own can possibly attain it. It must spring up within us from the divine bottom, or

source, wherein our existence stands; and it must break through the dark and narrow womb of Self, into sentiments and feelings of good-will for others, before this child of God can be born into the world.

Self is wholly a miser, it contracts what it possesses, and at the same time attracts all that it doth not possess. It at once shuts out others from its own proposed enjoyments, and would draw into its little whirlpool whatever others enjoy.

Love, on the contrary, is a giving, not a craving; an expansion, not a contraction; it breaks in pieces the condensing circle of self, and goes forth in the delightfulness of its desire to bless.

Self is a poor, dark, and miserable avariciousness, incapable of enjoying what it hath, through its grappling and grasping at what it hath not. The impossibility of its holding all things, makes it envious of those who are in possession of any thing; and envy kindles the fire of hell, wrath, and wretchedness, throughout its existence.

Love, on the other hand, is rich, enlightning, and full of delight; the bounteousness of its wishes makes the infinity of its wealth; and, without seeking or requiring, it cannot fail of finding its own enjoyment and blessedness, in its desire to communicate and diffuse blessing and enjoyment.

But is it not, Sir, a very terrible thing, said Harry, for poor creatures to be evil by the necessity of their natures?

You mistake this matter, my Harry, you take the emptiness, darkness, and desire, in the creature; to be the evil of the creature. They are, indeed, the only possible cause of evil in or to any creature; but they are exceedingly far from being an evil in themselves; they are, on the contrary, the only, the necessary, and indispensable foundation whereon any creaturely benefit can be built. It is extremely good for the creature to be poor, and weak, and empty, and dark, and desiring; for hereby he becomes a capacity for being supplied with all the riches, powers, glories, and blessedness of his God.

As God is every where in and of himself the fulness of all possible beings and beatitudes, he cannot create any thing independent or out of himself; they cannot be, but by being both in him and by him. Could it be otherwise, could any creature be wise, or powerful, or happy, in and of itself, what a poor and stunted hap-

piness must that have been? its blessedness, in that case, must have been limited, like its being; and how infinitely, my child, should we then have fallen short, of "that eternal weight of glory" intended for us! But God has been graciously pleased to provide better things. If we humbly and desirously depend upon him, we become entitled to all that he has and that he is. He will enlighten our darkness with his own illumination; he will inform our ignorance with his own wisdom; his omnipotence will become the strength of our weakness; he himself will be our rectitude and guide from all error; he will purify our pollution; put his own robe on our nakedness; enrich our poverty with the heart-felt treasures of himself; and we shall be as so many mirrors, wherein our divine friend and father shall delight to behold the express image of his own person, his own perfections and beatitudes represented for ever!

O Sir! exclaimed Harry, how you gladden, how you transport me! I shall now no longer repine at my own weakness, or blindness, or ignorance, or insufficiency of any kind; since all these are but as so many vessels prepared to contain pearls of infinite price, even the riches, the enjoyment and fulness of my God. Never will I seek or desire, never will I accept any thing less than himself.

You must, my child, said Mr. Fenton; you are still in the flesh, in a carnal and propertied world; your old man must be fed, though not pampered; it must be mortified, but not slain.

You read in the third chapter of Genesis, how our first father lusted after the sensual fruits of this world; how he wilfully broke the sole commandment of his God: how he added to his apostasy the guilt of aspiring at independence; how he trusted to the promise and virtue of creatures, for making him equal in godhead to the Creator; how in that day he died the fearfullest of all deaths, a death to the fountain of life, light, and love within him; and how his eyes were opened to perceive the change of his body into grossness, corruption, diseases, and mortality, conformable to the world, to which he had turned his faith, and into which he had cast himself.

Now, had man continued in this state, his spirit, which had turned from God into his own creaturely emptiness, darkness, and desire, must have so continued for ever, in its own hell and misery,

without the possibility of exciting or acquiring the smallest spark of benevolence or virtue of any kind. But God, in compassion to Adam, and more especially in compassion to his yet unspinning progeny, infused, into his undying essence, a small embryo or re-conception of that lately forfeited image, which, in creation, had borne the perfect likeness of the Creator.

From hence arises the only capacity of any goodness in man. And, according as we suppress or quench, or encourage and foster this heavenly seed, or infant offspring of God within us, in such proportion we become either evil, malignant, and reprobate; or benevolent, and replete with divine propensities and affections.

Now, Harry, let us turn our eyes to our gross and outward man; for, as I told you, it must be cared for, and sustained agreeably to its nature; and it is well deserving of our attention; forasmuch as it is the husk, the habitation, and temple of the god-like conception, which, when matured, is to break forth into never-ending glory.

Lastly, this same outward man is further to be regarded by us, forasmuch as his infirmities, frailties, distemperatures, afflictions, aches, anguishes, are so intimately felt by his divine inmate, that they occasionally excite those thousand social charities, relations, and endearments, that, with links of golden love, connect the brotherhood of man.

It is therefore worth while to inquire into the claims and rights of this close, though gross companion; at least, so far as may be requisite for his necessary, if not comfortable subsistence upon earth.

We find that God has intrusted him with life, liberty, and strength to acquire property for his sustenance. It is, therefore, his duty to preserve all these trusts inviolate; for, as they are wedded to his nature, 'what God hath so joined, let no man put asunder.'

If these were not, my Harry, the natural, inheritable, and indefeasible rights of all men, there would be no wrong, no injustice, in depriving all you should meet, of their liberty, their lives, and properties, at pleasure. For, all laws that were ever framed for the good government of men (even with the divine decalogue) are no other than faint transcripts of that eternal LAW OF BENEVOLENCE, which was written and again retraced in the bosom of the first

man, and which all his posterity ought to observe, without further obligation.

The capital apostle, St. Paul, bears testimony also to the impression of this law of rights on the consciences and hearts of all men, where he says, in the second chapter of his epistle to the Romans, ‘Not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. For, when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which shews the work of the law written in their hearts; their consciences also bearing witness, and their thoughts, the mean-while, accusing or else excusing one another.’

But, sir, interrupted Harry, I am quite astonished at the falling-off of the father of mankind. So infinitely benefited and obliged as he was, so necessarily dependent also on his omnipotent Benefactor; how foolish, how base, how ungrateful, how unpardonable, as I think, was his wonderful apostacy! Wretched creatures that we are! no sound branch, to be sure, could ever spring from so debased, so cankered a stock.

Let us not be prone to judge of others, my Harry. I am confident, as I am of my being, that had you or I been in the case and place of Adam, we should have fallen in like manner. He had an old and a very subtle adversary to deal with. He felt himself powerful, glorious and happy. He had no notion that his present state could change for the worse. He was yet a novice in existence. He could form no conception of the depravity, pains, and mortality, that afterward ensued. And he was strongly tempted by sensual objects from without, and by the emotions of his creaturely nature within him. But of this I am assured, Harry, that, if he was the greatest sinner, he was also the greatest and most contrite penitent that ever existed; as the comparison of his first with his latter state, must have given him the most poignant and bitter compunctions, and must have caused him, with tenfold energy, to cling to that rock from which he was hewn, but from whence he had fallen.

I have already shewn you, Harry, that every man has a right in his person and property; and that this right is natural, inheritable, and indefeasible. No consent of parties, no institution, can make any change in this great and fundamental law of right; it is

universal, invariable, and unalienable, to any man or system of men. It is only defeasible in particular cases; as where one man by assailing the safety of another, justly forfeits the title which he had to his own safety.

If human nature had never fallen into a state of inordinate appetite, all laws and legal restraints would have been as needless and impertinent, as the study and practice of physic in a country exempted from mortality and disease: But forasmuch as all men are tyrants by nature, all prone to covet and grasp at the rights of others; the great law of SAFETY TO ALL, can no otherwise be assured, than by the restraint of each from doing injury to any.

On this lamentable occasion, on this sad necessity of man's calling for help against man, is founded every intention and end of civil government. All laws that do not branch from this stem, are cankered or rotten. All political edifices that are not built and sustained upon this foundation, 'of defending the weak against the oppressor,' must tumble into a tyranny, even worse than that anarchy which is called the state of nature, where individuals are unconnected by any social band. But if such a system could be framed, whereby wrong should not be permitted or dispensed with in any man, right would consequently ensue, and be enjoyed by all men, and this would be the perfection of CIVIL LIBERTY.

Sir, says Harry, I have heard some very learned men affirm, that God, in whom is the disposal of all lives and all properties, has given to some a right of ruling over others; that governors are his vicegerents and representatives upon earth; and that he hath appointed the descendible and hereditary rights of fathers over families, of patriarchs over tribes, and of kings over nations.

In a qualified sense, my Harry, their affirmation may be just: all the agents, and instruments, and dispensers of beneficence, whether their sphere be small or great, are God's true representatives and vicegerents upon earth: he hath given authority to the tenderness of parents over their progeny; and he hath invested patriarchs and kings with the rights of protection. But God never gave the vulture a right to rule over the dove-cote; never gave up the innocent many for a prey to the tyrannous few. God never can take pleasure in the breaches of the law of his own righteousness and benignity. Arbitrary regents are no further of his appointment than the

evils of earthquakes and hurricanes; as where he is said, 'to give the wicked a king in his anger; and to set over the nations the basest of men.'

The God of all right cannot will wrong to any: 'His service is perfect freedom.' It is his pleasure to deliver from the land of slavery, and the house of bondage: he is the God of equity and good-will to all his creatures; he founds his own authority, not in power, but beneficence. The law, therefore, of safety and well-being to all, is founded in the nature of God himself, eternal, immutable, and indispensable.

One man may abound in strength, authority, possessions; but no man may have greater right than another. The beggar has as much right to his cloak and his scrip, as the king to his ermines and crown-lands.

To fence and to establish this divinely inherent right, of SECURITY TO THE PERSON AND PROPERTY OF MAN, has been the study and attempt of Hermes, Confucius, Minos, Lycurgus, Solon, Numa, and of all the legislators and systems of civil polity, that ever warmed the world with a single ray of freedom.

But so strong is the propensity to usurpation in man; so dangerous is it to tempt trustees with the investiture of power; so difficult to watch the watchers, to restrain the restrainers from injustice; that, whether the government were committed to the one, the few, or the many, the parties entrusted have generally proved traitors, and deputed power has almost perpetually been seized upon as property.

Monarchy has ever been found to rush headlong into tyranny, aristocracy into faction and multiplied usurpation, and democracy into tumult, confusion, and violence; and all these, whether distinct or compounded with each other, have ended in the supremacy of some arbitrary tyrant, enabled by a body of military mercenaries, to rule, oppress, and spoil the people at pleasure.

How England hath come, after the many wrecks and ruins which you have read of in history, to survive, to recover, to grow sounder from her wounds, and mightier from her discomfitures, and to rise superior, as we trust, to all future external and internal attempts, hath been owing to the peculiarity of her constitution.

Her constitution, it is true, is not yet quit, perhaps never ought to be quit, of some intestine commotions: for, though liberty has no relation to party, dissention, or cabal against government, there is yet a kind of yeast observable in its nature, which may be necessary to the fermentation and working up of virtue to the degree that is requisite for the production of patriotism and public spirit. But when this yeast of liberty happens to light on weak and vapid tempers, they are immediately affected, like small-beer casks, and rave and boil over in abundance of factious sputter and turbulence. Party and faction, therefore, being the scum and ebullition of this animating yeast, are sure signs and proofs of the life of liberty, though they neither partake nor communicate any portion of its beneficence; as rank weeds are the proof of a hot sun and luxuriant soil, though they are the detestable consequence of the one and the other.

‘Salus populi—public safety, security to the persons and properties of the people,’ constitutes the whole of England’s polity. Her empire is ‘*Imperium legum*, the sway of law;’ it is the dispensation of beneficence, of equal right to all: and this empire rises supreme over king, lords, and commons; and is appointed to rule the rulers to the end of time.

Other states, before now, have been compounded, like ours, of prince, peers, and people; the one, few, and many, united. But the error and failure of their constitution was this: the people, who are the fountain of all power, either retained in their own hands, an authority which they never were qualified to wield, or deputed it to trustees without account; without a provident resource, or due reserve of potency, when ‘those intrusted with government ‘should be found to betray their trust.’

The people of England, on the contrary, claim no authority in government; neither in the framing, administration, or execution of the laws, by which they consent to be governed. They are themselves imaged, and, as it were, epitomised, in their three several estates. The king represents their majesty; the lords their nobility; and the commons, more immediately, their legislative power. The constitution is the inheritance of them and their posterity; and theirs is the right and duty, at all times, to watch over, assert, and reclaim it. Wherefore, as you find in history,

when any of the three estates have usurped upon the others, even when all of them together have dared to violate the frame of this salutary constitution, the people, to whom it belongs, have never failed, as on the other day's revolution, to restore and reinstate it.

England's three estates of king, lords and commons, are parts of the people, under covenant with the people, and accountable to the people; but the people, as a people, make not any of the said estates. They are as a perpetual fountain, from whence the three estates arise; or, rather, as a sea of waters, in which three exalted waves should claim pre-eminence, which yet shall not be able to depart from their fund, but, in rotation, are dissoluble and resolvable therein.

Thus, however complicated the system of England's polity may be, it is all rooted in, and branches from, the TRUST OF THE PEOPLE, the trust of powers which they have granted to be returned in protection. And, in truth, it makes little difference whether the powers, in such cases, be granted or assumed; whoever either receives or assumes such powers, save to the ends of beneficence, is equally guilty of usurpation and tyranny.

Government can have no powers, save the powers of the people; to wit, the power of their numbers, strength and courage, in time of war! and, in peace, of their art and industry, and the wealth arising therefrom. Whoever assumes to himself these powers, or any part thereof, without the consent of the proprietors, is a robber, and should, at least, be divested of the spoil.

On the other hand, if such powers are granted by the people, the people cannot grant them for purposes to which they themselves cannot lawfully apply them. No man, for instance, can arbitrarily dispose of his own life or liberty, neither of the whole product of his own labours; forasmuch as the lives of himself and his family should be first sustained thereby, and his obligations to others fairly and fully discharged. He cannot, therefore, grant an arbitrary disposal of what he hath not an arbitrary disposal in himself. Much less can any man grant a power over the lives, liberties, or properties of other people, as it would be criminal and highly punishable in himself, to assail them.

Hence it follows, as evident as any object at noon, that "no man, or body of men, can rightfully assume, or even accept,

“what no man, or body of men, can rightfully grant;” to wit, a power that is arbitrary or injurious to others. And hence it necessarily follows, that all usurpations of such powers, throughout the earth, with all actual or pretended covenants, trusts, or grants, for the investiture or conveyance of such illicit powers, are null and void on the execution; and that no man, or nations of men, can possibly be bound by any consents or contracts, evasive of the laws of God and their own nature, of common-sense and general equity, of eternal reason and truth.

I beg pardon, sir, says Harry, for interrupting you once more; but you desire that I should always speak my mind with freedom. You have delighted me greatly with the account which you gave of the benefits and sweets of LIBERTY and of its being equally the claim and birth-right of all men; and I wish to heaven that they had an equal enjoyment thereof. But this, you know, sir, is very far from being the case; and that this animating fire, which ought to comfort all who come into the world, is now nearly extinguished throughout the earth.

O, sir, if this divine, GOLDEN LAW OF LIBERTY was observed, IF ALL WERE RESTRAINED FROM DOING INJURY TO ANY, what a heaven we should speedily have upon earth! the habit of such a restraint would in time suppress every motion to evil. The weak would have the mightiness of this law for their support; the poor would have the benevolence thereof for their riches. Under the light and delightful yoke of such a restraint, how would industry be encouraged to plant and multiply the vine and the fig-tree! how would benignity rejoice, to call neighbours and strangers to come and fearlessly partake of the fruits thereof!

How has the sacred name of all-benefiting LIBERTY been perverted and profaned by the mouths of madding demagogues at the head of their shouting rabble, who mean no other, than a licentious unmuzzling from all restraint, that they may ravage and lay desolate the works and fruits of peace!

But liberty, in your system, is a real, and essential good; the only source, indeed, whence any good can arise. I see it, I revere it, it shines by its own light in the evidence of your description.

How is it then, sir, that there are persons so blind, or so bigotted against their own interest, and those of their fellows, as to declaim

with much energy, and studied argumentation, against this divine, inheritable, and indefeasible right, not of kings, as it should seem, but of human kind!

I lately happened in company with a number of discontentedly looking gentlemen, whom I supposed to have been abettors of the late king James, and friends to the arrogating family of the Stewarts. Among them was one of some learning and great cleverness, and he paraded and shewed away, at a vast rate, concerning the divinely inherent right of monarchs, implicit submission, passive obedience, non-resistance, and what not.

Our God, said he, is one God, and the substitutes of his mightiness should resemble himself; their power ought to be absolute; unquestioned, and undivided. The sun is his glorious representative in the heavens, and monarchs are his representatives and mirrors upon earth, in whom he is pleased to behold the reflection of his own Majesty.

Accordingly we find, that the monarchs over his chosen people were of his special appointment; and that their persons were rendered sacred, and awfully inviolable by unction, or the shedding of hallowed oil upon them. Many miscarriages and woful defaults are recorded of Saul as a man, yet as a king he was held perfect in the eyes of his people. What an unhesitating obedience, what a speechless submission do they pay to all his behests! though he massacred their whole priesthood to a man in one day, yet no murmur was heard; no one dared to wag a tongue, and much less to lift a finger against the Lord's anointed.

I own to you, sir, that this last argument staggered me; such an express authority of the sacred writings put me wholly to silence. Say then, my dearest father, give me the benefit of your enlightening sentiments on this head, that I may know, on all occasions, to give to all men an account of the political faith that is in me.

It is extremely surprising, rejoined Mr. Fenton, that all our lay and ecclesiastical champions for arbitrary power, who have raised such a dust, and kept such a coil about the divine, hereditary, and indefeasible right of kings, and the unconditional duty of passive obedience in the subject, have founded their whole pile of argument and oratory on the DIVINE APPOINTMENT of the regal government of the Jews, as the perfect model and example, where-

by all other states are, in like manner, required to form their respective governments.

Now, if these champions had engaged on the opposite side of the question, and had undertaken the argument against arbitrary power, they could not have done it more effectually, more conclusively, more unanswerably, than by shewing that **ARBITRARY POWER** was the very **EVIL** so displeasing to the nature of **GOD**, that he exhibited his omnipotence in a series of public and astonishing wonders, in order to deliver this very people from the grievance thereof; and more especially to proclaim to all nations and ages the detestation in which his **ETERNAL JUSTICE** holds all lawless dispensations, all acts of **SOVEREIGN POWER** that are not acts of **PROTECTION**.

Could these champions again have better enforced the argument against arbitrary power, than by shewing that this people, so miraculously enfranchised, but now fat, and wantonly kicking under the indulgence of their God, had taken a loathing to the righteousness of the dispensations of their deliverer, 'had rejected him,' as he affirms, 'from reigning over them,' and had required a **KING**, like to the kings of the neighbouring nations, the very **EVIL** from which God had redeemed their forefathers?

Could these champions, further, have better demonstrated the miseries, the iniquities, the abominations of such a government, than by reciting the expostulations, the tender and earnest remonstrances of God himself, on the sufferings that these rebels were about to bring upon themselves from the enormities of an arbitrary and unlimited sovereignty? and, lastly, could they have better recommended to the free and the virtuous, to stand out to the death, against arbitrary oppression, than by shewing the obstinacy of these apostate Jews, when they answered, to the compassionate expostulations of their God—'Nay, but we will have a king, 'like all the nations, to rule over us.'

Nothing, my Harry, can be more unaccountable, more astonishing, than the perverseness of that stiff-necked nation.

They daily drank the bitterest dregs of slavery, they had been galled by double chains, and had groaned under an unprecedented tyranny and oppression. They cried out to their God, and he miraculously delivered them from the land of their misery, and

from the house of their bondage. Yet, on the first cravings of appetite, these soul-sensualized wretches desired to be returned to their chains, and their flesh-pots; and longed to groan and gormandize in their old sty.

Hereupon God gave them flesh and bread to the full; and he brought them into a land 'flowing with milk and honey,' and abounding with all the good things of this life. He made them a free and sovereign people; discomfited their enemies before them, and informed their judges with his spirit, for the dispensation of righteousness; insomuch that 'every man sat under his own vine, and did what was right in his own eyes.' And yet they lasciviously petitioned to be subjected to a state of ABSOLUTE DESPOTISM, and this, for no assigned reason, save because it was the fashion; 'Make us a king to judge us, like to all the nations around us.'

Here God, in the same act, proves his attributes of mercy and reluctant justice to his erring creatures. He punishes their rebellion by no greater a severity than the grant of their request.

'And the Lord said unto Samuel, Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee; for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them. Howbeit, protest solemnly unto them, and shew them the manner of the king that shall reign over them.'

'And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king. And he said, This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you:

'He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen. And some shall run before his chariots. And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties, and will set them to shear his ground, and to reap his harvest. And he will take your daughters to be confecturers, and cooks, and bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your oliveyards, even the best of them. And he will take your men-servants and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work, and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day, because of your king which ye have chosen you; and the Lord will not hear you in that day.'

‘ Nevertheless, the people refused to obey the voice of the Lord and of Samuel; and they said, Nay, but we will have a king over us.’

And now, Harry, what do you gather from all these sacred authorities? I gather, sir, answered Harry, from the express and repeated declarations of holy writ, that whoever he be, whether sovereign or subject, who doth not wish that all men should be limited or restrained from doing injury to any, is a rebel to the will of the GOD OF BENEFICENCE, and an enemy to the WELL-BEING OF HUMAN KIND. You have, exclaimed Mr. Fenton, you have, in few words, spoke the whole of the matter. On what you have said, hang all the law and the prophets.

Again, my dear, continued Mr. Fenton, it is evident from the history, that the Jews themselves did not pay the smallest regard to the divine hereditary right of kingship. Both David and Solomon, the second and third in succession, were established on the throne in direct contradiction to such pretended right. And on the succession of Rehoboam, the fourth king, ten of the twelve tribes repented of their submission to an arbitrary monarchy, and required the king to consent to a limitation of his authority, and to enter into a contract with the people.

‘ And they spake unto Rehoboam, saying, Thy father made our yoke grievous; now therefore make thou the grievous service of thy father, and his heavy yoke which he put upon us, lighter, and we will serve thee.’

But when Rehoboam, by the advice of his sleek-headed ministry, refused to covenant with the people, the ten tribes cried out, ‘ What portion have we in David? neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse; to your tents, O Israel!’ And thus the ten tribes revolted from the arbitrary domination of the houses of Saul and David. For, as the sacred text says, ‘ THE CAUSE WAS FROM THE LORD.’

Now, when these ten tribes sent and called Jeroboam the son of Nebat, and made him king over Israel, it is most evident, that they obliged him to limit the regal authority, and to covenant with them for the restoration and re-establishment of their popular rights. For, in the sixth succession, when Ahab sat upon the throne, the regal prerogative had not yet so far usurped on the con-

stitutional rights of the people, as to entitle Ahab to deprive his subjects even of a garden for herbs.

‘And Ahab said unto Naboth, Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near unto my house, and I will give thee for it a better vineyard; or if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money. But Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee. So Ahab came to his house heavily displeased, because Naboth had said, I will not give to thee the inheritance of my fathers: and he laid him down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread.’

Here we see that the people of Israel had so far recovered their originally inherent and hereditary rights, that the regal estate had not the privilege of wresting from any subject so much as an herb-garden.

This was a mortifying circumstance to royal elevation; but power is seldom unfruitful of expedients. A method was found of rending away Naboth's property (without his consent) UNDER COLOUR OF THE LAW TO WHICH HE HAD CONSENTED. He was falsely impeached, and forfeited his life and inheritance together. But God, by the signal punishment which he inflicted, for this breach on the natural rights of his people, evinced to the world, how dear they are in the eye of ETERNAL JUSTICE.

How deplorable then, my Harry, is the suppression of these rights, how nearly universal throughout the earth! But when people from their infancy, and from generation to generation, have been habituated to bondage, oppression, and submission, without any tradition or memorial delivered down to them of a happier or more equitable manner of life; they are accustomed to look on themselves, their possessions, and their progeny, as the rightful property of their rulers, to be disposed of at pleasure; and they no more regret the want of Liberty that they never knew, than the blind-born, regret the want of the light of the sun.

Before I give you this paper that I have in my hand, this epitome, or picture in miniature of the incomparable beauties of the Britannie constitution, it may be requisite to premise a few matters.

Travellers, when they survey a grand Egyptian pyramid, are apt to inquire by whom the stupendous pile was erected, and how long

it hath stood the assaults of time. But when nothing of this can be developed, imagination runs back through antiquity, without bounds; and thence contemplates an object, with peculiar veneration, that appears, as it were, to have had no beginning.

Such a structure is the constitution of Great Britain! no records discover when it had a commencement; neither can any annals specify the time at which it was not.

William the Norman, above seven hundred years ago, on his entering into the Original Contract with the people, engaged to govern them according to the *bonæ et approbatæ antiquæ regni leges*, the good, well-approved, and ancient laws of the kingdom; this constitution was therefore ancient, even in ancient times.

More than eighteen hundred years are now elapsed since Julius Cæsar, in the sixth book of his commentaries, bore testimony as well to the antiquity as excellency of the system of the laws of Britain. He tells us, that the venerable order of the Druids, who then administered justice throughout Gaul, derived their system of government from Britain; and that it was customary for those who were desirous of being versed in the said ancient institutions, to go over to Britain for that purpose.

Cæsar seems to recommend, while he specifies, one of the laws that was then peculiar to the constitution of Britain. He tells you, that if a woman was suspected of the death of her husband, she was questioned thereupon with severity 'by her neighbours;' and that, if she was found guilty, she was tied alive to a stake, and burned to death. The very trial used in Britain, 'by a jury of neighbours,' to this day.

It is, hence, very obvious, that our Gothic ancestors either adopted what they judged excellent in the British Constitution, or rather superadded what was deemed to be excellent in their own. The people who went under the general name of Goths, were of many different nations, who from the northern, poured down on the more southern parts of Europe.

Their kings were, originally, chiefs or generals, appointed to lead voluntary armies, or colonies, for the forming of new settlements in foreign lands; and they were followed by a free and independent multitude, who had previously stipulated that they should share and enjoy the possessions which their valour should conquer.

Next to the general, in order, the officers or principal men of the army were attended, on such expeditions, by their kinsfolk, friends, and dependents, who chose to attach themselves to their persons and fortunes respectively; and such attachments gave these officers great power and consideration.

On their conquest or seizure of any track of country, a certain portion thereof was allotted to the general, for the maintenance of his person and household. The general then divided the remainder among his officers, to hold of him, in fief, at the certain service of so many horse or foot, well armed and provided, &c. and proportioned to the value and extent of the land assigned. And the said officers again parcelled out the greatest part of the said possessions among their respective followers, to hold of themselves, in like manner and service as they held of their general.

On the conquest of a country they seldom chose to exterminate the natives, or old inhabitants, but allotted to them also separate remnants of the land; and admitted them to the common and equal participation of such laws or usages as they brought from their own country, or chose to adopt.

Independent of the military services above recited, the prince or chief further reserved the civil service or personal attendance of his feudatory officers, at certain times, and for certain terms at his general or national court. This court was composed of three estates; the prince, the nobles, and such of the priesthood, whether pagan or christian, as held in fief from the prince; and from this NATIONAL COUNCIL our PARLIAMENT took its origin.

The feudal officers also, on their part, required the like service and personal attendance of their proper tenants and vassals at their respective courts of judicature. And forasmuch as, in such courts, no civil or criminal sentence could take place, till the voice of the judge was affirmed by the court, which consisted of such as were peers, or equals to the party accused; from thence we derive our free ancient, and sacred institution of JURIES.

If we look back upon one of those fief or feudal kings, seated high on his throne, and encircled with all the ensigns of royalty; when we find him entitled the sole proprietor of all the lands within his dominions; when we hear his subjects acknowledge that he alone is the fountain from whence are derived all possessions,

rights, titles, distinctions, and dignities; when we see his most potent prefeets and nobles, with lifted hands and bended knees, swearing fealty at his feet; who would not take him for an arbitrary and most absolute prince?

Such a judgment, however, would have been very premature. No prince could be more limited. He had not the licence of doing hurt to the person or property of the meanest vassal throughout his dominions. But was he the less powerful, think you, for being less absolute?—quite the contrary. While he acted within the sphere of his compact with the people, he acted in all the persons and powers of the people. Though prescribed with respect to evil, the extent of his beneficence was wholly unconfined. He was not dreaded, indeed, but, on that account, he was the more revered and beloved by his subjects. He was a part of themselves; the principal member of their body. In him they beheld, with delight, their own dignity and strength so gloriously represented; and, by being the proprietor of all their hearts, he became the master of all their hands.

O, exclaimed Harry, who could wish, after this, to be unrestrained from any kind of evil! How frightful, how detestable is that power which is not exercised in acts of benevolence alone! and all, who please, may be infinite in the stretch of a good-will.

True, my dear, said Mr. Fenton.—I have now, continued he, given you the rough and unformed rudiments of our Britannic constitution. And here I deliver to you my little model of the finished construction thereof, as it now stands on the revolution just achieved by his present glorious majesty King William.

Your reading has informed you, and may further inform you, of the several steps and struggles whereby this great business was finally effected. It was not suddenly brought to pass; it was the work of many ages; while Britain, like Antæus, though often defeated, rose more vigorous and reinforced from every soil. Of times long passed, what stupendous characters! what sacred names! what watchful councils! what bloody effusions! what a people of heroes! what senates of sages! How hath the invention of nature been stretched, how have the veins of the valiant been exhausted, to form, support, reform, and bring to maturity, this unexampled

constitution, this coalescence and grand effort of every human virtue, BRITISH LIBERTY!

[Here follows Mr. Fenton's short system of the beauties and benefits of our constitution. But if the reader loves amusement preferable to instruction, he is at liberty to pass it over, and proceed in the story.]

THE REGAL ESTATE.

The king, in the constitution of Great Britain, is more properly the king of, than a king over the people, united to them, one of them, and contained in them. At the same time that he is acknowledged the head of their body, he is their principal servant or minister, being the depute of their executive power.

His claim to the throne is not a claim, as of some matter of property or personal right; he doth not claim, but is claimed by the people in their parliament; and he is claimed or called upon, not to the investiture of possessions, but the performance of duties. He is called upon to govern the people, according to the laws by which they themselves have consented to be governed; to cause justice and mercy to be dispensed throughout the realm; and, to his utmost, to execute, protect, and maintain the laws of the gospel of God, and the rights and liberties of all the people without distinction; and this he swears on the gospel of God to perform. And thus, as all others owe allegiance to the king, **THE KING HIMSELF OWETH ALLEGIANCE TO THE CONSTITUTION.**

The existence of a king, as one of the three estates, is immutable, indispensable, and indefeasible; the constitution cannot subsist without a king. But then, his personal claim of possession, and of hereditary succession to the throne, is, in several instances, precarious and defeasible; as, in case of any natural incapacity to govern; or if an open avowal of principles incompatible with the constitution; or in case of overt acts demonstrative of such principles; or of any attempt to sap, or overthrow a fundamental part of that system, which he was called in, and constituted, and has sworn to maintain.

Though the claim of all kings to the throne of Great Britain is a limited and defeasible claim, yet the world can afford no rival,

in power or glory, to a constitutional sovereign of these free dominions.

For the honour of their own body, they have invested this their head with all possible illustration: he concentrates the rays of many nations. They have clothed him in royal robes, and circled his head with a diadem, and enthroned him on high, and they bow down before the mirror of their own majesty.

Neither are these the only ensigns or external shows of regency: he is invested also with powers, much more real than if they were absolute.

There are three capital prerogatives, with which the king is intrusted, which, at first sight, appear of fearful and dangerous tendency; and which must infallibly and quickly end in arbitrary dominion, if they were not counterpoised and counteracted.

His principal prerogative is to make war or peace, as also treaties, leagues and alliances with foreign potentates.

His second prerogative is to nominate and appoint all ministers and servants of state, all judges and administrators of justice, and all officers, civil or military, throughout these realms.

His third capital prerogative is that he should have the whole executive power of the government of these nations, by his said ministers and officers, both civil and military.

I might here also have added a fourth prerogative, which must have been capitally eversive of the constitution, had it not been limited in the original trust, I mean a power of granting pardon to criminals. Had this power been unrestrained, all obligations to justice might be absolved at the king's pleasure. An evil king might even encourage the breach of law: he must, unquestionably, have dispensed with all illicit acts that were perpetrated by his own orders; and this assurance of pardon must, as unquestionably, have encouraged all his ministers and officers to execute his will, as the only rule of their obedience.

But God, and our glorious ancestors be praised! he is restrained from protecting his best beloved ministers, when they have effected, or even imagined the damage of the constitution. He is also limited in appeals brought by the subject for murder or robbery. But on indictments in his own name, for offences against his proper person and government, such, as rebellion, insurrection, riot, and

breaches of the peace, by murder, maim, or robbery, &c. here he is at liberty to extend the arm of his mercy; forasmuch as there are many cases so circumstanced, so admissive of pitiable and palliating considerations, that *summum jus*, or strict justice, might prove *summa injuria*, or extreme injustice.

All pardonable offences are distinguished by the title of ‘*crimina læsæ majestatis*—sins against the king;’ all unpardonable offences are distinguished by the title of ‘*crimina læsæ libertatis*—sins against the constitution.’ In the first case, the injury is presumed to extend no further than to one or a few individuals; in the second, it is charged as a sin against the public, against the collective body of the whole people. Of the latter kind are nuisances that may endanger the lives of travellers on the highway; but, more capitally, any imagination proved by overt-act or evil advice, tending to change the nature or form of any one of the three estates; or tending to vest the government, or the administration thereof, in any one, or any two of the said estates, independent of the other; or tending to raise standing armies, or to continue them in time of peace, without the consent of parliament; or tending to give any foreign state an advantage over these realms by sea or by land, &c.

The king hath also annexed to his dignity many further very important powers and prerogatives, though they do not so intimately interfere with the constitution as the capital prerogative above recited.

He is first considered as the original proprietor of all the lands in these kingdoms; and he founds this claim as well on the conquest by William the Norman, as by the limited kings or leaders of our Gothic ancestors.

Hence it comes to pass, that all lands, to which no subject can prove a title, are supposed to be in their original owner, and are, therefore, by the constitution, vested in the crown. On the same principle, also, the king is entitled to the lands of all persons who die without heirs, as also to the possessions of all who are convicted of crimes subversive of the constitution or public weal.

His person, while he is king, or inclusive of the first estate, is constitutionally sacred, and exempted from all acts of violence or constraint. As one of the estates, also, he is constituted a corporation, and his *teste-meipso*, or written testimony, amounts to a matter

of record. He also exercises, at present, the independent province of supplying members to the second estate, by a new creation; a very large accession to his original powers. Bishops also are now appointed and nominated by the king, another considerable addition to the royal prerogative. His is the sole prerogative to coin or impress money, and to specify, change, or determine the current value thereof; and for this purpose he is supposed to have reserved, from this original grant of lands, a property in mines of gold and silver, which are therefore called royalties.

As he is one of the three constitutional estates, no action can lie against him in any court; neither can he be barred of his title by length of time or entry. And these illustrations of his dignity cast rays of answerable privileges on his royal consort, heir apparent, and eldest daughter.

The king hath also some other inferior and conditional powers, such as of instituting fairs and markets; and of issuing patents for special or personal purposes, provided they shall not be found to infringe on the rights of others. He is also entrusted with the guardianship of the persons and possessions of idiots and lunatics, without account.

I leave his majesty's prerogative of a negative voice in the legislature; as also his prerogative (or rather duty), frequently to call the two other estates to parliament, and duly to continue, prorogue, and dissolve the same, till I come to speak of the three estates, when in such parliament assembled.

Here, then, we find, that a king of Great Britain is, constitutionally, invested with every power that can possibly be exerted in acts of beneficence; and that, while he continues to move within the sphere of his benign appointment, he continues to be constituted the most worthy, most mighty, and most glorious representative of Omnipotence upon earth.

In treating of the second and third estate, I come naturally to consider what those restraints are, which, while they are preserved inviolate, have so happy a tendency to the mutual prosperity of prince and people.

THE ARISTOCRATICAL, OR SECOND ESTATE.

The nobility, or second estate, in the constitution of Great Britain, is originally representative. The members were ennobled by tenure, and not by writ or patent; and they were holden in service to the crown and kingdom, for the respective provinces, counties, or baronies, whose name they bore, and which they represented.

A title to be a member of this second estate was from the beginning hereditary: the king could not, anciently, either create or defeat a title to nobility. Their titles were not forfeitable, save by the judgments of their peers upon legal trial; and when any were so deprived, or happened to die without heirs, the succession was deemed too important to be otherwise filled, than by the concurrence of the three estates, by the joint and solemn act of the PARLIAMENT, OR COMMUNE CONCILIUM REGNI.

These truths are attested by many ancient records and parliamentary acts. And although this most highly ennobling custom was, at particular times, infringed on by particular tyrants, it was inviolably adhered to by the best of our English kings; and was observed even by the worst, excepting a few instances, till the reign of Henry VII. who wished to give consequence to the third estate, by deducting from the honours and powers of the second.

In truth, it is not to be wondered that any kings, who were ambitious of extending their own power, should wish to break and weaken that of the nobility, who had distinguished themselves by so many glorious stands for the maintenance of liberty and the constitution, more particularly during the reigns of John, Henry III. the second Edward, and second Richard.

Till Henry VII. the nobles were looked upon as so many pillars whereon the people rested their rights. Accordingly we find, that, in the coalition, or grand compact between John and the collective body of the nation, the king and people jointly agree to confide to the nobles the superintendance of the execution of the great charter, with authority to them, and their successors, to enforce the due performance of the covenants therein comprised.

What an illustrating distinction must it have been, when patriot-excellence alone (approved before the country in the field or the council) could give a claim to nobility, and compel, as it were, the

united estates of king, lords, and commons, to call a man up to a second seat in the government and steerage of the nation.

Such a preference must have proved an unremitting incitement to the cultivation and exercise of every virtue; and to such exertions, achievements, and acts of public beneficence, as should draw a man forth to so shining a point of light, and set him like a gem in the gold of the constitution.

The crown did not at once assume the independent right of conferring nobility. Henry III. first omitted to call some of the barons to parliament who were personally obnoxious to him; and he issued his writs or written letters to some others who were not barons, but from whom he expected greater conformity to arbitrary measures. These writs, however, did not ennoble the party till he was admitted, by the second estate, to a seat in parliament; neither was such nobility, by writ, hereditary.

To supply these defects, the arbitrary ministry of Richard II. invented the method of ennobling by letters patent, at the king's pleasure, whether for years, or for life, or in special or general tail, or in fee-simple to a man and his heirs at large. This prerogative, however, was thereafter, in many instances, declined and discontinued, more particularly by the constitutional king Henry V. till, meeting with no opposition from the other two estates, it has successively descended, from Henry VII. on nine crowned heads, through a prescription of near a century and a half.

Next to the king, the people have allowed to their peerage several privileges of the most uncommon and illustrious distinction. Their christian names, and the names that descended to them from their ancestors, are absorbed by the name from whence they take their title of honour, and by this they make their signature in all letters and deeds. Every temporal peer of the realm is deemed a kinsman to the crown. Their deposition on their honour is admitted in place of their oath, save where they personally present themselves as witnesses of facts, and saving their oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration. Their persons are at all times exempted from arrests, except in criminal cases. A defamation of their character is highly punishable, however true the facts may be, and deserving of censure. During a session of parliament, all actions and suits at law against peers are suspended. In presentments or

indictments by grand juries, and on impeachments by the house of commons, peers are to be tried by their peers alone; for, in all criminal cases, they are privileged from the jurisdiction of inferior courts, excepting on appeals for murder or robbery. Peers are also exempted from serving on inquests. And, in all civil cases, where a peer is plaintiff, there must be two or more knights impanelled on the jury.

The bishops, or spiritual lords, have privilege of parliament, but have not the above privileges of personal nobility. In all criminal cases, saving attainder and impeachment, they are to be tried by petit jury. Moreover, bishops do not vote in the house of lords, on a trial of any person for a capital crime.

All the temporal and spiritual nobles that compose the house of lords, however different in their titles and degrees of nobility, are called peers (*pares*) or equals; because their voices are admitted as of equal value, and that the vote of a bishop or baron shall be equivalent to that of an archbishop or duke.

The capital privilege (or rather prerogative) of the house of peers, consists in their being the supreme court of judicature, to whom the final decision of all civil causes are confided and referred, in their last resort.

This constitutional privilege is a weighty counterpoise to his majesty's second prerogative, of appointing the administrators of justice throughout the nation; forasmuch as judges (who are immediately under the influence of the crown) are yet intimidated from infringing, by any sentence, on the laws and constitution of these realms, while a judgment so highly superior to their own impends.

The second great privilege of the house of peers consists in their having the sole judicature of all impeachments commenced and prosecuted by the commons. And this, again, is a very weighty counterpoise to his majesty's third prerogative of the executive government of these nations by his ministers; since no minister can be so great, as not justly to dread the coming under a judgment, from which the mightiness of his royal master cannot protect him.

The third capital privilege of the house of peers subsists in their share, or particular department of rights in the legislature. This extends to the framing of any bills, at their pleasure, for the pur

poses of good government; saving always to the commons their incommunicable right of granting taxes or subsidies to be levied on their constituents. But, on such bills, as on all others, the house of lords have a negative; a happy counterpoise to the power both of king and commons, should demands on the one part, or bounties on the other, exceed what is requisite.

The change of the ancient Modus, in conferring nobility, has not hitherto, as I trust, been of any considerable detriment to the weal of the people. But, should some future majesty, or rather some future ministry, entitle folk to a voice in the second estate, on any consideration, save that of eminent virtue, and patriot-service, might it be possible that such ministers should take a further stride, and confer nobility for actions deserving of infamy; should they even covenant to grant such honours and dignities, in lieu of services subversive of the constitution; a majority of such a peerage must either prove too light to effect any public benefit, or heavy enough to effect the public perdition.

THE DEMOCRATICAL, OR THIRD ESTATE.

The election of commoners, to be immediate trustees and apt representatives of the people in parliament, is the hereditary and indefeasible privilege of the people. It is the privilege which they accepted, and which they retain, in exchange of their original; inherent, and hereditary right of sitting with the king and peers *IN PERSON*, for the guardianship of their own liberties, and the institution of their own laws.

Such representatives, therefore, can never have it in their power to give, delegate, or extinguish the whole or any part of the people's inseparable and unextinguishable share in the legislative power; neither to impart the same to any one of the other estates, or to any person or persons whatever, either in or out of parliament. Where plenipotentiaries take upon them to abolish the authority of their own principles; or where any secondary agents attempt to defeat the power of their primaries; such agents and plenipotentiaries defeat their own commission, and all the powers of the trust necessarily revert to the constituents.

The persons of these temporary trustees of the people, during their session, and for fourteen days before and after every meeting,

adjournment, prorogation, and dissolution of parliament, are equally exempted, with the persons of peers, from arrests and duress of every sort.

They are also, during their session, to have ready access to the king or house of lords, and to address or confer with them on all occasions.

No member of the house of commons no more than of the house of peers, shall suffer, or be questioned, or be compelled to witness or answer, in any court or place whatsoever, touching any thing said or done by himself, or others in parliament; in order that perfect freedom of speech and action may leave nothing undone for the public weal.

They have also, during session, an equal power with the house of lords to punish any who shall presume to traduce their dignity, or detract from the rights or privileges of any member of the house.

The commons form a court of judicature, distinct from the judicature of the house of lords. Theirs is the peculiar privilege to try and adjudge the legality of the election of their own members. They may fine, and confine their own members, as well as others, for delinquency or offence against the honour of their house. But in all other matters of judicature, they are merely a court of inquisition and presentment, and not a tribunal of definitive judgment.

In this respect, however, they are extremely formidable. They constitute the Grand Inquest of the nation; for which great and good purpose, they are supposed to be perfectly qualified by a personal knowledge of what hath been transacted throughout the several shires, cities, and boroughs, from whence they assemble, and which they represent.

Over and above their inquiry into all public grievances, wicked ministers, transgressing magistrates, corrupt judges and justiciaries, who sell, deny, or delay justice; evil counsellors of the crown, who attempt or devise the subversion or alteration of any part of the constitution; with all such overgrown malefactors as are deemed above the reach of inferior courts, come under the particular cognizance of the commons, to be by them impeached, and presented for trial at the bar of the house of lords. And these inquisitory and judicial powers of the two houses, from which no

man under the crown can be exempted, are deemed a sufficient allay and counterpoise to the whole executive power of the king by his ministers.

The legislative department of the power of the commons is in all respects co-equal with that of the peers. They frame any bills at pleasure for the purposes of good government. They exercise a right, as the lords also do, to propose and bring in bills, for the amendment or repeal of old laws, as well as for the ordaining or institution of new ones. And each house alike hath a negative on all bills that are framed and passed by the other.

But the capital, the incommunicable privilege of the house of commons, arises from that holy trust which their constituents repose in them, whereby they are impowered to borrow from the people a small portion of their property, in order to restore it threefold in the advantages of peace, equal government, and the encouragement of trade, industry, and the manufactures.

To impart any of this trust, would be a breach of the constitution, and even to abuse it, would be a felonious breach of common honesty.

By this fundamental trust, and incommunicable privilege, the commons have the sole power over the money of the people, to grant or deny aids, according as they shall judge them either requisite or unnecessary to the public service. Theirs is the province, and theirs alone, to inquire and judge of the several occasions for which such aids may be required, and to measure and appropriate the sums to their respective uses. Theirs also is the sole province of framing all bills or laws for the imposing of any taxes, and of appointing the means of levying the same upon the people. Neither may the first or second estate, either king or peerage, propound or do any thing relating to these matters, that may any way interfere with the proceedings of the commons; save in their negative or assent to such bills when presented to them, without addition, deduction, or alteration of any kind.

After such-like aids and taxes have been levied and disposed of, the commons have the further right of inquiring and examining into the application of the said aids; of ordering all accounts relative thereto to be laid before them; and of censuring the abuse or misapplication thereof.

The royal assent to all other bills is expressed by the terms, 'Le roy le veut—the king wills it,' but when the commons present their bills of aid to his majesty, it is answered, 'Le roy remercier ses loyal sujets, et ainsi le veut—the king thanks his loyal subjects, and so willeth.' An express acknowledgment, that the right of granting or levying monies, for the public purposes, lies solely, inherently, and incommunicably in the people and their representatives.

This capital privilege of the commons, constitutes the grand counterpoise to the king's principal prerogative of making peace or war; for how important must a warlike enterprise prove, without money, which makes the sinews thereof. And thus the people and their representatives still retain in their hands the GRAND MOMENTUM of the constitution, and of all human affairs.

Distinguished representatives! happy people! immutably happy, while WORTHILY REPRESENTED!

As the fathers of the several families throughout the kingdom nearly and tenderly comprise and represent the persons, cares, and concerns, of their respective households, so these adopted fathers immediately represent, and intimately concentrate, the persons and concerns of their respective constituents, and in them the collective body or sum of the nation. And while these fathers continue true to their adopted children, a single stone cannot lapse from the GREAT FABRIC OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE THREE ESTATES IN PARLIAMENT.

With the king, lords, and commons, in parliament assembled, the people have deposited their legislative or absolute power, IN TRUST, for their whole body; the said king, lords, and commons, when so assembled, being the great representative of the whole nation, as if all the people were then convened in one general assembly.

As the institution, repeal, and amendment of laws, together with the redress of public grievances and offences, are not within the capacity of any of the three estates distinct from the others, the FREQUENT HOLDING OF PARLIAMENTS is the vital food, without which the constitution cannot subsist.

The three estates, originally, when assembled in parliament, sat together consulting in the open field. Accordingly, at Running-Mead, five hundred years ago, king John passed the great charter

(as therein is expressed), by the advice of the lords spiritual and temporal, by the advice of several commoners (by name recited) *et aliorum fidelium*, and of others his faithful people. And, in the twenty-first clause of the said charter, he covenants, that, ‘for having the common-council of the kingdom to assess aids, he will cause the lords spiritual and temporal to be summoned by his writs, and moreover, that he will cause the principal commoners, or those who held from him in chief, to be generally summoned to the said parliaments by his sheriffs and bailiffs.’

In the said assemblies, however, the concourse became so great and disorderly, and the contests frequently so high between the several estates, in assertion of their respective prerogatives and privileges, that they judged it more expedient to sit apart, and separately to exercise the offices of their respective departments.

As there is no man, or set of men, no class or corporation, no village or city, throughout the kingdom, that is not represented by these their delegates in parliament, this great body politic, or representative of the nation, consists, like the body, natural, of a head and several members, which, being endowed with different powers for the exercise of different offices, are yet connected by one main and common interest, and actuated by ONE LIFE OR SPIRIT OF PUBLIC REASON, called the LAWS.

In all steps of national import, the king is to be conducted by the direction of the council, on whom it is equally incumbent to consult for the king with whom they are connected, and for the people by whom they are delegated, and whom they represent. Thus the king is, constitutionally, to be guided by the sense of the parliament; and the parliament alike is, constitutionally, to be guided by the general sense of the people. The two estates in parliament are the constituents of the king; and the people, mediately or immediately, are the constituents of the two estates in parliament.

Now, while the three estates act distinctly, within their respective departments, they affect and are reciprocally affected by each other. This action and re-action produces that general and systematic control which, like CONSCIENCE, pervades and superintends the whole, checking and prohibiting evil from every part of the constitution. And, from this confinement of every part to the

rule of RIGHT REASON, ariseth the great LAW OF LIBERTY TO ALL.

For instance: the king has the sole prerogative of making war, &c. • But then the means are in the hands of the people and their representatives.

Again: to the king is committed the whole executive power. But then the ministers of that power are accountable to a tribunal, from which a criminal has no appeal or deliverance to look for.

Again: to the king is committed the cognizance of all causes. But should his judges or justiciaries pervert the rule of righteousness, an inquisition, impeachment, and trial impends, from whose judgment the judges cannot be exempted.

Again: the king hath a negative upon all bills, whereby his own prerogatives are guarded from invasion. But, should he refuse the royal assent to bills tending to the general good of the subject, the commons can also withhold their bills of assessment, or annex the rejected bills to their bill of aids; and they never fail to pass in such agreeable company.

Lastly: to the king is committed the right of calling the two estates to parliament. But should he refuse so to call them, such a refusal would be deemed “an abdication of the constitution;” and no one need be told, at this day, that “an abdication of the constitution is AN ABDICATION OF THE THRONE.”

Thus, while the king acts in consent with the parliament and his people, he is limitless, irresistible, omnipotent, upon earth; he is the free wielder of all the powers of a free and noble people, a king throned over all the kings of the children of men. But should he attempt to break bounds, should he cast for independence; he finds himself hedged in and straitened on every side; he finds himself abandoned by all his powers, and justly left to a state of utter impotence and inaction.

Hence is imputed to the sovereign head, in the constitution of Great Britain, the high and divine attribute, THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG; for he is so circumscribed from the possibility of transgression, that no wrong can be permitted to any king in the constitution.

While the king is thus controlled by the lords and the commons, while the lords are thus controlled by the commons and the king, and while the commons are thus controlled by the other two estates

from attempting any thing to the prejudice of the general welfare, the three estates may be aptly compared to three pillars, divided below at equi-distant angles, but united and supported at top, merely by the bearing of each pillar against the others. Take but any one of these pillars away, and the other two must inevitably tumble. But while all act on each other, all are equally counteracted, and thereby affirm and establish the general frame.

How deplorable then would it be, should this elaborate structure of our happy constitution, within the short period of a thousand years hence, possible in half the time, fall a prey to effeminacy, pusillanimity, venality, and seduction; like some ancient oak, the lord of the forest, to a pack of vile worms that lay gnawing at the root; or, like Egypt, be contemptibly destroyed "by lice and locusts!" Should the morals of our constituents ever come to be debauched; consent, which is the salt of liberty, would then be corrupted, and no salt might be found wherewith it could be seasoned. Those who are inwardly the servants of sin, must be outwardly the servants of influence. Each man would then be as the Trojan horse of old, and carry the enemies of his country within his bosom. Our own appetites would then induce us to betray our own interests; and state-policy would seize us by the hand of our lusts, and lead us "a willing sacrifice to our own perdition."

Should it ever come to pass that corruption, like a dark and low-lung mist, should spread from man to man, and cover these lands: should a general dissolution of manners prevail; should vice be countenanced and communicated by the leaders of fashion: should it come to be propagated by ministers among legislators, and by the legislators among their constituents: should guilt lift up its head without fear of reproach, and avow itself in the face of the sun, and laugh virtue out of countenance by force of numbers: should public duty turn public strumpet: should shops come to be advertised, where men may dispose of their honour and honesty at so much per ell: should public markets be opened for the purchase of conscience, with an "O yes!" we bid most to those who set themselves, their trusts, and their country, to sale:—If such a day, I say, should ever arrive, it would be doomsday indeed, to the virtue, to the liberty, and constitution of these kingdoms! it would be the same to Great Britain, as it would happen to the uni-

verse, should the laws of cohesion cease to operate, and all the parts be dissipated, whose orderly connection now forms the beauty and common wealth of nature—want of sanity in the materials can never be supplied by any art in the building—a constitution of public freemen can never consist of private prostitutes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

History of a Reprobate—power of temptation—self-accusation—a relapse—meets with a gang of gipsies—ingenious confession—the gipsies' law—mysterious preparations—Lucifer personated—the delinquent's escape—man's happiness—stings of conscience—new life—merit promoted—guilt overtaken by justice—fatal impression—second fall from virtue—the delusion of vice—compunction and self abasement—explanation by repentance—sorrows of separation—irreligion of sailors—new scene of action—moorish stratagem—bravery of british seamen—the battle not to the strong—generosity to a conquered foe—gratitude—personal courage—royal presence—short-lived joy—human traffic—conscious guilt—public spectacles—African amusements—victorious contest—powers of nature—conclusion of the festival—David accuses Barber of murder—punishment for murder—Barber brought before Ali—Ali goes to battle—the Sultana's present to David—David carried into the Seraglio—David's conversation with the Sultana—David's ingratitude to Ali—sudden fall from splendour—a want of faith in Christ—despair of David—Mr. Fenton comforts David—David's conviction.

I KNOW not, gentlemen, said he, who my parents were, I was found, when an infant, wrapped in rags on a cobbler's bulk, in Westminster. The parish-officers sent me to the poor-house; and, when I was capable of instruction, they sent me to the charity-school.

When I had learned to read and write, I was bound for a servant, to Mr. Skinner, a neighbouring attorney. My mistress grew fond of me; she was a very holy woman; she taught me my prayers and catechism, and made me read to her every night, and repeat chapters and psalms, till I had nearly got half the Bible by rote.

As my master used to send me on many errands and messages, and to entrust me with little matters of money on such occasions,

on finding me always punctual and honest to him, he began to love me almost as much as my good mistress did.

But now came on my first falling away from all goodness. I was about twelve years old, when, in a cursed hour, my master sent me to a distant part of the town, with a bill to pay some money, and bring to him back the change. The change amounted to about four pounds in glittering silver. It appeared a mint of money. I never had been in possession of so large a heap; and I sighed, and said to myself, how blessed must they be, who are become the rich owners of so much money! then some one seemed to whisper me, that I was the owner; and again some one seemed to whisper me, that I was not the owner. Then I would go forward toward my master's; and again I would stop and go aside. Then I would thrust my hand into my pocket, and feel the greatness of my treasure, then turn to the wall, and lay the brightness of it before my eyes. Then I would run a piece off, as hurried away by the force of the temptation; and again I would delay, and stop, and turn, and strive to force myself homeward; till what with doubting and delaying, and struggling off and on, and going backward and forward, I considered, that if I went home, I should now get nothing but blame and beating; and so I took a head, and ran into the country as fast as my feet could carry me.

As I ran myself out of breath, from time to time, I would look back and look back, and run on and run on, in the thought that my master, or some one from him, was at my heels. But often since, I have reflected, and was persuaded in my mind, that my kind master and mistress had not the least-suspicion of me, but rather inquired and sorrowed after me, as being murdered or kidnapped from them; and this also was, at times, a great grief of heart to me.

When I was quite tired and jaded, and night came on, I turned up to a sorry kind of an inn, or rather alehouse, which I happened to be near. But as I feared every thing, I had the cunning to conceal my treasure, and taking a penny from my pocket, I begged the woman of the house, for that and charity's sake, to give me a little bread and milk, and some hole to lie in.

Having finished my supper, I was shewn to a kind of hovel under the stairs, where, throwing myself on some straw with a piece of a

blanket over me, I fell fast as a rock. Awakening however, about midnight, or somewhat after, and seeing all dark about me, and no creature near hand, I began to tremble greatly; and then I wished to say my prayers, but I did not dare to pray, and so I lay sweating and trembling, and trembling and sweating, till the dawning of the day brought some relief to my spirits.

Having breakfasted at the cost of a second penny, I set out, though not with my former speed; for reflecting that I had not my livery on, but a small frock-coat, I was under the less fear of being known. However, I pushed on as well as I was able, wanting still to get as far from danger as possible. And indeed I hoped by going on still further and further, to get away from my own fears, and from my own conscience.

O, gentlemen! what misery did I not endure at that season! the trust I had in my treasure began now to abate, the dread of losing it also brought new troubles upon me; peace was banished from within me, and without there was no place whereto I might fly for rest.

On the fifth morning of my travels, having expended what half-pence and small silver I had, I took out half a crown, and offered it to the man of the house, desiring him to return what was over the reckoning. As he took it, he gave me a look that I thought went through me, and continuing to stare me in the face, he shamed me so, that I was constrained to run aside. He gave me the change however, and I set forward on my journey, all trembling, and apprehending I knew not what.

I had not gone above a mile, when, meeting a dirty road, I turned over a stile that led to a path through the fields. Here I walked on a little way, when, turning, I saw my landlord making long strides after me; whereupon my heart beat, and my knees grew so weak under me, that I stood as still as a stone.

He came quickly up with me, and seizing me by the neck, he cast me on my back. Ha! you young rogue, says he, let us see what money you have got. Then diving into my pockets, he pulled out the whole stock in which I had trusted for happiness. O you little dog of a villain, from whom have you stolen all this treasure? but I must go and return it to the right owner. O good sir, good sir, I roared out, will you not leave me a little; ever so little, dear

sir, to keep me from starving? but he was deaf to my cries and prayers, and away he went.

Hope, the last comfort of the miserable, now forsook me. I cursed, at my heart, the day on which I was born; and I lay a long time, as one who had no use for limbs, or any further way to travel upon earth. At length I broke out into shouts, and a great gush of tears, and having got some ease by venting my sorrows, I rose, by a kind of instinct, and went on I knew not whither.

Growing hungry, after noon, I would willingly have begged the charity of passengers, but this I did not dare to do, for fear they should ask me whence I came, and who I was, and whereto I was going; questions to which I could give no very honest answers. So I bore my hunger as well as I could, till coming at night to a hovel where a farmer kept his pigs, I made way for myself among them, and slept in the straw till morning.

The day following, as I passed slowly and half-famished through a small village, my eye caught at a penny-loaf that lay on a little shop-window that jutted into the street. I looked here and there, and peered into the shop, and was just going to seize the ready and tempting spoil, when something whispered at my heart, Do not touch it for your life; starve, starve, rather than offer to steal any more; and so I tore myself away, and running as fast as I could, for fear of turning back, I at last got clear off from the reach of this temptation. When I had travelled something farther, I got into an inclosed country, where there were hedges on every side, with plenty of haws and bramble-berries on every bush. And here I filled my belly with berries to serve me for dinner; and I stuffed my pocket with haws against I should want. Upon this I grew wonderfully glad that I had not taken the loaf: and peace again began to come upon my mind; and about night-fall, having reached a copse on one side of the road, I crept, like a hare, under the shelter of the bushes; I then supped on my haws, after which I kneeled down, and half ventured at a prayer to God, and gathering up in my form, I slept happily till morning.

Having lived thus for some days, I came into an open country, where there was scarce any path, nor any haw or berry, within many a mile. I now began to grow sick and faint with hunger; and

again my sickness went off, and I became so greedy and ravenous, that I was ready to eat my own flesh from the bones. Soon after I spied, at a distance, a confused heap of something at the root of a great tree that grew in the open fields. I made up to it in expectation of I knew not what, and found an old beggar-man fast asleep in his patched cloak, with a bundle of something lying beside him.

Instantly I opened his little baggage, when, to my inexpressible transport, a large luncheon of brown bread, with some halfpence, struck my eyes. I did not hesitate a moment about seizing the bread, for I could no more withstand the cravings of my appetite at the time, than I could withstand a torrent rushing down a hill. Having appeased my stomach, I began to demur about what I should do with the remainder of the bread, and felt a motion or two inclining me to leave it behind me; but, 'No, said I to myself, 'this is all that I have, or may ever have during life, and I know 'not where to get a bit in the whole world; beside, I do this man 'no harm in taking it away, since I leave him money enough where- 'with to buy more.' So I put the bread in my pocket, and went on my way, leaving behind me about four or five pence in the wrapper.

I had not gone far, however, before I said to myself again, 'This 'man is a beggar by trade, and gets halfpence from every passenger 'that goes the road. But alas, no one living has any pity upon me; 'and so to starve alive, or take the money, is all the question.' So saying, or so thinking, I went back on tiptoes, and stooping and seizing my prey, I flew away like lightning. As soon as I had got out of the reach and sight of the poor man, the first motion I felt was the joy of having such a prize, but I had not gone far till this joy was much abated, my sighs began to heave, and my tears to flow apace.

That night, I took up my lodging in a waste hut that lay a little way off the road. But though, as I thought, I had plenty of bread, and money enough about me; yet I found myself exceeding heavy, and I was not able to pray, as I did the foregoing nights.

During all this time, I neither knew where I was, nor whereto I was going, nor any thing more of my travels, than that I came from London. When I had spent to my last penny, and was

walking, slow and melancholy, on a bye-path, that led through some woody lawns, I heard the voice of merriment, and, quickly after, perceived a group of gipsies that came from behind some trees.

As I saw that I could not escape them, I gathered courage, and went forward, when, coming up, they stopped and eyed me with much attention, and made a ring about me. Where are you going, my child? says a man with a broad girdle and a very formidable beard. Indeed, sir, says I, I cannot tell. And where did you come from then? From London, sir, so please you. From London, child? why, that is a very great way off. And pray what made you leave London? To get away from my master. But I hope you did not come away empty, you brought something from him, did not you? Some little matter, good sir, but I was robbed of it on the way. Hereupon, this venerable regent smiled, and, turning to his dependents, As far as I see, said he, this chap will answer our purpose to a hair.

Here one of the females asked if I was hungry; and on my answering in the affirmative, they all invited me, with a jovial air, to dinner. We then turned a distance off from the path wherein we had met, and gradually descended into one of the pleasantest spots in the world. It was a dell surrounded with hills, some of which were slanting, some headlong and impending, and all covered or spotted with groups of trees, of different heights, sorts, and colours; through which there descended a gurgling rivulet, which, having rolled over stones and pebbles, grew silent in a small lake, that reflected the circling objects from the bills around.

Immediately nature's carpet was covered with a large cloth of fine damasked linen. The baggage was taken from the shoulders of the bearers; and, before I well could observe what they were about, there was spread, as by art-magic, before my eyes the most various and sumptuous banquet I had ever beheld. Down instantly sunk the guests; some sitting, like the Turks, cross-legged; while others lolled, like the Romans, beside each other.

As they had travelled far that day, they all eat in silence; and, in a short space, the burden of the luggage-carriers was pretty much lightened. In the mean-time, some arose, and unloaded two asses of the creels which they carried. The cloth then was quickly emptied of the cold fowls and baked meats, with the loins of beef

EARL OF MORELAND.



THE GIPSIES.



and mutton; and leather jacks, that contained plenty of the best wines, and other liquors, were set before us. These again were decanted into clean japanned pitchers; and a japanned cup of equal measure, was given into every hand.

Then began mirth and jollity to flow round with the cups; never did I see so pleasant, so gleeful a company. Joke and banter, without offence, were bandied from every side, and bursts of laughter were echoed from the answering hills.

As soon as I was warmed, and my heart opened by what I drank, they all expressed a liking and kindness for me, and requested that I would tell them my story without disguise. Accordingly I made an ingenuous confession of all the matters related. But, instead of meeting those reproofs which I expected for my wickedness, they jointly began to ridicule my scruples, and to put to shame the little shame that I had of my evil deeds.

My child, said their ancient governor, when you have been a sufficient time with us, you will then learn what it is to be wise, and to be happy. You will then know that religion is nothing but hypocrisy or fashion. There are thousands and ten thousands of religions upon earth, all contrary, and fighting against the one and the other. People pretend to fear God, when it is the fear of the laws alone that is before their eyes. God is not to be feared, but to be loved, my son, for he is a very gracious and a bountiful God. He gave the heavens in common, to the birds of the air: He gave the seas and rivers also in common to the fishes; and he gave this whole earth in common to mankind. But great people, and people of power, have seized it all to themselves, and they have made to themselves possessions and properties by fences and inclosures; and they have again inclosed these inclosures by laws of their own making, whereby the poor are to be punished, when they attempt to reclaim any part of the natural rights with which God hath gifted them. But when the poor, without fear of the laws, can gain any thing from the rich and the mighty, who have robbed them of their rights, they may surely do it with a safe, and an honest conscience. And now know, my child, that you are come among those, who, of all people, can best defend you, and make you happy. We are of that sort of the poor, who are above the rich and the

mighty, by being above the laws ; for they can frame no laws which are of any more force to us than the web of a spider.

So spoke this formidable sage ; and indeed, gentlemen, however strange it may seem, I saw the latter part of his assertion fully verified by practice. I continued among this very singular and wonderful people near the space of three years ; during which time they initiated me into all the arts and mysteries of their manifold iniquities. No fetters could hold them ; no prisons could contain them ; no bolts or locks could secure the treasure of the wealthy from them. By the means of spells or certain odours, as it were by enchantment, all beasts become subject to them ; the wildest horse would stand for them ; the fiercest mastiffs did not dare to bay or growl at them ; so that all bleaching-grounds, yards, and gardens, were as open to their invasion as the high way. They assumed all shapes, and almost all sizes. They became visible and invisible, known or unknown at pleasure ; for every different dress they had a different countenance and set of features ; so that their daily intimates could not know them, except by appointed words or tokens. And thus, without violence or apparent fraud, without bustle, indictment, or accusation on any side, they over-ruled the government, and held, as it were, the purses of the whole nation in their hands.

You will wonder, gentlemen, by what policy these people could maintain their influence and depredations undetected, throughout the kingdom. I will account for this matter as clearly and as briefly as I can.

Though they never appeared by day, except single, or in small parties of ten or fifteen at most, yet they kept their state entire, by quick and constant intelligence. Besides their prince, or principal potentate, who was the person that first accosted me, they had a deputy-governor for every shire ; and, at convenient distances, houses of common resort for the fraternity. Here their victuals were dressed, and their provisions laid in ; and here also were deposited the spoils of the public, which, when converted into money, was locked in a strong box, one tenth for the use of the society on any emergency, and the other nine for the benefit of the spoilers, in proportion to their respective ranks and merits.— Before we rose from our late-mentioned festival, an ancient female

fortune-teller chucked me under the chin, and said, Do you know, my dear, where this same kind landlord lives, who robbed you of your money? All I know, said I, is, that he lives in a little town, at the sign of a white cross, and near to a great windmill. What, cried one of the men, my old host, Jerry Gruff? He hates that any except himself should prosper by their ingenuity. I owe that fellow a fling, cried another, for once attempting to circumvent me in his own house. Well, my lad, says Geoffry, the old governor, his house lies directly in the way of our circuit; and, for your encouragement, I promise you that he shall refund you every penny of the money he took from you.

The luggage being now up, we went back on the field path by which I came; and coming to a great road, we divided into small parties, who were appointed to meet at the rendezvous, where we supped merrily, and slept soundly for that night.

We set out the next morning by dawn of day, and entering soon after upon a common, we saw a parcel of horses feeding without a keeper. Immediately three of the likeliest were taken from the rest. Out came scissars, and other implements, with phials of colouring essences, and to work went many hands, when, in less than five minutes, had the owners come up, they could not have found a single mark of their own property upon them. And indeed I have frequently known some of those my ingenious brotherhood so very audacious as to sell in public market the cattle which they had stolen, to the very persons from whom they were taken.

As these people were never unprovided of their conveniencies, the horses were quickly bridled, and dispatched, by several emissaries, several ways, to summon the neighbouring brotherhood, on the third night, to meet near the white cross with their appointed apparatus.

Accordingly, on the evening of the night required, we arrived on a little hill that stood opposite to the house of my conscientious landlord; and, soon after, we were joined by several parties, from several sides, amounting to about a hundred and twenty persons, with parcels of, I knew not what, upon asses, &c.

The packs were quickly opened, and from thence were produced black and flame-coloured gowns, flambeaus, hoofs, and horns, and vizards of horrid aspect and terrific dimension. In a hurry we

were all fitted with our respective dresses and characters. A large pasteboard coffin was covered with a white sheet, and exalted upon the shoulders of four fiery devils; and, as night began to fall dark and heavy upon us, a light was struck, the flams were lighted, one was put into every right hand; speaking-trumpets, with other instruments of heart-sinking sounds, were put to many a mouth, and we directly set out on our diabolical procession. Some roared like bulls, others howled and bayed like dogs at a midnight moon, while others yelled articulately in the caterwauling gibberish; in short, the sounds made such a complication of horrors as no mortal ears could abide, nor mortal courage support.

Meanwhile the town took the alarm, and began to be in commotion. Old and young quitted their houses, and hurried hither and thither through the street. But, as we advanced, they made backward, and running, or climbing, or scrambling up the hill, they gathered all in a body before the windmill. In the interim, we pushed forward, and entered the inn, where neither cat nor dog, nor living creature was left, save Goodman Gruff, who lay impotent of the gout in an upper chamber.

While most of the company staid routing and searching the house below, Signior Geoffry led a few of us up stairs. He represented the person of Lucifer, whose name was impressed in flaming characters on his cap. On entering the room where landlord Gruff lay, Hark ye, Jerry, says Lucifer, you sneaking thief, you mean petty-larceny villain! how came you to rob a child, the other day, of the money which he gained under my influence and encouragement? I have a mind, you scoundrel, to strike you out of my list of innkeepers. O my good Lord Lucifer, cried Gruff, with a trembling voice, in my conscience, now, I did not think that any kind of robbery would be an offence to your honour. You lie, you rascal, you lie, cries Lucifer, the devil is a gentleman, he loves those that rob the great, who have robbed the little; but he hates your low-spirited scoundrels, who rob the widow and the fatherless, and take from the little ones the little that they have. Why, pray, my Lord Lucifer, are you a Christian? cries, Gruff. A better one, rascal, than you or any of your tribe; for tho' I tremble, yet I believe. And I tell thee, Jerry, that I will make

this generation to tremble; but, as I think, the devil himself cannot bring them to believe.

During this confabulation, the whole house, drawers and all, was gutted as clean as a fowl for supper. So, without entering into any other habitation, away we marched, as in our former tremendous procession; till coming to some standing water, we halted, and, at a given word, we altogether plunged our torches in the pool, and instant night fell upon all the world.

Thus, from day to day, and year to year, while I continued with this people, I was witness to a variety of slights, deceits, impostures, metamorphoses, and depredations, without any instance of their being brought to condign punishment. One of them, however, within my time, was detected, taken, imprisoned, brought to the bar, tried, and brought in guilty; and yet found means to evade justice by the most marvellous piece of stratagem that ever was.

He was spied in the act of stealing a bay horse. Fresh suit was made. He was seized, and loaded with irons in the dungeon of the county goal. On the day of trial the fact was proved by incontestable witnesses; and the jury, without quitting the box, pronounced the fatal word, GUILTY. Have you any thing to say, cried the judge, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you? I can truly affirm, exclaimed the culprit, that I am as clear as the light of this matter; that the beast which I took then was, and, to this hour is, my own property, and that there must be some wonderful mistake in this business; wherefore, my lord, as I am upon life and death, I trust that your charitable indulgence will order this same horse to be brought into court. The horse accordingly was brought, and the culprit continued, Now, my lord, be pleased to order the witnesses to say, whether this be the same horse that I stole, or not? The same, the same, cried the witnesses, by virtue of our oaths. Be so good then, my Lord, to ask them of what age this horse was at the time that I stole him. By virtue of the same oath, four years old, rising five. Now, my lord, if you will continue your gracious indulgence, be pleased to order his mouth to be examined by some people skilled in such matters. This also was done by two or three jockeys, of acknowledged judgment, who instantly cried out, Why, my lord, this horse is quite past mark of mouth.

Hereupon every person that was present looked astonished, and silence was in court for some minutes; till the culprit resumed: there is but one request more with which I shall trouble your lordship; it is that you would be pleased to send and examine whether this same horse be a horse or mare. This lastly was done, when the examiners cried out, A mare, my lord, a mare, without any question!

Here the surprise and amazement of the court was redoubled. The jury looked down abashed; the witnesses slunk away in utter shame and confusion; and his lordship instantly ordered, that the prisoner should be dismissed without fees, and that the mare should be restored to him as his proper goods.

Now, the whole mystery of the affair was merely this, that some of the fraternity, the very night before the trial, had picked the lock of the stable, and, in the place of the horse, had substituted this mare, which they found or formed to so perfect a resemblance of him, that no eye could discern the smallest distinction.

During my sojourn with these wretches, may it please your honours, I found by dear experience, that, between the birth and the grave, there are but two sorts of happiness of which man is capable. The one is, that of a 'conscience void of giving offence;' the other is 'that of a conscience that cannot be offended.' I was therefore perpetually miserable, because neither the one nor the other was my state: for, on the one hand, I was conscious that I gave daily offence to God and man; and, on the other hand, my conscience was daily offended thereby. I was merry, indeed, though not happy, when in company, but ever dejected when left alone; so that, during my three years incorporation with this fraternity, I never once lifted my heart in any appeal to God, nor ventured to petition for any kind of favour from him.

Though these reprobates, as I have intimated, continued to perpetrate, and to glory, with a merry and satisfied conscience, in their daily iniquities, yet hitherto they had not proceeded to blood.

On the night wherein I left them we were overtaken, and cut short of our intended rest, by a sudden and violent tempest of wind and hail, whereupon we took shelter in a waste barn.

When we had struck a light, we set together what straw and combustibles we could find in the house, and had just kindled a

fire, when one of the company came and whispered that there was a man asleep in the far corner. Hereupon they took the candle, and, with soft and cautious steps, found a pedlar stretched along with his head on a wisp of straw, and his box close beside him. They immediately lifted the box, and brought it away, in silence, to the place where I was sitting. On opening it, with as little noise as possible, they found therein a large quantity of silks, linens, and laces, with a rich variety of hard-wares; and, at the bottom, a little padlocked chest, full of English and Spanish pieces of gold, in all likelihood, the whole amount of the labours of his life.

This was a prize not to be thrown down the stream. Immediately all was in a kind of under-breathing bustle, and whispering commotion. The great question was, how to possess themselves of such a prey with safety to their persons. It was objected, that the man might waken, they were unluckily seen coming that way, and, it may be entering into that house; the country might be alarmed, and rise upon them; they might be overtaken; they might be seized in the very fact.

At length a bold villain proposed directly to cut his throat, and that then there could be no witness to testify against them; but to this it was again objected, that the blood itself would be the fear-fullest and surest of all witnesses. Whereupon, another proposed to suffocate or strangle him, and bury his corpse on the spot; to which scheme, though many were silent, yet no one expressly excepted.

During this deadly consultation, notwithstanding my long course of evil habit, and evil example, my blood curdled throughout my body; and fear, horror, and detestation arose in my bosom. But when they went, as I supposed, to put the deed of death into instant execution, I crouched and shrunk inward, and crept out at the door; the dread of being also seized and murdered, gave me strength to get on my feet, and, feeling along by the wall, I got away from the house, and made off I neither knew nor cared whither.

The tempest still continued; the driving of the clouds added to the natural horrors of night. I could scarcely discern that I had a road under my foot. But though I could not see my pursuers, I yet feared that their eyes were better than mine; and I still turned and listened, to try if the foot of the murderer was behind me.

Having travelled all night as fast and as far as I could from the scene of my terrors, on the rising of the day I saw a large town before me, and, for the first time of three years, I lifted up my eyes, and inwardly blessed God for his mercy in my escape from so great a wickedness. Thereupon I felt a pleasure that I had never felt before; and I said in my heart, If you will once more be my God, I will be your true servant, and will never offend or transgress any more.

I then walked on leisurely; my fatigue went from me, and I seemed quite lightsome to myself. On entering the suburbs, I met a gentleman taking his morning's walk out of town. I stopped and looked him wistfully in the face, whereupon he also stopped and eyed me with much attention. Who are you, my pretty lad? says he. An unhappy stranger, sir, who wants a service, or any means of earning a little honest bread. And pray what service can you do? Not much, sir, I fear, but my good-will shall strive hard to make up my lack of ability. Then, cried he, you shall be my servant. All the servants I ever had, promised every thing, but did little; I will now try what may be done by one who promises nothing. What is your name, my boy? David Doubtful, sir? for that was my true name, though I had gone by several others. And what wages must I give you, David? Just as much, sir, or as little as you shall please to think I deserve.

Here he took me to a handsome house, where he kept a mercer's shop in Plymouth. His name was Felton; he had been a widower for some years, and had an only son, who was then at Westminster-school in London.

My master, at first, set me to the most servile and vile offices, such as cleaning his, and the servants shoes; sweeping the street before his door, and carrying out the dirt of the house; but all this I did with willingness, and even with pleasure, as some little matter of penance for my long course of evil deeds.

On my separating from my brethren in iniquity, as I have told you, I was the proprietor of one hundred and seventy odd pounds, which was locked up in the common chest, being my allotted dividend of the fruits of our knavery, for three successive years; but in my present turn of mind, I would no more have accepted any part thereof, than I would have taken a bar of red-hot iron into my hand.

I had also in my pocket a few crowns, with some smaller silver; but these I secretly distributed among the poor, that no part as it were, of Achan's accursed thing might remain about me.

In about three weeks, my master again changed the whole manner of my service, and set me to brush his clothes, dress his wigs, whet his knives, lay the cloth, and attend at table; but these were matters in which I was quite expert, as I had not yet forgotten my employment with my first master.

In some time after, Mr. Felton asked me if I could read? A little in the Bible, sir, said I. And can you write too, David? If you please I will try, sir. Why, David, this beats the hand of my clerk; where in the world did you come by all this learning? From a very good master to a very bad servant. But, pray sir, do not inquire the particulars of my naughtiness; for, indeed, you could not desire a severer monitor than my own conscience is to me. Well, my child, said the good man, I will not put you to pain; and so giving me a squeeze by the hand, he went out with a glistening eye.

From this time my master shewed an uncommon respect and attention to me. He discharged me from all the menial offices of his household; he gave me his burdens of silk, and other wares, to carry to his several customers; and he desired me to take particular notice of the natures and values of what I carried.

On this encouragement I became vastly more apprehensive and assiduous than he looked for. I attended the shop closely, and took notice and private notes of all that was estimated or transacted therein. My master looked quite amazed, on asking me some questions with respect to his affairs. His eldest apprentice, soon after, set up for himself. He then placed me behind the counter, over his younger apprentice, and in joint authority with his journeyman. And, soon after, he gave me the key of his till, and the trust of all his treasure. I now dined with him at the same table, and consulted and conversed with him as his friend and companion. He frequently gave me pocket-money, which, he told me, he would not charge to the account of my wages. I walked with him every evening, went to church with him every Sunday, and read to him in the Bible every night. I was now wholly reconciled to my God, and felt him in my soul as a friend and benefactor. Pleasure played about my heart, peace lay under my pillow; and my happiness

seemed like that of a mariner, who after a long and desperate voyage, had anchored in a calm and secure haven.

I had now been something upward of a year in the service of Mr. Felton, when one day I heard a bustling noise in the street, and saw people running hither and thither across the window. I stepped to the door, and looking to the left, saw a great crowd about a cart, wherein were five criminals going to execution. I staid till they came just opposite to me, when, to my utter astonishment and terror, I saw five of my old acquaintances, and, in the front of them, the bloody villain who had proposed cutting the throat of the unfortunate pedlar. Instantly I turned all pale as my shirt, and, dreading that they would know and claim acquaintance with me, I shrunk in, and running backward, threw myself half fainting into a chair.

I now reflected, that it was happy for me no one was in the shop to take notice of my confusion; and, endeavouring to assume some courage, on the entrance of our journeyman, I put on the most unconcerned appearance that I could.

Mr. Felton happened to dine abroad that day, and did not return till the cloth was laid for supper. He took his chair at table, and desired me to sit beside him. David, said he, is it not wonderful that people should continue so incredulous, notwithstanding the frequent and daily proofs of an all-seeing and an all-detecting Providence? If a sparrow falls not to the ground without the notice of our God, how much more will he take account of the life of him whom he formed in his own image; the villain trusts to hide his villainy, and dares to affirm (with the first murderer) in the face of God and of man, "I know not where is my brother." But blood has a voice, a crying voice, David; it cries aloud to heaven, from the very bowels of the earth. No depth can cover it, no darkness can conceal it, for the light that shineth in darkness, will bring it forth to the day.

About twelve months ago, a pedlar was murdered in a waste house, called Fielding's barn. The murderers were of the people whom they call *Gipsies*, the most subtle and evasive of all sorts of reprobates, so that the fact lay a long time in silence. This pedlar, it seems, had an only brother, to whom the reversion of his substance belonged; and his brother not seeing or hearing from him

of along time, went through the whole country, and through many parts of the kingdom, inquiring after him. At length he arrived one evening at an inn, some miles from hence, where he found in the kitchen, seven men jovially seated over a bowl of punch; he quickly accepted their invitation, and having spent the time pleasantly, and the house being thronged, he and one of the company were shewn to the same bed.

About midnight, his companion began to moan most piteously, when jogging, and asking him why he groaned? O, Fielding's barn! he cried; Fielding's barn! Fielding's barn! Again he cried, You cannot say it; you cannot say that my hand was in the murder.— Again he would mutter, with a half-smothered voice, See how he kicks; put, put him out of pain, O put him out of pain.

Hereupon the brother rose, and dressed as quietly as possible, and making away to the next magistrate, he returned, seized, and carried off his bed-fellow, before any of his comrades were apprised of the matter.

What have you done, you villain, said the magistrate without preface; what have you done with the body of the pedlar whom you murdered in Fielding's barn? On this question the wretch, thinking that all was detected, instantly fell on his knees. I had neither hand nor heart in the murder, sir, he cried, and, if you will get me a pardon, I will faithfully tell you the whole affair. On his confession, the five principal rogues were taken before they were out of bed. And on this evidence, and that of their seventh companion, they were sentenced, and this day executed, and are to be gibbeted in the morning.

During this narration, I could not refrain from expressing, by my countenance and gesture, the strong compunction I felt on recollecting my long association with those reprobates; but my good master, as I suppose, ascribed my emotions merely to the detestation which I had of their deeds.

I had been close upon two years in the service of Mr. Felton, and he had lately agreed with me at 25*l.* yearly, whereon he paid me the last year's wages in hand; when, one evening as I stood behind the counter, a young woman came in and desired to see such and such goods. While she was cheapening on the one hand, and I setting forth the extraordinary value on the other, several

intelligent glances were exchanged between us. Whenever her eyes met mine, she instantly cast them down with blushing modesty; and yet whenever I looked at her, I saw that her eyes had been fixed upon me. At length having bought some little matters, she made me a bashful curtesy, and going out at the door, she turned upon me with a significant glance, and departed.

All that night I felt myself as I had never felt before; I turned and turned again from the image of this girl, and yet she seemed to stand before me, and to look upon me, as she had done the day before.

For five tedious days she withheld herself from my sight, and I feared that I should never behold her any more. At length she came, and I strove in vain to conceal my joy on her appearance. After cheapening and paying for some little matters, she cast her eye on a piece of silk, which, she said, she fancied greatly, but feared that her pocket would not reach so far. O Miss! said I, we shall not quarrel for such a matter, provided I know where to call for the money. On Sarah Simper, sir, said she, at such a sign, in such a row.

As I had three or four spare hours from business every evening, I gladly laid hold of the occasion I had gotten for spending that time, in visits to my beloved. I went, indeed, without forming any purpose or intention, save the pleasure of seeing her. Her fondness seemed, at least, to equal my own; and, though we proceeded at times to toying and dallying, yet for three weeks we kept within warrantable limits. But this was not always the case. Our first transgression was succeeded, on her part, by tears and reproaches, and, on mine, by a depth of sorrow and remorse.

As this was my first fault, with respect to woman, my conscience was yet unsteeled. I spent the night in sighs and tears of contrition, and I repeated a thousand promises and vows to my God, that I never would be guilty of the like again.

For five entire days I kept from going to her. At length I considered, that, as I had injured her, I ought to make her such recompence as was in my power. I put about twelve pounds into my pocket, being all that I had left of my last year's salary, and went and told her, that I was come to take my leave of her; then pouring the money into her lap, I promised to give her what I should

eatn from time to time, and to marry her whenever I should be enabled to maintain a family. Here we both fell into tears, and from tears we proceeded to carresses, and so forth, till at last we became as guilty as we had been before.

In like manner, for the six ensuing weeks, I kept on in a course of repenting and sinning, and of sinning, and again repenting. Every night I formed resolutions which I imagined would be stronger than any I had made before; but whatever force I put on myself, whatever strength I exerted, I never was able to persevere for three days together. When I felt myself drawn to her, as by some irresistible power, I vowed, and flattered myself on the way, that I would return without transgressing; but, when I came to her, I found it quite as impossible to keep from sinning with her, as it was to keep from her. Thus, by frail and falsified vows, I daily continued to add to the heap of my guilt; till at length I became hopeless of any ability to resist temptation, and sinned on with my eyes open, and yet with less remorse than before. As I was sitting with her one evening, a bailiff entered suddenly, and laid an action upon her for fifteen pounds, which, he said, she promised to pay for her mother in her last illness. Whether the debt was feigned, and the caption preconcerted between them, I know not; but I afterward recollected, that she did not seem to be so alarmed, as one would have expected on such an occasion. On the other hand, my soul was filled with bitter, and distracting thoughts. I could not think of suffering my love to be confined among fellows in a common prison; and yet how to come by the money I knew not. I offered the man my note, payable when my salary should be due; but he refused to depart without instant payment. Hereupon, I hurried home, and taking out £15 of my master's money, I returned and discharged the action.

From this time my fair one began to extend her appetites, and to rise in her passions. Under colour of being with child, her longings and fits came frequent upon her, and I was in a manner constrained to indulge her, till I had taken of my master's money to the amount of fifty pounds.

David, said she, one day, it is time to tell you, that I must soon quit my mantuamaking business, for I am growing too big to appear with decency among my customers: so you must take other lodg-

ings for me, and provide a sufficient fund to defray the many necessary expences of child birth. And where, my dearest Sally, may such a fund be provided? I have already gone lengths for you, that may bring me to the gallows. If you had not been a poor spirited fellow, says she, you could not bear to live in the fears that haunt you so: you would long since have made away with that old scoundrel, your master. Here, throw this little dust into his broth, or his posset, and then you may wallow in money without fear of account.

Here I looked her full in the face, when every beauty that had once enchanted me, suddenly vanished from my sight, and I saw nothing but the dire head of a snaky Medusa. However, I suppressed my horror as well as I could; and putting back the paper, No, no; no, no; Sally, said I, I would rather die the worst of deaths myself, than have a hand in making away with my kind old master. And die you shall then, she cried, for I will not perish alone. She then dropped on her knees, and vowed, with fearful imprecations, that she would go directly to Mr. Felton, and make a discovery of my robberies; that she would also go to the next magistrate, and swear a rape against me; and that she would poison herself and the bastard within her, that she might not bring into the world any part of such a villain. While she spoke, her aspect looked livid and deadly, and wrath and desperation flashed in fire from her eyes.

My dear Sally, said I, lower your passions a little, give me that paper again, we shall see what may be done. And here I leave you my watch as a pledge of my return by to-morrow at noon. This I did, however, not with the smallest intention of keeping my promise; for I determined never more to look her in the face. But I bequeathed to her, as it were, the only stake of value, which remained to me, that the wretch whom I had ruined might not be left altogether without means of life.

When I got into the street, I hastened homeward, without deliberating a moment what I was about, or on the consequences that might ensue. My master was in a back chamber, looking over some letters, when I rushed in precipitately, and shut the door behind me. What is the matter, child, said he, are you not well? You look pale and affrighted; what is the matter, David? O Sir

O Sir! and I sunk upon my knees, I bring to you a villain, a reprobate, a thief, a robber, a betrayer of trusts, also the vilest sinner that ever sinned against God and against man. I got in league with a bad woman, who seduced me by her beauty, and then prevailed upon me to defraud and rob you, and would have persuaded me to murder you; but there I stopt short; I could not be prevailed upon to murder you my master! Pray then, said he somewhat sternly, to what intent are you come? To demand justice, sir! I cried, and to appease my own conscience by suffering for my faults. Tell me then, said he mildly, and tell me truly, of how much money have you defrauded me? Of fifty pounds, sir, I answered, a few shillings under or over. Rise then, pray rise, my David! he cried; I would not bring you to shame, and much less to punishment, for five times the value of fifty pounds: I owe you for your services very nearly that sum, and I forgive you the remainder with all my heart. No, sir! I cried aloud, and burst into tears, you do not forgive me, you cannot forgive me, for this your goodness does but heap the heavier guilt upon my soul.

He then got up, and came to me, and raising me to his bosom, he embraced me, and cried, I rejoice over thee, my David, I rejoice over thee, my child, as Heaven rejoiceth over the one sinner that repenteth, more than over the ninety and nine that have no need of repentance. You now know your own frailties; you are sensible of your lapses, you will be cautious of future falls; and you stand upon firmer ground than ever.

You know me not! I exclaimed, you know me not, my good master! I am wholly irreclaimable. The devil has taken possession of me, and reigns through all my members. I find it quite in vain to strive or struggle against him. I have no more strength than a midge against temptation; no more power than a weak and fainting man against a torrent that already has borne him far away.

I will pray for you, my son, said the good man vehemently! I will wrestle with my God for you! and his grace shall be sufficient. No, sir, I replied, after that which has happened, I never shall be able to look you in the face, I will not trust myself. I know that I should fall on the first trial. Will you leave me then, he cried, will you leave me, my son David? and, he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away the falling tear. I must, I answered, I must

leave you, my dearest master, I should be miserable if I staid. I will go directly to sea, I will confine myself in some ship, where I shall be shut from any commerce or communication with mankind, and not have it in my reach to wrong or damage any person. And, indeed, I could not bear to stay in one town, or even in one kingdom, with that bad woman. Where may she be found, David? said Mr. Felton. Ah, sir, I exclaimed, leave her to God, and to her own evil conscience, I beseech you. I believe she is with child by me. Do not desire, my master, to hurt a little innocent that has not yet seen the light! No, my David! No, I mean nothing but comfort to her; I mean to supply her wants, and to soften her distresses. She will not then be tempted to wish hurt to her benefactor, and I will take care of the little wretch which she carries in her body for your sake, my David.

There was something so affecting, gentlemen, in such a proof of wonderful goodness, as must have struck to the heart of the most abandoned reprobate. I was quite overcome thereby. I fell suddenly at his feet, and I wished to pour out my very soul in the same manner as I poured my tears upon them.

As he now found that I was bent and determined on departing, David, says he, since you will go, you must not go unprovided. A sailor ought to have proper necessaries; and, if you will give me your company for three or four days longer, I will get you a good birth in some ship or other. Mean time I would advise you to set about your preparations; for which purpose, you must accept these fifty guineas, which you may please to return me, when some happy adventure shall furnish you with means. No, no, sir, I cried, putting his purse back with my hand, your plan is not the plan of your reprobate servant; your good births are not at all for my purpose. I will go as a common sailor; the meanest offices and the greatest drudgery will be a penance too little, much too little for my transgressions. And so saying, I turned, and went hastily out.

I made directly to the quay, where I saw a crowd of citizens internixed with sailors. On going up, I found that they were enlisting volunteers, to whom they offered from one to three guineas per man. And what will you give me, captain, if I go with you? He then looked earnestly at me, and having eyed me several

times from head to foot, I will give you, my lad, said he, five guineas in your fist, and here is my hand for a hearty welcome into the bargain. If your Honour then will be pleased to order those five pieces to be laid out for me in such necessaries as you think fitting, I live at such a place, and shall be ready at a call. Enough, said the captain, our ship is called the Centurion, of thirty guns, the brave David Jenkins Commander. We set out by morning's tide, between ten and eleven; and if you come without a call, you will be the more welcome. So saying, he gave me a familiar shake by the hand, and we parted.

I then went directly home, and, calling Mr. Felton aside, I told him of my success, and engagement in the Centurion, suppressing only the time of my early departure; for I felt that I could not stand the parting with him, and I thought it best to make it as little painful to him and myself as might be.

During supper I endeavoured to chat, but could not. And as Mr. Felton, at times, looked affectionately upon me, I turned my head aside, and a silent tear stole down my cheek.

I spent the night in sighs and tears, and getting up before day, I took my shoes in my hand, and, stepping softly down stairs, would have stolen out at the street-door; but in that instant the door of a side-parlour was opened, and before I could look about, my master had me in his arms. Will you leave me then, David, will you indeed leave me? he cried. O David, David, I love you next to my only child. Stay with me yet, my son, O stay with me, my David, and I will do every thing, I will do all things that may be done for you.

Here I sunk, and was just fainting, under the pressure of his goodness. Do not kill me, my master, do not kill me outright, I cried. You must no longer be burdened by my body of sin and death; as God has forsaken me, I must leave you, my master! let him do with me as he will, and if I perish, I perish. So saying, I broke from him, and away I rushed, weeping and sobbing all the way, as though my heart would cleave in sunder.

The captain received me with great cordiality, and at times called me his name-sake, and was very familiar with me. The sailors also, after his example, began to affect me without any appearance of envy; for though I had not been exercised in their profession, yet

I was strong, hale, and active, and ready to assist them at every turn.

In the mean time, please your honours, it may appear very extraordinary, though I felt daily compunction, and nightly wept many tears for having offended my God throughout the course of my life; yet I neither prayed to him, nor besought pardon from him, nor applied to him for any kind of support or assistance.

I was now incorporated with a fraternity whose wickedness was of a species quite different from that of my former brotherhood. Our sailors were so far from cheating and defrauding, that they scarce seemed to have any regard for property; and they were as brave a set of fellows as ever trod a deck. But then they were as barded to any sense of religion or piety as the nether millstone; and the sacred and tremendous names of God, and his Christ, were of no other import to them than as the balls of a billiard table, to be tossed and bandied about for sport.

At first this was a matter of great offence and horror to me. Can there be a God, I would say to myself, and can he suffer his tremendous name to be insulted and blasphemed as it is by these wretches? But, alas! I was not as one of the three captives at Babylon; I could not be cast into the furnace, and come forth without a singe. In time this profaneness became less irksome to my ears, and, by degrees, I began to relish, and to catch the common contagion.

At times, however, some thoughts of God and a Saviour would come into my mind, and the pious impression of my infancy would return upon me; but I did my best to banish them, as they served but to torment me.

At times, again, I would silently expostulate, as it were, with God. It is true, I would say to him, I have been wicked, desperately wicked, through a long course of sinning; but did I not long strive, and struggle, and fight against temptation? If you meant me for yourself, why did you not make me with less proneness to evil? or why did you not give me greater strength to resist?

Again, shocking and blasphemous thoughts would enter into my gloomy soul; as though the gospel were all a fable, and religion nothing but priestcraft; that all events were of chance; that men

were good or evil, merely according to constitution ; and that either there was no God, or he was too great, or too distant, to concern himself with the insignificant affairs of mortals. But these infusions of the tempter were never of long continuance ; and again I would return to *believing* and *trembling*.

Our ship had been destined to protect the trade in the Levant. Within the space of five months we had rescued from the captors six English ships, and made prizes of three stout frigates, of those African pirates who war upon the world, when they boy from the mast head cried out, A sail ! We immediately made chase, and found by evening that we had gained considerably upon her ; but as the night came on thick and hazy, we shortened sail, and lay to till morning ; but hung out no lights.

At dawn of day we renewed the chase, though no sail was then in sight ; but we had not continued it above four or five leagues, when we clearly discerned the same vessel, and perceived that she altered her course, and was bearing down towards us.

Hereupon we shortened sail, and waited for her. But we had not waited long, till we perceived a second vessel that seemed in chase of the first ; and some time after saw a third that seemed in chase of the two former.

On this the lieutenant, an old and experienced sailor looked somewhat blank, and desired that the captain would instantly call a council of war. Gentlemen, says he, the many captures we have lately made could not fail of informing our enemies that we are in these seas ; and I apprehend with great reason, that they have made choice of their best means to over-reach and over-match us, and to fall with their united force upon us. And, indeed, ye may already perceive that the ship we had in chase has shortened sail, and waits to be joined by her two consorts, whom she seemed so lately to fear. I think, as the jockeys say, that we have more than foot for them ; and all the question is, whether Old England shall make use of her feet to fly, while she has any hands left wherewith she may fight ? At this they cried, with one voice, No flying ! no flying ! let them come on, the circumcised dogs, as many as may be of them ; we will neither take nor give quarter, they or we must to the bottom !—To work then, my brave lads !

cries Captain Jenkins, for we are likely to have as warm a bout of it as we could wish.

To bustle went all hands. We had a clear ship in a moment; and, for the first time, stowed our hammocks in the nettings. The captain then choosing a dozen of the best marksmen, he disposed them in the tops, with strict orders to direct their fire only at those who appeared to be officers.

Our ship at this time was full manned, with about two hundred and seventy spirits, all as ready, and desirous to go and meet death, as a beau to go to a ball, or an alderman to a feast.

The three consorts were now joined, as our lieutenant had foreseen, and bore down upon us right before the wind; and then it was that my sins came crowding into my mind, and I believe I was the only person in the ship's company who trembled.

They all came up with a desperate boldness; and while one attacked us on our bow, a second lay upon our quarter, while the third bore away under our stern, and raked us fore and aft with her whole broadside; nor were we idle in the mean time, but plied our guns with such spirit and success as soon obliged them to sheer off.

Our ship was of English oak, and stood their shot to a wonder; our metal was also much weightier than theirs; but then they outnumbered us three to one, in men, and in guns.

Having got out of the reach of our shot, they moved off, as intending to make their escape; but having repaired their damage as well as time would allow, they returned upon us with two-fold resolution and fury.

Then it was, gentlemen, that such a scene was opened, as was sufficient to strike hell itself with horror.

They now entertained us with a new kind of warfare. For getting up within pistol-shot, they tossed their granadoes or hand-shells among us, that were filled with broken bottles, and with rusty and ragged pieces of old iron. These did fearful execution, and our deck was quickly covered with blood and brains, and pieces of human flesh, while the noise of the cannon could scarcely drown the screams of the wounded, and the groans of the dying.

In this desperate situation we loaded all our guns with grape-shot, which made such havoc among our enemies, as obliged two

of them to sheer away again as fast as they could, while the third kept playing upon us at a distance, till we forced her also to follow her consorts.

We now had leisure to clear our deck, and, with sorrowful hearts, threw our dead companions overboard.

Having once more set all to rights, we bore down on all three; but they crowded away from us, maintaining a running-fight with their stern-chase; and as they levelled their shot almost wholly at our rigging, by evening we were incapable of further pursuit.

Mean-while we had plied them with our cannon so well, that, as it began to wax duskish, we perceived the crew of the hindmost in much confusion, and making signals of distress to ther consorts. Soon after we saw them heave out their boat, and they had scarce crowded into her, when their ship went down. Hereupon we gave a great shout, which we repeated on seeing their boat overset. But as the Moors are excellent swimmers, I suppose most of them got safe, and were taken in by their companions. In the mean space our most gallant Captain Jenkins had his right leg and thigh carried off by a cannon shot; I think it was the last shot the enemy fired.

As I stood by my captain's side, I caught him in my arms before he fell to the board, and cried out for the surgeons; but the effusion of blood was so great, and so impossible to be stanch'd, that we quickly despaired of his life.

As I supported him on deck with my right arm, he found himself growing faint, and turned his face towards me. David, said he, I am not afraid to die, for I am a christian: I believe, as surely as I am here, that Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief; and he is so great and so gracious, that he will not suffer hell and the grave to disappoint him of an end for which he paid so dear a price. Here, my David, here is my purse and my watch, which I bequeath to your love as my last legacy; and here is my diamond ring, with which I entrust you, as a token to my dear daughter, if ever it shall be your fortune to revisit old England: and if you should go to London, my dear David, inquire out my good old friend, alderman Bicker; tell him of my behaviour during your service with me, and that I beseech him to use his

interest with our protector, in procuring my pay for my poor sweet child.

And that I will, right heartily, cried out Sir Thomas. I will also speak a word for yourself, my lad; the protector cannot refuse his favour to one who has had the honour of serving in the action of the Centurion, whose fame our very enemies have spread through Europe: but pray proceed in your narration; I long to hear the event of so interesting a scene.

Though we greatly grieved for our captain, we were still more concerned for the honour of England, lest our good ship should fall into the hands of the Barbarians; for she now lay like a bulk on the face of the water: she could neither pursue nor avoid an enemy; and, though she had been in plight, we had not hands left sufficient to work her.

Night came on apace; hostilities ceased on both sides; the pirates hung out lights, to prevent, as we supposed, their parting from each other; and we mournfully called a muster of our men in the dark; whereon we found that of two hundred and seventy odd men, we had but fifty remaining, twenty of whom were wounded, though not disabled.

Come, my lads, cried the old lieutenant, it is as good to be merry as sad: we have worked enough to-day to give us an appetite. Let us have something to eat, and a bowl of punch; and if we die by morning, let us not die with cold hearts and empty stomachs. Moreover, for your encouragement, I take upon me to promise, that, if you will be guided, I will make you masters of one of yonder vessels before sun-rise.

We engaged compliance to a tittle; and accordingly, after we had refreshed ourselves plentifully, he ordered our boats to be heaved overboard, and let drive with the wind. We then set our watch, and went down to take a few hours repose.

Two hours before day we were roused by the lieutenant, and the first thing we did was to bore a large hole in the side of our ship, about a foot below the water, for which we had an occasional plug prepared.

As soon as the day dawned we set watches to give us timely notice of the enemy's approach, and then lay down on our small arms, out of observation.

The pirates as we presumed, held up their glasses, but seeing neither men nor boats in our ship, they concluded, that we had made an elopement by night, and came on without precaution or preparation.

As soon as they had arrived within about half a league, our watchman, according to order, drew forth the plug, and, creeping upon deck, crouched down with us.

The consorts had agreed to board our ship on each side, in confidence of a rich and unresisting prize. But the moment that we heard the first of them rustling along-side, and perceived that they were beginning to get up our side, we jumped up, as one man, and setting up a great shout, and overturning all we met, leaped into their vessel.

Never was amazement like that of the enemy! They scarce made any resistance, and in less than a minute, not a Moor was left upon deck.

Meantime the other pirate had boarded our late vessel, almost to a man. They had heard, indeed, the shout with the clamour and groans of their fellows, but did not rightly know what to make of it: till moving close round the head of our former ship, we shot the few who were left in the second frigate; then throwing out our grapplings, we towed her off, and then bored and sunk her in the face of her owners.

They thereupon set up such a yell of despair and horror as was affecting, even to the hearts of their enemies. At length they turned the cannon of the Centurion upon us, but we soon got out of reach of their shot; and by the time we were about three leagues from them, we saw our good Centurion go to the bottom, the glorious tomb of her noble captain.

We now thought, that of about a thousand assailants, there was not one left to carry tidings to his native country of their defeat: but going down to the state-cabin, I saw a young man richly dressed, and of a noble aspect, leaning wounded upon a couch, with three attendants about him.

As I entered, he gave me a look that seemed compounded of apprehension and courage, and accosted me in broken English, for he had travelled much, and had resided for a season in London.

I know, said he, that I am your prisoner; I also know what I am to expect—Draw your cutlas, then, and let me join my countrymen! No, sir, I replied, you have nothing to fear from me. A man, who deserves that name, owes nothing but love to man, except when he is assaulted; the brave see no enemy in the feeble or the conquered.

Where have you learned, he cried, the sentiments of my own soul?—But your generosity shall lose you nothing; demand what ransom you please, and it shall be paid you. I am not commander in chief, I answered, but, as far as my influence reaches, you are free as air, and shall be bound to us by nothing but your affections. Then stretching forth his arm, Your hand, my brother, he cried, and giving me a kind squeeze, the tear came into his eye.

I went directly on deck, and informed our little crew, now reduced to thirty-three, of what had passed between the noble Moor and myself, and told them, I hoped they would be so generous as to make my promise good. To this the greater number gladly assented, but some of them murmured. Hereupon I remonstrated, that we were already rich enough, for we had brought all the money out of our own ship, beside the great treasure in the pirate-frigate, which we had not yet divided. I further represented, that we knew not what the events of war or fortune might be, and that it would not be imprudent to make a friend on the African coast, who, in all appearance, was a person of high consideration; and, with these reasons, at length all appeared to be satisfied.

I then carried the pleasing tidings to my new friend, and took with me our only surviving surgeon, who dressed the wound in his thigh, which had been made by a musquet-ball.

As soon as the surgeon had withdrawn, the noble Osmyrn of Petra, for so he was called, presented me with his purse, and a carbuncle of extraordinary value, and pressed them earnestly upon me! but I as peremptorily refused them, and this refusal appeared to distress him greatly.

During the five days in which we continued together, I had him as tenderly and as honourably attended as our circumstances would admit; and I spent with him all the time I could spare from my duties and great fatigues upon deck, as all the hands we had were kept busily employed in splicing the ropes, refitting the mangled

sails and rigging, and in repairing the breaches of the vessel, for our shot had bored her sides quite through in several places.

On these accounts we sailed but heavily, still making towards the Straights, and daily wishing to meet or be overtaken by some English ship of force, to which we might safely confide ourselves and our treasure.

On the sixth morning, having arrived within twenty leagues of the mouth, the day discovered to us that we were almost within shot of a ship that carried English colours. Hereat we rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and slackening our sail, and heaving out a small boat, ten of us slipped into it, and away we rowed with all our might. As we approached, we saw numbers in English dresses, walking to and again on deck; and, getting along-side, they threw ropes over to us, and we mounted with great alacrity.

Hitherto we were so intoxicated with joy, that we had not the precaution to hail them, till we found ourselves in the thick of our enemies. I looked round, and, seeing none but tawny and hostile faces about me, I civilly demanded who, and of what country they were; when a ruffian, gathering his spittle, spirted it full in my face, and, at the same time, gave me a buffet on the side of my cheek. I did not once reflect either where or among whom I was, but with one stroke of my fist I stretched him flat upon the deck; then throwing up the heels of another who had raised his arm against me, he fell with his head foremost across his fellow; and twisting round on a third, who had seized me by the shoulder, I dragged him under me, and we fell together upon the board.— Here a crowd of them gathered over me, and, each helping to hold a leg or an arm, I was bound with cords that crushed my flesh to the very bone, and then tumbled with kicks, like a dog, along the deck.

Mean-time my nine companions, who had offered to interpose, were also seized and bound, and cast into the hold.

For about three hours I lay in excessive anguish, though through a sort of stubborn pride I endeavoured to suppress my groans.— In the interim I felt the ship begin to move, and soon after I perceived all in a bustle about me. Again I heard from within and without several discharges of small arms, and as I saw several Moors fall lifeless and convulsive, and biting the deck around me,

I rightly concluded that the ships were engaged; I gave a long and deep groan, and I cried aloud, O my countrymen! my brave countrymen! why am I not with you? why have I not the happiness of dying with you, and for you? and my heart was so wrung that I fainted quite away.

I afterwards learned that my true and valiant fellows had refused to submit upon summons; that the pirate, seeing them so few, and being desirous of saving the frigate for their own use, had attacked them with small arms, which were warmly answered on our part; when, having dropped or disabled above half of our brave English, with two of Osmyn's attendants who happened to be upon deck, they entered, and mercilessly butchered the remainder, among whom was our old mate and surgeon.

Mean-time I lay insensible to all that passed, till a ruffian, seeing me pale and lifeless, in all appearance, gave me a wring by the nose. Hereupon I waked to the bitterest sensations. I remembered me of my gallant messmates, who had so loved and caressed me above my merits; and my tears, without sigh or groan, ran in streams down my cheeks.

At length I heard a voice, a known voice, as I thought, crying, Where is my friend, where is my brother David? and turning my head a little, I saw my noble Osmyn just entering the ship.

O, gentlemen! be not apt to judge hardly of all who have not learned Christ by the form and by the letter. Osmyn, my Osmyn proves, that he may be in the heart of those who never acknowledged his name, although they have felt his power. And indeed, as the apostle writes, those who never learned his law, yet, having his law, or rather himself, in their hearts, shall be justified.

Having instantly cast an eye of searching love around, he espied where I lay, and coming and throwing himself beside me, he put one arm about me, and cried, O, my brother! my brother David! is it thus that my people use you? I grieve that you Christians should beat us all to nothing in honour and humanity. He then took out his knife, and having tenderly cut my cords, he strained his own ability to help me to rise.

He then called for the captain, who came bowing to him with great respect. Their discourse was long and earnest. At length Osmyn rose high in passion, and gave the captain a back stroke

with his hand across the face. I observed his choler swelling almost to suffocation; but he suppressed his indignation, and retired in silence. I heard Osmyn then giving some orders to the men; but as I was a stranger to their language, I knew not the purport of any thing that passed. Soon after, however, I saw my nine companions brought from the hold, and unbound. And Osmyn, turning to me, desired me to tell my people, that they were all free; and that as soon as we landed in Barbary, he would take the first means of sending them with honour to their native country.— Ah! my lord, I cried, I am sorry that you struck the captain; he has many adherents here, and will certainly seek some method of revenge. He dare not, he dare not, replied my friend; the villain would have disputed with me the property of my own frigate, which I manned and fitted out at my own expence. But if I hear or see any more of his insolence, as soon as we land, I will complain to the Dey my uncle, and have the rogue impaled alive.

He then ordered out the long-boat, and, turning to me, said, I am going David, to take an account of what effects are left in my ship, and I would take you with me if you were in a condition to go; but I will soon return, and, in the mean-time, order the surgeon to do his best for allaying the swelling in your limbs.

During his absence, the ship's company, and even the captain, whose name was Barber, behaved themselves towards me and my fellows with great, though silent, civility; and a plentiful mess was served up to us for dinner. But during our repast I observed, that the captain called such and such of his men to the quarter-deck, where he held with them a long and whispering kind of conversation.

These fellows, as it seems, were the most barbarous and bloody of all their barbarous and bloody countrymen. Having taken the ship wherein we then were, a merchantman, carrying about twenty guns, they had massacred every creature on board, and then dressed themselves in the clothes of the English, in order to inveigle others in the like calamity; while they dispatched their own frigate back to Tunis to get recruits.

My noble friend did not return till late in the evening. He then ordered supper to be got ready, and the state-cabin to be prepared for him and me to lie in; but I whispered, and besought him to

excuse me for declining that honour, as I perceived that the favours which he did me had already given much umbrage and offence to his countrymen.

I know not whence, or for what purpose forebodings may come, but all that night my spirits were exceedingly sad and depressed; and though my fellows and I were put to lie in a part of the ship the most remote from my friend, yet I imagined that I heard secret treadings and mutterings; and again, at dead of night, that I heard the distant sound of trampling and struggling, as of people in doing and receiving violence.

I was still sore from the tyings and the bruises which I had received; when, towards the end of a sleepless night, a gang of armed ruffians entered the place where we lay, and loaded us with irons. They then took away all our clothes and treasure, and threw to each of us a canvas shirt and drawers, as slaves prepared for the market.

The moment they laid their hands upon me, it occurred, that they would not have dared to do it, if they had not first made away with my dear friend and patron; at which thought my soul grew instantly sick, and a dark cloud of sorrow fell heavily upon it.

Sore and shackled as I was, I got immediately on deck, and looked wistfully out at sea, but could discover no frigate. I then shuffled along as fast as I could to the cabin, where I had parted the night before with my Osmyn, and looking in at the door, I cried aloud, Where are you, Lord Osmyn, where are you, my master! my friend? my dear Osmyn! where are you, where are you?

When no answer could be had, I returned, wild with rage and grief, and notwithstanding my chains, had I not been disabled by my contusions, I should have done my best to throttle every man I met. But all I could do was to wring my hands, and roar aloud to all around, Ye butchers! ye cut-throats! ye villains of all villains! what have you done with your lord? what have you done with your master? what have you done with my friend? with my Osmyn! my Osmyn!

For two nights and two days I tasted nothing but water, which I drank in large quantities, as my soul, as well as body, was in a ferment and fever. On the third day, the captain fearing that I

would die of grief, and that he should lose what he proposed to get by my sale, sent a kind of interpreter to me, to let me know, that on the night on which I parted with Osmyn, he and the captain soon after had some warm words concerning their rights in the frigate; and in the English now on board; whereupon Osmyn swore that he would not remain any longer in his ship; and that, taking with him a number of hands, he reembarked in the frigate, and directly set sail.

As this tale carried with it some face of a fact, I grew easier in my mind; and on the very day following, having anchored in the bay of Algiers, my fellows and I were taken into the town, and sold at public market.

I happened to be bought by one of the Dey's factors, who immediately sent me to work at his country palace.

This work was a most stupendous undertaking. Above five hundred men had been daily employed in it for two years past, and yet a third of it was not done when I arrived.

A large lawn extended itself in the front of the palace, and here the Dey had ordered a great canal to be dug, and from its excavation a mount to be raised, whose base measured three hundred yards in circumference. The ascent was easy and spiral, much resembling the prints you have seen of the tower of Babel. The border of this ascent was adorned all the way with lofty cedars, interlaced with all sorts of aromatic and flowering shrubs; and from the top, before I left it, was to be seen the bay, the shipping, the city, and country all around, while distant mountains on the one hand, and an extent of ocean on the other, alone bounded the prospect.

You will think it very extraordinary, gentlemen, when I assure you, that, till I was in a state of slavery, my mind never was free. Hitherto I had been the slave of sin and of appetite, of passions and of fears. But here I counted to set up my rest for life. I had no parents, no wealthy kindred, no friend upon earth to whom I might look for a pennyworth of ransom. There was therefore no further prospect for me, there was nothing further left to incite my desire, or to excite my concern; and I sunk gradually, as it were, down into the peace of my own nothingness.

I had been lately the possessor of the value of some thousands, and now I had not wherewithal to purchase a morsel of bread.

But I looked back on the many scenes of my very many wickednesses, and I did not look up to, but looked down before my God, and cried, Not enough, it is not yet enough, O Lord! something sharper! something heavier! some punishment that may expiate, and reconcile me to my God!

One night as I lay on my bed of stubble, I looked up to God, through the cloud of my own iniquities, and said, In life, O my Lord, lay what thou pleasest upon me, but, in the hour of death, save, save me from the judgment! Whereupon something within me said, Fear not, thou vile wretch, fear not, thou worm, David, for nothing shall be able to pluck thee out of my hand. This gave me great consolation, and consolation was followed by peace, and peace was followed by pleasure; insomuch, that I possessed more of the sweetness of heart-felt enjoyment than comes to the share of twenty sensualists.

The Dey, or regent, then being, was called Ali Eben Buchar. He was a great warrior, and yet a man of an amiable character, which is rarely the case with Moorish governors. He was at Constantinople when I was enslaved; and, on his return, he was so solicitously engaged in matters of state, that he was not at leisure to come and see our works. Toward the end of the second year of my servitude, he arrived with a pompous train. He was a portly and comely personage, though his complexion was a deep olive. He expressed high delight on surveying what we had done; and he ordered a festival of three days to be proclaimed for his labourers, with sports, martial exercises, and prizes for the victors.

Great preparations were made for this entertainment. In a plain, on the left of the palace, a square of half a mile diameter was inclosed with pales; within which none were permitted to enter, save the Dey and his train, with those who laboured in his several works, amounting to about a thousand men. On one side, within the pales, a throne was erected, with two seats, and lower benches were placed on either hand.

Early on the morning of the first appointed day, the festival was opened by the sound of trumpets and horns, and other martial instruments.

It had been a custom among us of the labourers who were young and active, when the day's work was over, to divert our fellows with

various exercises and fetes, such as wrestling, running, leaping, and tossing, or trundling leaden balls, and so forth; I was therefore up among the soonest, in hopes of distinguishing myself on the occasion.

By the dawning, the city was emptied of its inhabitants, and crowds came on after crowds, from all parts of the country, so that the pales were soon circled by an innumerable concourse.

Then came Ali, with his attendants, and entering the pale, ascended his throne, while his courtiers and guards arranged themselves behind.

Then were exalted, on poles, the prizes that were to be given to such of the slaves, or labourers, as excelled in tossing the javelin, or in hitting a distant mark with the bow or with the sling. But as I had not been practised in these matters, I contented myself, for this day, with being a spectator. Some of the candidates, on this occasion, were extremely expert, and would send an arrow, or sling a stone, more directly to the mark, than any European could shoot a musquet-bullet; accordingly the generous Ali added freedom to the prizes which they had won, and immediately preferred them among his troops.

After this, Ali, to entertain his people, ordered a dozen of his courtiers to run at the ring. Immediately a number of neighing steeds, richly caparisoned, were led by lackeys into the lists. The young nobles, without stirrup or saddle, vaulted lightly into their seats, and turning and winding their fiery horses with wonderful command and address, gave high delight to the spectators. Each of them then caught a javelin, which was tossed to him by an attendant; and, setting out successively, almost at their speed, three of them, in mid-course, bore off a small ring of brass, from the thread by which it hung, on the point of his lance.

After this, again, a great number of burlesque comedians entered the pales, in order to act one of their African drolls or pantomimes; some of them represented men, some tygers, lions, and bears; others ghosts, and others goblins. But I could make nothing of such a jumblement of intention, although it gave great diversion to the populace. And thus ended the sports of the present day.

While the people retired homeward, several waggons were drawn

in, heavy laden with victuals, and cooling liquors, wherewith all the slaves and labourers were plentifully regaled.

The second day was ushered in with the like pomp as the former; and prizes were set up for lifting the weight, for tossing the quoit, and for pitching the bar.

At a little distance from the front of the throne, a ring was fastened to a leaden mass, that weighed about five hundred pounds, and above fifty adventurers successively attempted to lift, but not a man of them could move it. I then advanced, bowing lowly toward the throne, and putting my right hand in the ring, and exerting my powers, I raised it fairly from the ground, whereupon a great shout was suddenly given by all my companions who worked with me at the mount. Hereupon a black came up, of Herculean bulk and brawn, and, desiring that fifty pounds more should be added to the lead, he lifted and swung them in the air, with apparent ease, and the prize was accordingly adjudged to him.

A large iron quoit was then given to the competitors, and about a dozen of them tossed it to a distance that was thought extraordinary. I then took it up, and threw it three feet beyond the furthest. But again the black slave came up, who was not of our company, and tossed it two feet beyond my cast, and consequently achieved the second prize.

A long and massive bar was then presented to us, but all refused to take it in hand, till the same black seized it, and, putting one end to his foot, pitched it off to a distance that raised a cry of admiration. I then took my turn, and giving my whole strength and action to this single cast, I pitched it some inches beyond the throw of my rival, whereupon another shout was given and repeated. The black then was wholly enflamed by envy and resentment, and reclaiming the bar, and exerting all his force, he threw it to a length, that, on admeasurement, was judged to exceed my cast, and he proudly laid hold on the third prize.

The great Ali then ordered me to be brought before him. I went, and bending on my knee, laid my head to the earth. Rise, said he; I obeyed, and he surveyed me with long and earnest attention. Young man, he cried, you have been this day something unfortunate, but you have not the less merit; put this ring on your finger, it discharges you henceforth from all kind of labour; but it

does not enfranchise you, because, for the present, I do not chuse to part with you. I respectfully took the ring, and again bowing to the ground, retired in silence.

A tournament of the young nobles then ensued, wherein great feats of action and prowess were shewn. And the day ended with another droll, to which I gave no heed.

The morning of the third day was opened as usual, and prizes were exhibited for wrestling, for running, and for leaping.

Immediately the black champion stepped formidably forth, and challenged any to approach who desired to be crushed to death, but not a man accepted this charitable invitation. Unwilling, then, that this boaster should carry off the prize without a contest, I stepped from my rank, depending more upon action than force to cope with him. We both stripped to our canvas drawers, and his looks and gestures menaced me with instant destruction. I advanced, however, to essay him, and he stretched his arms toward me, as a vulture would reach his pounces to seize upon a chicken; when springing instantly up to him, I put a hand upon each of his shoulders, and, vaulting lightly over his head, I turned nimbly upon him, threw up his heels, and laid him at his length on the earth.

As the contrast of our colours had rendered us remarkable to all the spectators, a shout was set up that rent the very elements. But the black arose, and roared aloud, with his lion-like voice, for justice; and the judges, on weighing the matter, appointed me to another trial, forbidding further fraud.

Again we prepared to engage, and again my black adversary stretched forth his arms, with eyes flashing fire, and features distorted with rage; when retiring from him, as if dismayed, I shot forward like lightning, and springing from the ground, I pitched the whole weight of my body into his bosom. This staggered him some steps backward, when continuing to press upon him, I put one foot behind, and he fell under me, with a horrible squelch, upon the sand; and dashing my hand against his forehead, I sprung up lightly on my feet.

Here the people repeated their clamours, which were echoed for a long space from side to side; while I proposed to the judges, that if my rival was not yet satisfied, I would give him another

venture. But the black was so far from being in plight for a third engagement, that he could not rise without help on either hand; and the prize being a fine turban with a diamond button, was put upon my head.

The competitors for the race then came from among the crowd, being fifteen in number, lightly equipped for the purpose, and I also put on a thin canvas waistcoat that came close to my body.

In the front of the throne, a long pole was set up, from whence we were to start, and another pole was erected on the further side, round which we were to run, and so return to the post from whence we set out.

We were all arranged in a line, and Ali himself was to give the word, when one of our fellows, either thinking, or pretending to think, that the word was given, started away, the rest followed, and I was left alone, quietly standing by the post. Why do you not set out? said Ali. When your highness shall be pleased to give the word. Away, then! he cried, and away I sprung.

As I found that I was coming up to them very fast, I suspended my speed, and lingered behind the hindmost, till they had all turned the post, and extended in a long line before me. I then started away, and passed one, and then another, till, having passed them all, I left the foremost at a distance behind me, and seized the goal; whereupon Ali himself gave a cry of admiration, which was answered from all sides by all his people.

I was then presented with a velvet tunic, embroidered with gold; and some smaller matters were given to the two who came next to me in speed.

The candidates for the third prize then rose from the ground where they had sat to repose themselves, for they were the same persons who had been competitors in the race. A scarlet girdle was stretched along the grass, as a mark from whence the rivals were to set off on their leap. And each of them took a run, till they came to the appointed limit, and then sprung forward with their utmost agility.

As this, of all others, was the article of bodily exercise wherein I excelled, I stood by as an unconcerned spectator, till the contest was over. I then measured with my eye the length they had passed. Then, taking two men, I set them in mid-space, and

placing a pole upon their heads I took a run, and throwing myself head foremost over the pole, I turned in the air, and alighted six inches beyond the furthest leap; whereupon I was presented with a collar, adorned with gems of great lustre.

Ali then ordered two troops of his lightest horse to come forward. Accordingly they entered the pale, and dividing, they retired to opposite sides of the lists. The populace then fell back, and cleared the intermediate space, and the young officers set forward, on a half-gallop, at the head of their troops.

Never did I see such action, such horsemanship. The officers, as they rode swiftly forward, would toss their lances aloft, and then catch them in mid-air; and again they would cast them to a distance before them, and stooping, take them from the ground in the midst of their speed.

The troops then met, as should seem, in mortal opposition; and breaking their frail lances against each other, they drew the wooden sabres, and each, passing his adversary, gave a back-stroke to his neck with such force and agility as was truly alarming.— Their ranks then appeared to be broken on either part. And, instantly forming themselves into little rhombs, or squares, or wedges, they fought and mixed together as in a country-dance, with the most regular confusion that ever was beheld.

This was justly delightful to all the spectators, and I regretted their departure for the ridiculous entrance of a third pantomime.

While this droll was preparing, I received an order from Ali, to dress myself in the prizes which I had won, and to attend him.

I obeyed, and presented myself before him. What is your name, young man? David, so please your Highness. Are you of Christ or of Mahomet, David? My will is with Christ, so please you; but, while I confess him with my lips, my whole life has denied him. Then David, if you will but forsake Christ, and turn to Mahomet, you shall be the friend of Ali, and he will heap treasures, and titles, and great honours upon you. Ah, my lord! I cried out, though I hold my Christ but by a frail and feeble thread, yet I would not quit that thread for a chain of golden links, that should bind the whole wealth of the world to my possession. And why would your highness desire the service of a

traitor? He who proves a traitor to his God, so please you, can never prove true to any master.

Well, David, said he mildly; we may talk of these matters hereafter. In the mean time, before I do you any grace, I ought at least to do you justice. You have already received the rewards of your valour and your activity, but you have not yet received the reward of your obedience. You were the only one, brave David, who at the risk of your own honour, attended on my word, and here I give you an earnest of the recompence that I intend you.

So saying, he presented me with a large and massive sabre, whose handle was studded with gems of great value. I received it on my knee; he then continued, Ask me now, David, what further gift you demand, except your dismissal, and it shall be granted you, to a tenth of the treasure in my coffers. When he had spoken, my eye was caught by one of his retinue, and immediately I recollected the features of the pirate Barbar.

I instantly cast myself prostrate before his throne, and cried aloud, Ah, generous Ali! may God multiply to you treasures and blessings a thousand-fold! I ask none of your treasures and possessions, O Ali! I only ask the head of that traitor, the head of Barbar; I ask but blood for blood: let him restore to me my friend, my brother, my Lord Osmyn: he is a murderer, a traitor; and such I will prove him by night or by day, by sea or by land; at any weapons, against any odds I will prove him a traitor.

While I spoke thus impassioned, all about appeared under the utmost consternation; and Barbar trembled and turned pale, but did not dare to quit his station.

Rise, David, said Ali, and tell me what friend, what Osmyn thou dost mean? All I know of him, my Lord, is, that his name was Osmyn of Petra, and that he was nephew to some great Prince in this part of the world.

Why you dream, surely, David, replied the regent, Osmyn of Petra was my own nephew; and he perished, with all his crew, by the hands of the English.

He did not perish by the hands of the English, I cried; the English were his preservers, his friends, his attendants; and he perished by the hands of his own countrymen, and more especially by the hands of this traitor Barbar.

Well, said Ali, we have not leisure at present, to examine into the truth of these allegations; guards, take that Barbar into safe and close custody, till we are better informed touching the facts with which he is charged. Mean time, do you, David, follow in my train, for you must take up your lodging with me this night.

The palace, though it appeared one uniform edifice, was divided into two by an impassable barrier. The one was the occasional habitation of Ali and his attendants: and his wives, with their eunuchs, were lodged in the other, where it was empalement for any man, save Ali himself, to enter.

For three days and nights after I entered his palace, though I was treated with an attention that gave me much uneasiness, yet I had not the honour of being called to his presence.

At length I was conducted by a private door to his cabinet.—My friend David, said he, what hast thou to tell me concerning my dear and brave nephew Osmyn? I then minutely and at large, recited to him the particulars above related: and we shed many tears that were mutually provoked by the tears of each other.

Having closed my narration, he cast his eyes down awhile, as in deep meditation; and raising them again, he said, The presumptions are strong, very strong, against this man, and yet there is a possibility that he may be guiltless. And though Osmyn was my nephew, my blood, and almost my bowels; yet honour, humanity, demand of us, David, that nine criminals should escape the punishment they deserve, rather than one innocent person should perish in his righteousness. But the great Alla may give us further lights in this business.

In about five days after, a convict was to be ganced for the rape and murder of a free woman. He was to be thrown from the top of a high tower, from whose walls projected several sharp and shagged instruments, resembling hooks, seythes, tenters, &c. at certain distances, some below others.

He fainted several times as he was carried to execution; and then being in an agony, he said he had a matter of the highest consequence to impart to the great Ali, and prayed to be brought directly into his presence.

I was on the spot when he was led in, and, looking earnestly at him, recollected that he was the ruffian who had spit in my face, and given me a buffet when I entered Barbar's ship.

Wretch, cried the Dey, what hast thou to say to Ali? That I am guilty, answered the convict, of crimes more heinous and capital than that for which I am to suffer; of crimes that nearly concern yourself, O Ali, but which you shall never know, unless you swear to me, by Mahomet, to mitigate the manner of my death. I do swear it, said the regent, provided the discovery which you make shall be found to be of due import.

He then deposed, that on the night in which Osmyn disappeared, the captain, with ten confederated ruffians of whom he was one, entered the prince's cabin, and having muffled the faces of him and his attendant, to prevent their crying out, bound them hand and foot, and heaved them through the window into a boat that waited for them: that then getting into the frigate, they massacred the seven Moors to whose care she had been left, and, rifling her of all the money, and plate, and valuables they could find, they sunk the frigate, with Osmyn and his attendant in her, and then returned to their own ship.

Here Barbar was sent for, who was brought in chains into the presence. But, as soon as he saw the face of the convict, without waiting to be confronted by his evidence, he rushed violently, with his head foremost, toward the opposite wall; and if a man who was at hand, had not caught him by the chain, he would have instantly dashed his skull to shivers.

Ali hereupon, without farther examination ordered the head of the convict to be struck off in the morning, and Barbar to be empaled in the face of the people.

Never was joy like mine on hearing this sentence pronounced against Barbar; and I rose early the next morning in order to have the pleasure of being at his execution.

He was so enfeebled by his panics, that they were obliged to draw him on a sledge to the stake; and his countenance had all the impressions of death, despair, and hell represented upon it.

This, however, did not affect me with any other sensation than of that delight which is naturally felt on the gratification of revenge, till the executioners, with unfeeling hearts, and merry tauntings, began to take the wretch in hand. But when I saw them with difficulty and great violence, thrusting the stake through his body, which they ran up withinside the spinal bone, and so out at the back

of his neck, in order to avoid his bowels and keep him the longer in anguish; when I saw him writhing in agony, and heard his horrible roars and groanings, all my revenge was quickly turned into terror and compassion; his pangs and sufferings, as it seemed, were transferred to my own person, and had I not turned away, I should have fainted on the spot.

The Dey from this time became extremely fond of me, and familiar with me. He allotted me an affluent pension, with slaves, horses, and attendants. He said I should be to him in the place of a nephew and of a son, and he called me by the name of David Osmyn.

Some time after, tidings were brought that Caleb Amurath, of Fez, was making mighty preparations to invade his dominions. We will more than meet him half way, cried the gallant Ali; perhaps we may even prevent his threatened expedition. He then summoned his forces from all quarters. I was present when he made a general muster of them. His foot were more formidable for their numbers than their discipline; but his horse were perfectly trained, and made a most brilliant appearance.

The day before he set out, I threw myself at his feet: I will go with you, my master, I will go with you, I cried. I will not have any command or post of preference or honour; I only desire permission to fight by your side, that you may witness how greatly I shall dare in your cause; how ready I shall be to take to my own bosom, all the weapons that shall be aimed at your bosom, my father.

No, David, he replied, my people know you are still a christian. I could not refrain from shewing the love I have for you; and that might be matter of jealousy and discontent to my captains. I will leave you here a band of soldiers, with whom you are to encamp within sight of my palace, and to keep these walls from violence, and my women from pollution. But while you are their guardian, beware that you do not turn an invader, David! I would pardon you any thing but this; I would not pardon you the invasion of my bed, David Osmyn! No, my lord, I cried aloud, I cannot prove ungrateful. Though your women were as obvious to my walks as yonder pavement, and though adorned with more graces

than their first mother in paradise, they should have no temptation for me, my master!

The next morning Ali began his march; and having escorted him a piece on his way, I returned to my charge.

That night, as I lay in my tent, I began to call myself to an account. David, said I, to my soul, thou hast now gotten preferment, and riches, and honours; thou art, as it were, the second man in the realm, and all this people have thee in high estimation; but art thou the better or the happier man for all this, David? - Far otherwise! far otherwise! O frail and vain heart! these gauds and these glories have taken hold upon thee, and they have drawn a painted veil between me and my God. To my chain, and my straw, and my nakedness! return me to them, O Lord! return me to my slavery, return me to my labours! I was not then indeed, gaining conquests, and winning prizes; but I was near to obtaining 'the prize of the high calling.' My body was not then adorned with gold and pearl; but my spirit rejoiced in 'the pearl of mighty price.'

In about five weeks after, as I was taking, by moon-light, my evening's walk of meditation on the marble that checkered the pavement before the palace, Muley, an old black and chief of the eunuchs of the seraglio, came up and accosted me. Osmyn, said he, taking a bundle from under his arm, I have here a present for you that would make proud the greatest emperor upon earth. It is a complete suit wrought purposely for you by the fingers of the Sultana, as also by the fingers of her fair and princely sisters. They have heard of your great achievements during the festival, and they send you this in reward.

So saying, he unfolded the robes to the moon. They were flowered with gold, pearls, and gems of such a vivid lustre, as reflected her beams with tenfold brightness.

And what is required of me, Muley, I demanded, in return for this inestimable honour and bounty? Nothing, said Muley, but a single hour's attendance, to give them a short sketch of your life and adventures. Take back your presents, I cried, there is poison and death in them; I will not betray the trust that our master has reposed in me. Nay, said Muley, I affirm to you that there is no such intention. Our ladies are all women of the severest chastity.

I will undertake to conduct, and reconduct you back in safety. Neither can our master be betrayed in any degree. They all live together, they love like sisters, and no one keeps a secret from the other. However, they desired me to tell you, that if you are of a fearful temper, they would not insist on the favour so much expected.

Here I felt myself piqued: No, Muley, I cried, I am no coward. I can dare all honest dangers. I will attend you. But I will not stay, Muley. I will let your ladies know, that in the cause of honour and virtue, I can resist all temptations.

I then called a distant slave, who waited my orders, and giving him the bundle desired him to lay it within my tent. Where now, Muley? said I. I will shew you, said Muley. He then led me to a large bucket, wherein water was accustomed to be raised by pulleys to the balcony, and there to be emptied into vessels that stood upon the leads.

You must not enter any door of the lower story, said Muley; for there our domestics inhabit, and might, probably, observe you. But if you get into this bucket, in a minute or two after I will raise you by the pulleys, and take you gently in.

Muley then went from me, and was admitted, on striking at a distant door; while I stood by the bucket, and observing its first motion, jumped in, and was conveyed to the top of the palace.

Muley there received me in darkness and silence, and taking me by the hand, led me down by a few steps into a narrow apartment that was scarcely enlightened by a glimmering lamp. He there left me again, giving me only a whispering promise that he would quickly return. I waited for him long however, under great impatience of getting speedily back again. At length he came, and, taking me by the hand, without speaking a word, he led me through a long and dark entry, till, coming to a folding-door, he touched a spring, whereupon the door flew open on either side, and threw a sudden blaze upon my dazzled eyes.

The saloon upon which it opened was profusely illuminated, and most sumptuously furnished; but my attention was quickly called from such inferior objects. In the midst a board was covered with an elegant collation. Around it were placed a great number of

small sofas; and behind each sofa stood a lady richly adorned, but veiled from the head to the waist.

Again Muley led me to the further end, while I made a low obeisance as I passed the company. He then compelled me to sit, where by a small turn of my head, I could have a full prospect of each fair-one at table. Then, as by one motion, they were all instantly seated; and again, as by one motion, they all instantly threw up their veils, and I had like to have fallen backward with the suddenness of the lustre that flashed upon my spirit.

All the ladies smiled, and seemed delighted at my astonishment. The Sultana Adelaide sat nearest to me, on the right; and was no way distinguished from her sisters, but by a small coronet of feathered diamonds that was inserted in her lovely locks. Osmyn, said she, you seem something surprised; were you never in a seraglio before? Have you no seraglios in your country, Osmyn? No, madam, I replied, we have no seraglio in our country; but sure no seraglio upon earth ever produced such and so many beauties as now strike my eyes. Heaven alone can exhibit such a constellation of luminaries.

Would you not wish then, said Adelaide, to have such a seraglio of your own? No, madam, I answered; without love, in my judgment, there can be no true enjoyment; if ever I love, it can be but one object, and her I shall love with my whole heart; true love will admit of no division. Here she looked at me with a tenderness that sunk into my soul, and, taking out her handkerchief, she wiped away a swelling tear.

Another lady then demanded, if we had not a woman-market, and if they were not slaves in my country as they were here? No, madam, I replied, our fair ones there are not the subjects of merchandize, but the objects of admiration. No woman in England can be bound to any lover save by her own affections. There it is death for any man to have more than one wife, and that after a suit, perhaps, of several years. A lady there, of equal beauty to the least excellent in this company, would be followed by hundreds of humble and sighing adorers. In England our actions are as free as our hearts; and the sensibilities of mutual love, between those of the sexes who feel that tender and enchanting passion, constitute the principal happiness of which life is capable.

Happy Englishwomen, happy Englishwomen! was echoed all around.

Alas! cried the lovely Adelaide, how very different is our fate! we are sold like servile brutes, to any brute of a master. We neither love nor are beloved; as you now have convinced me, Osmyn. We are subjected to vile desires, which we at once detest and suffer; and, when these desires are gratified, we are cast away as common lumber to make room for some new comer. Even high as I sit here, the favoured Sultana of my lord, I may to-morrow be appointed to the meanest offices of his household. This, surely, cannot be a marriage; for as you have intimated, Osmyn, and as I feel in my own soul, marriage can only consist in an union of hearts. Love cannot be bought or sold; it is of too precious a nature; nothing can purchase, nothing compensate, save its value in love alone.

Here they pressed me to tell them my story; and here I confess, to my shame, that, however vile I appeared in my own eyes, I was ambitious of appearing as honourable and deserving as possible in the eyes of the fair Adelaide. I therefore suppressed what was black, glossed over what was offensive, and enlarged on every thing that I deemed advantageous in my own character.

The night was far spent, by the time I concluded; and the Sultana arising, proposed to shew me the curiosities of an adjoining cabinet. I accordingly attended her and was astonished at the lustre, the richness, and profusion of the jewels, as well as at the miracles of art that she displayed before my eyes.

On our return we perceived that our company had absconded. Adelaide grew all crimson and cast down her eyes. I also was confused, my heart began to throb, and I looked about for some pretence to make a quick escape. But—but—in short, gentlemen, neither my resolutions, nor religion, nor honour, nor gratitude were of any avail against such a temptation; they fell together an easy victim to the all-conquering Adelaide.

Adelaide was the first to press my retreat. It was not yet day. I found Muley in waiting. We came by the way we went, I stepped into the bucket, and he let me gently down.

As I approached the pavement, I felt a hand behind that seized me violently by the shoulder. I sprung out, and seizing the wretch by the throat, would instantly have plunged my poniard into

his bosom; but some power as suddenly arrested my arm, and said to my heart, Beware that thou add not murder to adultery, David!

While I hesitated, a number rushed upon me unaware; they griped me by each arm, and wresting the poniard from me they bound my hands behind, and led me to the cells of the Imans, that stood something aloof from one end of the palace.

As soon as they had brought lights, What Osmyn! exclaimed their chief, can this be our renowned Osmyn? Is it thus that you repay the favours of your generous and kind master? You are a christian, cried another; has your Christ then taught you to betray the confidence and trust that is reposed in you? This was a home stab; it went through my heart; but I stood in a shamefaced sullenness and opened not my lips. Here they went apart, and, having consulted awhile, returned. Osmyn, said their chief, you are a brave and a wonderful man, and it is a pity to lose you. Your secret is yet with us; and we swear to you by our holy prophet, and by the terrible Alla, that if you perform the single condition we enjoin, we will bury what we know, in a depth below the grave, and we will recommend you to the love of Ali, and the acclamation of all the people, and we will have you loaded with preferments, and riches, and honours. Name it quickly, I cried, whatever it may be, at the risk, at the loss of my life, I will perform it. It is, said he, no more than to abjure Christ, and to confess Mahomet whose priests we are, and all the blessings of his paradise shall be showered down upon you.

Here I gave a deep groan; and casting down my head, and shedding a silent tear, without daring to lift my thoughts to heaven; No, no, I cried, though Christ is nothing to me, though I have no interest in him; though he spurns and has rejected me, for time and for eternity; though I have daily denied him by every action of my life, yet my tongue shall never deny him. In poverty and nakedness, in dangers and in dungeons, in death here, and in hell hereafter, my mouth shall confess him.

Here they went apart again, and returning, told me that I should have two days to deliberate on their proposal; but that, if I did not comply, I should be empaled alive on the third morning, with all the additional tortures that art could invent.

They then put me into a covered kind of waggon, and conveyed me to Algiers, where I was cast into a noisome dungeon, bolted down to the ground with irons, sustained with coarse bread and water, and not allowed a ray of light to divert my thoughts from the darkness and horrors of my situation.

Mean-time I endeavoured to re-enforce my resolution, by repeating to myself the sacred promise, where Christ says, 'Whosoever will confess me upon earth, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven.' Mine indeed, said I, is but a verbal confession; but even that, with what I am about to suffer for his sake, may serve to make me less criminal if not acceptable, in his sight.

I then longed to be brought to the test, while I shuddered at the thoughts of it. At length the day arrived. The Imans came, and once more repeated the question, but I still persisted, though in terms that were scarcely intelligible, for my tongue cleaved with terror to the roof of my mouth.

They then stripped me to my drawers, out of which also they took my money with other valuables, and every thing I had in the world, and having tied me to a sledge, I was dragged to the place of execution.

The chief Iman once more asked, if I would renounce the Son of David? but I made him no answer, for I was unable to speak. I had seen the preparations; the stake in the hands of the executioners; the fires kindling about me, with horrid instruments ready to be put therein, for the tearing of my frying and quivering flesh from the bones.

Could I then have had the confidence to have turned my soul to God, and to have besought his assistance in that trying and terrible hour, I make no question but he would have given me strength from on high, to defy all that men or devils could do unto me; and I might now in the regions of his bounty and his blessedness, have been pouring forth my existence, in the grateful and astonished sense of his mercy to such a sinner. But when I reflected on the writhings of Barbar, the bare sight of which my spirit was not able to support; when I saw such an apparatus of additional torments; and when they took me in hand, for instant execution, I utterly lost my senses; I shrunk inward with fear, my hairs stood

on end with horror; my tongue sounded sudden utterance, and I cried, Stay, stay, I will say, I will do whatever you enjoin.

The Iman then began to pronounce a form of renunciation, which he ordered me to repeat after him; but I was so panting and breathless, that they were obliged to get a cordial for me to keep me from swooning.

As soon as my spirits were something restored, the Iman again began his impious ceremony, and I make no question but I should have gone through it, however abhorrent to my soul; but in that instant we heard distant shouts and cries, as of many people; the sound of the clamours drew nearer and nearer, and soon after we saw numbers hurrying to and from the city. Their words became now as distinct as they were audible; Ali is slain, Ali is slain! was all the cry; and Amurath comes in full march, upon us.

Here all turned suddenly from me, and flying several ways, left me unbound and alone, sitting close by the stake. Seeing this, I began to recover from the fearful and faint condition in which I was; and rising, I made the best of my way to the port. There I saw a long boat just about to set off with a number of fellows, much in my own plight, and taking a run I sprung from the beach into the midst of them.

A man then demanded in English, if I was one of the ransomed? Yes, ransomed, ransomed, I cried, wonderfully ransomed, indeed; whereupon, without further question, they set up their sail, and in about two hours we reached the ship which the consul had appointed to take them in.

For the remainder of that day I continued in a state that is hard to be conceived. My head and stomach at times, were disordered by sick fits, and my soul hovered in an astonished and fearful kind of doze, as one not rightly awaked from a dream of horror.

Toward evening I threw myself down in the hold, and sunk into a state of utter oblivion, as I had not slept for the three foregoing nights and days.

The day following I found my body something refreshed, but the situation of my mind was like that of a disturbed and tumbling sea after a raging storm. I looked around for comfort, but no com-

fort was near; I looked afar off for hope, but no hope came in prospect. The sense of existence became a misery under which I was not able to bear up; and could I have had my wish, creation would again have been uncreated.

During the whole of our voyage I continued, very nearly, in this distemper of spirit. For though at times I would enter into the frolics and jovial humours of the crew, yet my merriment at such seasons, was a merriment of madness; and I would again sink, precipitately, into a depth of despondence, whose darkness would admit no ray of consolation.

The tempter would then urge me, by dagger, or by drowning, or by any means, to get rid of a being that only served to torment me; but again the dread that I might not get rid of that being, and that death might plunge me into a perpetuity of those pangs in which I saw the wretched Barbar agonizing, deterred me from hastening the day of my horrid doom, and so I waited in a gloomy and 'fearful looking out for judgment.'

I would then call myself, at dead of night, before the terrible judgment. Thou fiend David, I would say, wherefore art thou sunk in guilt above all that ever were guilty? It was thy fortune to get three good and kind masters, good and kind above thy wants, and even up to thy wishes, and all these thou hast deceived, thou hast spoiled and betrayed them. Even the Master of all masters, the Master who was my freedom in the midst of my captivity; I was on the brink of denying Jesus also; nay, I did reject, I did deny him: I promised, I engaged to reject and deny him; and he will reject thee; through time, and through eternity, he will deny thee, David!

One evening a fearful tempest arose; and while most of the crew gave some of their little matters to the provedore for liquors, and sat, drowping the sense of danger, and profanely carousing, at one end of the ship, my companions, who are present, were praying or singing glory to God in the other. Both parties invited me to join them, but I refused to be partaker with either; for I could not abet in others that wickedness which I condemned and detested in myself; and I could not think of taking into my execrable mouth the sacred name of that Christ to whom I had so lately turned a false apostate. In the mean-time, I held myself as

the refugee Jonas, whose crimes brought perdition on all in the vessel; and I was on the point of advising the mariners to cast me out.

At length the tempest abated, but my perturbations did not abate. I wished to repent, but I deemed myself past the possibility of repentance; and thus I continued in a state of dissatisfaction and enmity against myself, against my God, against man and womankind.

As soon as he had closed his story, Take courage and comfort to you, David, said Mr. Fenton. Your case is not near so desperate as your conscientious fears have formed it. Your error lay in trusting to your own sense of duty, and to the strength of your own powers for resisting temptation; and the best man that ever breathed, with no better a dependance, must inevitably have fallen as you did, David. You now know your own weakness; you are taught, by repeated experience, that, in or of yourself, you no more can stand against the enemies of your soul when they assail you, than a tree severed from its root, and barely set on end, can stand the assaults of a coming tempest. Keep therefore to your root, David. Never dare in your own strength to oppose yourself to a reed. Apply to the Rock, my friend, from whence you were hewn. Cling to him, repose upon him, put your whole confidence in him; and then your weakness shall become stronger than an army with banners; and neither life, nor death, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come; shall be able to separate you from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.

While I spoke, his eyes began to glisten, the cloud of his countenance cleared, his aspect assumed a cheerful serenity, he could scarce have been known for the same person; and he cried I will, I will once more seek to my God, do you, my master, pray him to permit my approach; and in life or in death, I never will let go my hold of him any more. He then would again have cast himself at my feet, but I hastened to prevent him.

 CHAPTER XIX.

THE HISTORY OF OUR HERO CONTINUED.

Harry interrogates a constable—if you hope for mercy, show it—the distressed family—relief to the distressed—Homely's narrative—fortunate escape—an old friend—administration of justice—Harry's visit to Lord Portland—speaks his uncle's sentiments—the people the governors of the nation—Lord Portland detains Harry—arrival of Harry at court—his introduction to the Queen—reproaches himself—the Queen's present to Harry—Mr. Thornhill visits Harry—description of a court—Homely's interview with Sir William—his good fortune—his departure—a view of London—curiosities of London—Bartholomew fair—musical treat—self-flattery.

IN little more than a month, Harry made himself perfect master of the system of the British constitution, and wrote comments upon it much more voluminous than the text.

As he had lost his friend Ned, who was now under the tutelage of his uncle, Mr Catharines, little Dicky Clement became the principal companion of his hours of amusement, and Dicky with his good-will would never be from his heels.

One morning as they strolled up the road, some distance from the town, Harry observed a crowd gathering fast on the way, and hastened, like others, to see what was the matter.

As soon as he arrived, he perceived Mr. Gripe the constable at the head of the posse, with his painted staff of authority exalted in his hand. Pray what are you about, Mr. Constable? says Harry. I am going, sir, to seize a robber, who has taken shelter in yonder waste hovel.—And whom did he rob?—He robbed Mr. Niggards here, that is to say, his boy here, of a six-penny loaf. Perhaps the man was hungry, said Harry, and had not wherewithal to buy one. Pray tell me, my lad, how the affair was.

Why, master, you must know as how Mr. Niggards, my master here, sent me this morning to the town with a shilling, to buy two

six-penny loaves. So, as I was coming back, I met an able looking man, who made me afraid with his pale and meagre face. My good boy, says he, will you give me one of those loaves in charity? I dare not, sir, says I, they are none of my own. Here, says he, I will give you my hat for one of them; but this I refused, as his hat, to my thinking, was not worth a groat. Nay, says he, I must have one of the loaves, that is certain; for I have a wife and seven children, all starving in yonder hovel, and while there is bread in the world, I cannot but snatch a morsel for them. So, as I told you, I was frightened. I gave him one of the loaves without any more words, and away he ran as fast as his legs could carry him; but I followed him with my eyes till I saw him safe lodged.

Here Harry wiped his eyes, and mused awhile. Tell me truly now, my good boy, continued he, if both those loaves had been your own, would you willingly have given one of them, to keep the poor man and his family from perishing?

I would, sir, said the lad, with a very good-will. And had I a sixpence of my own, I would have gone back with all my heart, and have bought another loaf. But my master is a hard man, and so I was forced to tell him the truth.

Here, my lad, says Harry, here is a crown. Go back, buy two loaves for your master, in place of the one he has lost, and keep the remaining four shillings to yourself for your trouble. You see, Mr. Constable, continued he, you never can make any thing like felony of this matter. The boy confesses that he gave the bread with a very good-will, and that he would not have informed, had it not been for fear of his master.

It is very true, please your honour, replied Mr. Gripe; I myself do pity the poor man from my heart, and will have nothing more to say in this business.

Stay awhile, says Harry, perhaps we may find some further employment for you. I think I should know the face of yonder man. Is not that the Niggards whom you had in custody the other day, and for whose deliverance I paid five and twenty pounds to his creditors? The very man, sir, says Gripe.

Harry then put his hand in his pocket, and taking out a small scrip of parchment, exclaimed, I am glad of what you tell me with all my heart! Indeed, I did not like the looks of the man, at the

time, and that made me accept an assignment of this action. Here, Mr. Gripe, take your prisoner again into custody in my name. Away with him to gaol directly! as the holy gospel has it, 'He shall not depart thence till he has paid the utmost farthing.' No, no, Mr. Niggards, I will not hear a word. Go and learn henceforward to be merciful yourself, if you would look for any mercy from God or man.

Dicky, my dear, go back again, says Harry; our neighbour Joseph here will see you safe home. I will not suffer any one to go in my company for fear of putting the poor man or his family to shame.

Harry had not advanced fifty paces towards the hovel, when his ears were struck with the sound of sudden and joint lamentation; and turning, he perceived that the inquisitive crowd had gathered at his heels. My friends, says he, I intreat, I beseech you to leave me for the present. I would not chuse any witnesses to what I am about. Pray oblige me so far as to depart on your own occasions.

Hereupon, being loath to offend him, they retired a few steps, and stood together aloof, attentive to the event of this uncommon adventure.

Mean-while the cry continued with a bitterness that thrilled through every nerve of our hero; and as he now approached the place, he did his utmost to restrain himself, and quell the feelings within him; and he drew his hat over his eyes, to prevent the parties from seeing the emotion that they caused.

The hovel was of mud walls, without any roofing; but as there was an opening where a door had once been, Harry stole to the entrance, casting an under eye of observation about him.

Hereupon a woman turned. She had been fearfully peering over the wall at the crowd, which had not yet dispersed; but having notice of Harry's entrance, she looked towards him, and dropped on her knees.

O, sir, she cried, if you are the gentleman who owned the loaf, for Christ's sake, I pray you to have mercy upon us! Money, indeed, we have not, but we have these shreds remaining, and we will strip ourselves of our covering to make you a recompence. Alas! alas! could we have guessed how my husband came by it, we would have famished a thousand times rather than touched a morsel. But he, dear good man, did it all for our sakes, for the sake

of the heavy burden with which he is overladen. Ah! I would to heaven we were all dead, hanged, or drowned out of his way. He might then walk the world at large, and be happy, as he deserves.

Here again she set up her wailing, and was accompanied by her seven children, in such a woful concert, as the heart of Harry could not sustain, neither suffer him, for a season, to interrupt or appease.

At length he said, with a faltering voice, Pray be not alarmed, madam, for I discern that you are a gentlewoman, though in a very unhappy disguise. The affair of the loaf is settled to your satisfaction; and here is ten guineas, it is all that I have about me, and it is only to shew you, for the present, that you are not quite so friendless in the world as you thought. Mean-time I request that you will all come with me to Hampstead, where we will try to do something better for you. Here the woman looked with an earnest and eager rapture at him. May Jesus Christ, she cried, be your portion, fair angel! and he is already your portion, he is seen in your sweet face, and breaks out at your eyes in pity to poor sinners.

Harry was now stepping forth and the rest prepared to follow him; when the poor man, who, for shame, had not yet uttered a syllable, gently staid him at the opening. Turn, generous master, said he, pray turn, and hear a small apology for my transgression. I am a very unhappy man, I have seen better times; but I am driven, by cruel usage, from house, and home, and maintenance. I was going to London to apply to the law for relief, when my youngest child, who was on the breast, fell desperately sick about four days ago. As we had no money to hire a lodging, and had begged the means of life for the two foregoing days, we were compelled to take up with this shelterless hovel. From hence I frequented the road, and for the three last days begged as much as sustained us in coarse bread and water. But this morning, my boy died, and his brothers and I, with our sticks and our hands, dug his grave that you see yonder, and I placed that flag over him to preserve his tender limbs from the pigs and the hounds, till it may please heaven to allow me means to bury him according to the holy rites of our church. This melancholy office, sir, detained me so long, and exercise had made the appetites of my children so outrageous, that

I was in a manner compelled to do what I did. As I had no coffin or winding-sheet, I took the waistcoat from my body, and wrapped it about my babe; and would willingly have wrapped him with my flesh and my bones, that we might quietly have laid in one grave together.

Harry answered not a word, but walking onward, before his company, plentifully watered the ground with his tears as he passed, while the poor man took his youngest son in his arms, and the woman her youngest daughter on her back, and thus, with a leisurely pace, they all arrived at Mr. Fenton's.

The door being opened, Harry led his nine guests to the back-parlour, where he instantly ordered plenty of bread and butter, and milk for the children, with cold meat, ale, and cakes for the father and mother; and this was a matter too customary in this house to be any cause of wonder to any member of the family.

As soon as they were refreshed, he took them all to his wardrobe, where he constrained the parents to take of the very best things for themselves and their children; and having so done, he walked out and left them to dress.

Mr. Fenton was in his study, and had just finished a letter as Harry entered with a smiling countenance. I have been very lucky this morning, sir, says he; I think I have got the prettiest family of boys and girls that is to be found within five shires. Do you know any thing about them, Harry? Nothing further as yet, sir, than that they and their parents are exceeding poor, and have fallen, as they say, into great misfortunes. The mother is a very handsome and genteel young woman, and the father a portly and very comely man, save that he has a large purple mark on the left side of his face. A purple mark! cried Mr. Fenton, and started. Go, my dear, and bring that man to me directly. Why, pray sir, do you know him? No, my love, I should not know him though he stood before me; but I would give a thousand pounds that he may prove the man I mean, and that I shall discover on a short examination.

By this time the father of our new family was dressed, and Harry took him by the hand, bid him be of good courage, and led him to his uncle. He bowed twice, and with an awful and timid respect, while Mr. Fenton rose, and looked earnestly at him. I rejoice, sir,

says he, to find that my son here has been of some little matter of use to you and your family. Pray take a seat nearer to me, sir, if you please. He tells me you have met with misfortunes; I also have had my share. I think myself nearly of kin to the unhappy; and you will singularly oblige me by as much of your story as you shall please to communicate. I am interested in it.

I have nothing to conceal from your honour, answered the stranger, and I shall willingly give you an open and faithful narrative of my short and sad history.

My name is Giffard Homely. My father was a farmer in easy circumstances near Stratford. He bound me apprentice to a tanner, and when my time was out, gave me a hundred and twenty pounds to set me up in business. But dying soon after, he bequeathed the bulk of his substance to my elder brother.

Though my brother was a spendthrift, yet I loved him dearly; and when his creditors fell upon him, I became his bail for two hundred pounds. Within a few months after he suddenly disappeared, and I never could learn further tidings concerning him.

A writ was thereupon marked against me, and put into the hands of bailiffs. But liberty was precious. I left all my substance to the possession of my pursuers, and passing at a great rate, I escaped into Lincolnshire. There I joined myself to Anthony Granger the tanner. Independent of his trade, he held a very beautiful and well-parked farm under Mr. Spranger Thornhill, the lord of the manor. And as I served him with zeal, affection, and application, his affairs prospered under my hands.

He had an only child, a very lovely girl, of about ten years of age; her manners, like her countenance, were extremely engaging; and I took a vast delight, at all leisure hours, in teaching her to read and write, and in diverting her with a variety of little plays and amusements.

I had no intention, at that time, of gaining her young heart, but that happened to prove the miserable consequence; and a heavy price it is that my poor dear girl has since paid for her affection.

Year after year she now grew in stature, but much more in loveliness, at least in my eyes; and yet I flattered myself, that I affected her merely for her own sake. I used to please myself with the

prospect of her being advanced to high fortune ; and I thought that I would willingly have given her up at the altar to some lord of the land.

One twelfth night a parcel of young folks of us were diverting ourselves about the fire with several pastimes ; and among the rest the play was introduced of, *I love my love with an A, because she is amiable*, and so on through the alphabet.

When it came to my Peggy's turn, she said, I love my love with an *H*, because he is very *honest*, and I never will hate him for his being *homely*. And this might have passed without any observation, had she not cast a glance at me and blushed exceedingly, which threw me also into equal confusion.

As this was the first discovery that I made of her affection, it also served to open my eyes to the strength of my own passion ; and this cost me many a sleepless night and aching heart. I did not look upon myself as a sufficient match for her ; I reflected, that it would be very ungenerous to lessen the fortune or happiness of the girl that I loved ; and I resolved a hundred times to quit the country, that my absence might cure both her and myself of our foolish fondness for each other. But though this was what my reason still prompted and approved, my heart still held me back, as it were, for a while longer, when I was on the brink of departure.

Peggy was just arrived to her fifteenth year on the 24th of April, and was elected by the neighbours to be queen of the following May, and to deliver the prizes to the victors at the wake.

I had made a vow within myself, to forsake her and the country the very day after her regency, but in the mean-while, I could not resist the temptation of shewing my addresses before the queen of my wishes.

Accordingly, on that day, I entered the list among the other young candidates. But I will not burthen your honour with a particular detail of our insignificant contests. You have unquestionably been witness to the like on several occasions.

It will be sufficient to inform you, that as I had the fortune to get the better at the race and at wrestling, when I successively went to receive the respective prizes, my Peggy's eyes danced and her heart went pit-a-pat with joy, as I approached her.

Cudgels came next in play, and a little stage of boards was erected for the purpose, that the spectators might see with the better

advantage. As I had long learned this art from a famous master in Stratford; and, as I was confident of my superiority, I hurt my rivals as little as possible, only sufficient to make them acknowledge that they were foiled.

At length one Hector Pluck, a butcher, mounted the stage. He had, it seems, been quite an adept at this sport, and, for ten foregoing years, had carried off the prizes in several neighbouring shires, but he was now come to settle near Lincoln, and was to have been married the following day to a farmer's daughter, who was one of the fair spectators at the wake.

The moment he assailed me I perceived that his passions were up, and that his eyes was a plain interpreter of the deadliness of his heart. He fought cautiously however, and kept on a watchful reserve; and we had long attacked and defended, without any advantage on either part, when, with a motion and fury quick as lightning, he made a side-stroke at me, and aimed to cut me across the face with the point of his stick. This was a blow which I had not time to intercept, or even to see. The villain, however, happily missed his intention; for his cudgel being something advanced, only bruised my right cheek, when instantly I gave him an exasperated stroke on the head, and cutting him to the skull, laid him sprawling on the stage, whereat all who knew me gave a great shout.

After some time he rose, and advancing a little toward me, he stretched out his left hand, as if in token of reconciliation; while pulling out his butcher's knife from a sheath in his side-pocket, he, with his right hand, made a stab at my heart, and suddenly leaping off the stage, attempted to escape.

Immediately the blood poured from me in a stream, and ran along the boards. I found myself growing weak, and sitting down on the stage, I had the presence of mind to open my bosom, and taking out my handkerchief, I held it to the wound.

In the mean-time the whole concourse was in an uproar. The cry went about, that Giffard Homely was murdered, Giffard Homely was killed. My poor dear Peggy fell senseless from her throne, and was carried home in the fit. Several horsemen hasted away, of their own accord, for a surgeon; and the butcher was pursued and knocked down, hard pinioned and conveyed with following curses to the gaol of Lincoln.

Among the others who came to condole with me, little Master Billy Thornhill, our landlord's son and heir, came running and desired to be lifted upon the stage.

As soon as he saw the blood, and how weak and pale I looked, he broke out into a passionate fit of tears: O Giffard, my Giffard, my poor Giffard, he cried, I fear you are a dead man! You will no more be my holy-day companion, Giffard. Never more will you go a birding with me, or setting gins for the rabbits, or catch little fishes for me; or carry me on your back through the water, or in your arms over the mire. Alack! alack! what shall I do, if I lose you my poor Giffard!

The surgeon came in full gallop. As soon as he had seen the greatness of the gash, Say your last prayer, my friend, he cried; in a very few minutes you must be a dead man. But when he had probed the wound, his face turned to cheerfulness. A most wonderful escape, he cried; the weapon has missed your vitals, and only glanced along the rib. Be of good courage; I engage in a few weeks, to set you once more upon your legs.

Mean-time my loving neighbours made a litter and bed for me of the tents and tent-poles; all striving who should carry me, and all escorting me home.

The good Mr. Granger had been that day confined by a sprain in his ancle, and now sat weeping by his child, who fell out of one fainting fit into another, till she was told that I was brought home, and the doctor had pronounced me out of danger.

As soon as I was put to bed, and my kind attendants withdrawn, Mr. Granger on a crutch, came limping, and sat down by me. He had endeavoured to restrain his tears before the crowd; but as soon as he was seated, they broke out anew.

O Giffard, Giffard, he cried; my dear Peggy is very ill, and you are very ill; and to lose you both at once would be hard upon me, indeed!

Notwithstanding a short fever, the doctor happened to keep his promise, with the assistance of youth and a good habit, and I began to gather strength and recover apace.

As soon as I was up and about, I observed that Miss Peggy seemed no longer desirous of restraining her kind looks, or her kind offices; and this gave me some concern, till I also observed that her father took no umbrage or no notice of it.

One evening, as we sat over a tankard of October, Giffard, says he, bluntly, what would you think of my Peggy for a wife? Nothing at all, sir, says I. I would not marry your daughter, if she would have me to-morrow. Pray why so, Giffard? Peggy is very pretty, and deserving, as I think, of as good a man as you. Her deservings, sir, said I, are my very objection; I scarce know a man in the land who is deserving of her. If that is the case, Giffard, her hand is at your service, with all my heart. O, sir, I replied, I have no suitable fortune, but I know you are pleased to banter; I am no match for her. You are an industrious and a making young man, said he, and such a one is richer in my eye than a spender with thousands. Beside, you are loving and good-natured, my son; and I shall not lose my child by you, but gain another child in you as dear to me as herself.

Here I was so transported, so overpowered by the kindness of the dear good man, that I could not get out a syllable; but sinking before him, I eagerly grasped his legs and then his knees, and rising, went out to vent my passion.

In about a month after, Sir Spranger Thornhill, and my young friend, Master William, honoured our nuptials with their presence; and all our kind neighbours came crowding to the solemnity, and by their joy, appeared to be parties in our union.

For eight following years never was known a happier family. But about that time Sir Spranger Thornhill sickened and died, and was attended to the dark mansion of the bodies of his ancestors, by the greatest concourse of true mourners that ever were seen in the shire, all lamenting that goodness was not exempted from mortality. Our dear father could never be said to hold up his head from that day. He silently pined after his old friend and patron, Sir Spranger; and all our cares and caresses were not able to withhold him from following the same appointed track.

Never, sure, was grief like mine and my Peggy's. In looking at each other we saw the loss that we had sustained; and while we lay arm in arm, often, often have we watered the good man's memory with our tears.

Time, however, who has many severe sorrows in prospect, helps to soften and lessen those that he brings in his train. An increasing family of children, sweetly tempered like their mother, called for all my concern; and our young landlord, Sir William, whenever

he came from college, used to make our house his home, and take me with him wherever he went, till Lord Lechmore, his guardian, took him from the university, and sent him abroad, with a tutor and servants, on his travels.

As I had made considerable savings, and now looked to have a number of children to provide for, I resolved to realize all that I could for the poor things: so I built a malthouse and windmill, and planted a large orchard, with other profitable improvements, that cost me to the amount of about eight hundred pounds.

While these things were in agitation, Sir Freestone Hardgrave, one of the knights for our shire, came into that part of the country. He had lately purchased a fine estate, adjoining to the west side of my concern; and was a man of vast opulence, but a stranger among us at that time.

Though Sir Freestone was an old batchelor, and had one of the most remorseless hearts that was ever concealed in man, yet he had a pleasing aspect, and insinuating address, and always applied those qualities to the purpose of betraying. Alas! I was informed, but too late, of his character; that his avarice outgrew even the growth of his wealth; and that his desires increased in exact proportion as age happened to deduct from his ability to gratify them.

Unhappily he cast a greedy eye at my little farm. Like another lordly Ahab, he coveted the vineyard of poor Naboth; and, at length, compassed his ends by means equally iniquitous.

When he proposed to give me more than the value for it, I answered, that I myself had taken a fancy to it, for the sake of the dear man who had given it to me, in trust for his child and her posterity; and that I would not part with it for twenty times an equivalent. With this, however, he did not appear in the least disconcerted; but said, that he esteemed and respected me the more for my gratitude to the memory of my old benefactor.

I was afterwards told, and learned by dear experience, that he never pardoned an offence, nor even a disappointment; but nothing of his disposition appeared at present. He visited, made it his business to meet me in several places; sought and seemed quite desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with me; did me many little friendly offices among my richer neighbours; condescended to toy with my little ones, appeared to take a huge liking to my two eldest boys: stood godfather to my little girl that is now in

her mother's arms; said he wondered how I contrived it, to maintain so numerous a family upon such slender means; and promised to procure me a beneficial post in the collection of the customs.

After a course of such specious kindnesses, and while my heart glowed with gratitude, in the recollection of his favours both passed and proposed, he came to my house in a mighty hurry. My dear Homely, says he, I have just struck up a most advantageous bargain with our neighbour Squire Spendall. But he wants the money immediately. I have not the whole about me; and yet if I do not pay him down directly, some cursed disappointment may intervene. Do run and bring me all that you have quickly; I will repay you within two or three days at furthest.

Here I hasted, with joy, to the corner where I had deposited my cash, as well for payment of rent, as another little matter that I had in my eye; and, bringing out a leathern bag, I laid it on the table; There, sir, said I, are two hundred and thirty guineas; take but the trouble to count them out, and give me a short acknowledgment. No, said he, my dear Homely, never heed it for the present, I will be back with you the moment I have paid the purchase; so saying, he caught up the bag and huddled away as fast as his old legs could scamper, while I sat still through astonishment, my heart misgiving me at the time, as if it foreboded the mischiefs that were to follow.

I waited with great anxiety for his return, till evening, when hastening to his lodge, I was there informed, that he had set out for London five hours before. This threw me into a panic, though not altogether without a mixture of hope, and so I waited till the three days of his promise should expire. Mr. Snack then came to me, and demanded the rent. He was a Lincoln attorney, whom Lord Lechmore, had lately preferred to the care of my landlord's concerns, upon the death of Mr. Kindly, the good old agent. I told him ingenuously how matters had happened, and said I would hurry to London, and bring back the money directly.

Accordingly I posted away, and rested not till I arrived at the great city. There, for seven days successively, I besieged the doors of Sir Freestone, hourly knocking and requesting to be admitted to his presence. But he was either not up or just gone out, or had company with him, or was just then very busy, and not to be spoken to, and so forth.

At length, when he found that I would not quit his house without answer, he ordered me before him. His chariot waited at the gate, and he stood dressed in the hall. As I approached, and bowed with the respect and mortified air of a petitioner, he put on a look of the most strange and audacious effrontery I ever beheld. Who are you, friend, said he; and what may your business be with me? I am come, and may it please your honour, humbly to tell you, that I am called upon for my rent, and to beseech your Honour to restore me the two hundred and thirty pieces you had from me the other day. Here, says he to his servants, this must be some desperado, who is come to rob me in broad day, and in the middle of my own people: the fellow says I owe him money; I know not that ever I saw his face before; I desire that you will not suffer such a dangerous villian to enter my doors any more. And so saying, out he stepped and away he drove.

O Sir, how I was struck to the heart at that instant! I sneaked out scarce half alive, not remembering where I was, or whither I was to go. Alas! I was far from making the speed back again that I had done in going. I knew not how to shew my face to my Peggy, or her dear little ones, whom I had plundered or stripped of their substance, by stupidly surrendering it without witnesses, or a single line whereby I might reclaim it. At length I got home, if home it might be called, that had then nothing in it, or at least nothing for me.

Mr. Snack had taken the advantage of my absence, to possess himself of my farm, and of all that I was worth. Under colour of distraining for rent, he had seized every thing, even the beds whereon my wife and children lay, with all their wearing apparel, save what they had on their backs. The bill of appraisement, which I have here, comes to upwards of six hundred pounds. But when the cattle and other effects were set up to sale, the auctioneer and bidders proved of Mr. Snack's providing; all were intimidated from offering, save those who offered in trust for this charitable agent, and the whole of my substance went off within the value of one year's rent, being one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

Never, exclaimed Mr. Fenton, never did I hear of so bare-faced and daring a violation of all laws, divine and human, and that too under sanction of the most perfect system of laws that ever was

framed. But what will not power effect, when unrestrained by conscience, when prompted by avarice, and abetted by cunning? And is there no remedy, sir? cried out our hero. None that I know of, my Harry, save where power opposes power in favour of weakness, or wealth opposes wealth in favour of poverty.

But we will see what may be done. Mean-while let Mr. Homely proceed in his narrative.

When my family, continued Homely, were thus turned out of doors, an old follower made way for them in his own cottage, and retired with his wife and daughter to a cow-house hard by. Mean-while my loving neighbours supplied them with sufficient bedding, and daily kept them in victuals, even more than they could eat.

While I went slowly to see them, stopping and turning every minute towards our old habitation, all the horrors of our situation flew upbraidingly in my face, and I accused myself as the robber and murderer of eight persons, for any one of whom I would have spent my life.

When I stooped to enter their lowly roof, all trembling and sick at heart, I expected to meet nothing but faces of aversion, and expressions of reproach; but when they all set up a shout of joy at my appearance, when they all crowded, clasping and clinging about me, violence and distraction of my inward emotion, deprived me of sensation, and I swooned away.

When I revived, I cast a look about me, and perceived that their grief had been as extreme, as their joy was at my arrival. Ah, my Peggy! I cried, how have I undone you! By you I got all my possessions, and in return I have deprived you of all that you possessed. You were every blessing to me, and I have repaid you with nothing but misery and ruin.

Do not be concerned, my love, said she, nor repine at the consequences of your own goodness and honesty. You are not as God to see into all hearts; the wisest may be deceived; and the best, as I believe, are the most subject to be imposed upon. Common charity must have supposed, that there could not be such a soul as Sir Freestone upon earth. But be of good courage, my husband, I have good news for you; I dreamed that our dear father appeared to me last night; Do not be disheartened, my child, says he; bear the cross that is laid upon you

with a cheerful and free-will, and all shall be restored to you sevenfold upon earth, and seventy-seven fold in the life that has no end.

When I found that my Peggy instead of distaste and upbraiding, had nothing but love in her looks, and consolation in her expressions, I folded her to my bosom, and to my soul that went to meet her, and I would willingly have made her one with my own being.

My neighbours were not as birds of the season; they neither despised nor forsook me because of my poverty; they came crowding to condole with me; they advised me to apply to the law against Sir Freestone and attorney Snack; and they offered to contribute towards my journey; they also joined in this written testimony of my character and prosperous circumstances before Snack made his seizure; and two of them have witnessed, in this bit of paper, that when the alarm came of Mr. Kindly's death, and of a strange agent being put in his room, they heard me say, that I did not matter the worst he could do, and saw me count down twenty pieces over and above my year's rent.

The late frights and fatigues which Peggy underwent during Snack's operations, together with her extremes of joy on my return, and of grief at the fit into which I had fallen, hastened on her labour and she was delivered before her time of that weakly little babe which I buried this morning.

Within six weeks after her childbirth we prepared for our journey. Our neighbours, like the good Samaritan, had compassion upon him who fell among the thieves. They made me up a purse of thirty-five pounds, and promised to contribute further toward the carrying on of my suit.

We travelled happily, by easy journies of a few miles a-day, till, nine days ago, we reached a small village, the other side of St. Alban's; there we took up our rest for the night, at a house that had no sign, but let occasional lodgings, and sold bread and small beer.

As I desired a separate apartment for ourselves, we were put into a kind of waste room, that had no fastening to the door except a latch. After a slender supper we lay down to sleep, and I stuffed my breeches close under my head with all possible caution. We had made an extraordinary journey that day, and I was particularly fatigued by carrying several of my tired children successively in my

arms; so that we all slept but too soundly, and when I awoke in the morning, neither money nor breeches were to be found.

Such a loss, at another time, would have been as nothing to me; but, in our present circumstances, it was a repetition and doubling of all that we had lost before. I instantly summoned the people of the house, and in a good deal of warmth, charged our landlord with the felony, telling him, that I had been robbed of about thirty-three pounds. Why, master, says he, I know nothing to the contrary; but it would be very hard, indeed, if I was to be answerable for the honesty of every one who goes this road. If you had given your money in charge to me, I would have been accountable for it. I believe, by the grief you are in, that you must have been losers; I will therefore forgive you your reckoning, and give you a pair of breeches of my own into the bargain; but this is all I will do till the law forces me.

As there was no remedy, at least for the present, I accepted his overture, and set out. But, O sir! it is impossible to describe the horrors of my soul as I silently stepped along, casting an eye of mingled pity and despair upon my children. I cursed in secret my own existence, and wished for some sudden thunderbolt to crush me into nothing. All trust in God or his providence had now wholly forsaken me, and I looked upon him as neglecting all other objects of his wrath, and exerting his omnipotence against me and mine alone.

Peggy, as I suppose, perceived how it was with me, and kept behind a while, that she might give way to the present tumult and distemper of my mind; at length, hoping to administer some matter of comfort to me, she came up, and silently put a few shillings into my hand, saying, Courage, my dear husband, all cannot be lost while we have a God who is infinitely rich to depend upon. Ay, said I, these are the fruits of your dreams, these are your promised blessings that heaven had in store for us. And still has in store, she replied; the same hand that holds the rod, holds the comforting staff also. Tell me not of comfort, I cried, I see that the face of God is set in blackness and blasting against me. But, for me, it matters not, had he not taken me at an advantage. He sees that I have eight lives, all dearer than my own, and he is determined to kill me in every one of them.

Do not cast from you, my love, she said, the only crutch that the world and the wretched have to rest upon. God is pleased, perhaps, to take all human means from us, that he may shew forth the wonders of his power in our relief. While any other hope is left, we are apt to trust to that hope, and we look not toward the secret hand by which we are fed and supported; but when all is lost, all gone, when no other stay is left, should sudden mercy come upon us, our Comforter then becomes visible, he stands revealed in his greatness and glory before us, and we are compelled to cry out with unbelieving Thomas, My Lord and my God.

Though these pious expostulations of my dearly-beloved preacher had little influence, at that time, for appeasing my own passions, I was yet pleased that my Peggy had her secret consolations, but little imagined that her prophecy approached so near to its completion.

For two days we held on, living on such bread and milk as we could purchase at the cottages that had the charity to receive us. But my boy who was on the breast grew exceeding sick; so we were obliged to shorten our journies for the two succeeding days, partly begging, and partly praying for such victuals as we could procure. Toward evening we came within sight of this town. Our little money was quite exhausted, and our child grown too ill to bear further travel; so I looked about and perceived some roofless walls that stood from off the highway, and thither we turned and took up our bleak abode.

For the three following days I frequented the road, and by begging, procured what scantily kept my family from perishing. Mean time my spirit was tamed and subdued by the habit of mortification, and I looked up to heaven, and cried, Pardon, pardon, O my God! the offences and blasphemies of my murmurings against thee! Thou formerly blessed me with an over-abundance of blessings, and that too for a long season; and, as Job justly says, Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?—O Friend and Saviour of sinners? if thou lovest whom thou chastenest, and receivest those whom thou dost scourge, when death shall have put a period to the sufferings of mortality, may I not humbly look to find grace at the footstool of the throne of thy mercy?

At length our child died this morning, and we buried him in our hovel, and watered his grave with the tears that we shed for him,

and for each other. The rest, sir, you know, till this angel of God was sent, to accomplish the prediction of my Peggy in all its fulness.

Here Homely concluded; and after a pause and a deep sigh, Mr. Fenton demanded, Have you told me the whole of your history, Mr. Homely? I have, so please your honour, through every particular of any signification. I am sorry for it. Pray think again. Did you never meet with any adventure that is yet unrecited? Did you never save any person at your own peril?—No, sir;—O, now I recollect.

Some two or three-and-twenty years ago, as I fled from the bailiffs who pursued me, as I told you for the bail of my brother, I came to the river Avon: the flood was great and rapid after the late rains, and I thought of looking for a place of smoother water for my passage, when a gentleman and lady, attended by a train of servants, came riding along the banks. As they rode, chatting and laughing, a fowler who was concealed in a copse just at hand, let fly at a bird; whereupon the fiery horse that the gentleman was on took fright, and, with a bound, suddenly plunged into the current; whereat the lady gave a loud shriek, and fell senseless to the ground. The horse rose without his rider, and swam down the stream. Soon after the rider appeared, and the attendants were divided between their care of the lady and their lamentations for their master on the edge of the bank. Then, seeing no other help, my heart smote me, and I cast myself in without reflection. I kept aloof, however, for fear he should grapple at me, and sink us both together; so I supported, and shoved him before me toward land, till having reached the bank, I laid hold on it with one hand, and with the other raised him up within the reach of his servants, who had stretched themselves flat upon the brink to receive him; then, being already drenched, and having nothing further to do, I turned, and swam over, and so made my escape.

Did you ask the name of the party whom you saved in the manner you say? No, truly, sir, there was no leisure for such an inquiry.—Why did you not wait for the recompence that was so justly your due for so great a deliverance?—Recompence! please your honour, I could have done no less for the beggar that begs at the corner.

Noble, noble fellow! exclaimed Mr. Fenton; I am he, I am he whom you saved that day, my brother! And so saying, he arose, and caught Homely in his arms, and pressed, and pressed him over again, to his bosom: while Harry, all impatient, seized hold of Homely also, and struggled hard to get him to himself from his father. When they were something composed and all again seated, Ah, Homely! says Mr. Fenton, I have sent and made many inquiries after you, but not for many years after the day in which you saved me. I hated, I loathed you for having prolonged my life to such a misery as no other man ever endured. Oh—, that lady! that lady!—But no matter for the present—(and, so saying, he wiped the swelling tear from his eye.)—Tell me, Homely.—That devil, Sir Freestone!—I am not of a malicious temper, and yet I wish for nothing more than full vengeance on his head,—Don't you believe that he went to you, with a felonious intention of defrauding you of your property?—Believe it, sir! I can swear it. The circumstances and their consequences, are full evidence thereof.

Very well, said Mr. Fenton, though we may not be able to carry a civil action against him; we may assail him with better advantage in a criminal way. I will draw up and take your deposition myself; and to-morrow I will send you with a note to Lord Portland, where more may be done for you, my Homely, than you think.

In the mean-time, you and your family shall take up your abode in the back part of my house, and from thence you shall not depart, till, as your Peggy's dream has it, all your losses shall be restored to you sevenfold upon earth; what your portion may be in heaven, must be your own care; and may the spirit of grace guide you in the way you should go.

Early the next morning, Mr. Fenton sent Homely to London with his deposition and several papers, accompanied by a letter from himself to Lord Portland. In the evening Homely returned, and entering with a face of triumph, he seized Mr. Fenton's hand, and eagerly kissing it, Blessed, blessed be the hand, he cried, that hath the power of God, among men, for good works. When I sent in your honour's letter, I was not detained a moment. His Lordship made me sit down, perused my papers with attention, questioned me on the particulars, grew inflamed against Sir Freestone, and gave him two or three hearty curses for an execrable villain. He then

called a gentleman to him who was in waiting, and ordered an attachment to be instantly issued against the knight. It was accordingly executed upon him, and he now lies in Newgate. God be praised! said Mr. Fenton, so far there is equity still extant upon earth. It is not unnatural to suppose, that Mr. Fenton's family were immoderately fond of those whose father had saved the life of their most dear master. Mr. Clement in particular, took pains and pleasure in forwarding the boys in their letters; and Mrs. Clement, passed most of her time very happily with Peggy and her little girls.

Frank, the butler, had been abroad upon an expedition, at the time that Mr. Homely's family arrived, and did not return till Homely had come back from Lord Portland's. He was then informed, with joy, of the guests they had got; and he waited with impatience, till the man he longed to see should come out from his master. As soon as he appeared, he caught one of his hands in both of his, and looking lovingly at him, cried, Do I once more behold that happy face, Mr. Homely? I was the man to whose hands you delivered my precious lord from the devouring of the floods. Gladly, heaven knows, would I have sacrificed my own life for the salvation of his. But, alas! I had no skill in contending with the waters, and the sure loss of my own life would not have given the smallest chance for the recovery of my master. You are the person, Mr. Homely, to whom God committed that blessed task and trust: and Mr. James and I, and all of us, have agreed to make up a hundred pounds a piece for your children, in acknowledgment of the benefit you did us on that day.

Here Homely took Frank very affectionately into his arms, and, with a faltering voice, said, Your offer, sir, is dear, very dear indeed, unto me, as it is a proof of that love which you all so warmly bear to our common lord and master. If there is any occasion, I will not refuse this extraordinary instance of your benevolence; but our master's influence and bounty are doing much in my behalf: and in the mean-time, I will take it as a very particular favour, if you will be pleased to introduce me to my fellow servants of this house.

Within the following fortnight, a servant in rich livery came on a foaming horse, and, delivering a letter at the door, rode away directly. The letter ran thus:

TO HENRY FENTON, Esq.

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ The trial of our recreant knight is at hand ; and, if you
 ‘ insist upon it, shall be prosecuted to the utmost extent of our laws.
 ‘ The wretch, indeed, deserves to be gibbeted. But he has rela-
 ‘ tions of worth and consideration among us. They have besought
 ‘ me to shield them from shame on this occasion ; and I join
 ‘ them in requesting you to accept the inclosed order for three
 ‘ thousand pounds, in favour of your client, together with his farm
 ‘ and effects, which attorney Snack shall immediately restore.

‘ Let me have your answer within three days ; and believe me

‘ Your true,

‘ as well as obliged servant,

‘ PORTLAND.’

The day following Mr. Fenton sent Harry, in his chariot, attended by Mr. James and two servants in livery, to return his acknowledgments to the favourite of the king.

Lord Portland received our hero with pleasure and surprise equally evident in his countenance. As he piqued himself on being one of the finest personages in the nation, he secretly respected his own resemblance in another.

After a few mutual compliments, and some occasional discourse, the earl told Harry that he must take a private dinner with him. We are quite alone, says he, only two viscounts, a baronet, and four or five gentlemen of the ministerial quill.

Pray, my lord, said Harry, smiling, is a dinner the whole of their pension? Not so, sir, I confess ; they are the Swiss of the lettered world, and fight for pay. They were formerly of the opposite junto ; but they have changed their opinions along with their party ; and our honour obliges us to give them, at least, as much in the cause of the crown, as they formerly got in the cause of the populace. I doubt, my lord, returned Harry, that their silence would answer your ends full as well as their oratory, unless your treasure could hold out in bribing people to read also. Very pleasantly severe, indeed, replied the laughing earl. But, come, the bell call us to dinner.

When dinner was over, and cheerfulness circulated with the bottle, I would give a good deal to know, Mr. Harry, said the earl,

what you and your father think of his majesty and his ministers? Should I speak my downright sentiments, my lord, answered Harry, in some things I might offend, and in others appear to flatter. O, you cannot offend in the least, cried the earl; we are daily accustomed to be told of all the faults whereof we are, or may be, or might have been guilty; and, as to flattery, you know it is the food of us courtiers. Why, my lord, you want no champion for the present, said Harry; you are all, as I perceive, on one side of the question; and, if some one does not appear, however impotent, to oppose you, the shittlecock of conversation may fall to the ground. Right, very right, my sweet fellow, rejoined his lordship; proceed, you shall have nothing but fair play, I promise you.

To be serious then, said Harry, my father thinks, in the first place, (for I have no manner of skill in such matters,) he thinks, I say, that his majesty is one of the greatest warriors, and one of the wisest statesmen, that ever existed. He thinks, however, that he has attachments and views that look something further than the mere interests of the people by whom he has been elected; but he says, that those views ought, in a measure, to be indulged, in return for the very great benefits that he has done us. He is, therefore, grieved to find that his majesty has met with so much reluctance and coldness from a nation so obliged.

You are a darling of a politician, exclaimed the earl; but we will not thank you for your compliments, till we know what you have further to object against us.

My father admits, my lord, that his majesty and his ministers have re-established and exhibited, in a fair and open light, the most glorious constitution that ever was constructed. But then he apprehends, that you are beginning to sap the foundation of the pile, that you yourselves erected.

As how, my dear young Mentor? By being over-bounteous in paying former friends, and by being still more profuse in procuring new adherents.—Child of honour, cried the earl, another, less elegant than yourself, would have said, that we are sapping the constitution by *bribery* and *corruption*. You have, indeed, my Harry, delicately tempered your admonitions, even like the cup of life, the sweets with the bitters. But what say you, gentlemen, shall a babe lately from the breast, bear away the whole palm from people grown grey in politics?

The young gentleman, says Mr. Veer, (the principal of the court-writers,) talks wonderfully for one not versed in the subject of which he treats. The people of England are stupidly proud, and licentiously ungovernable; they are the most ignorant, and yet the most obstinate, of any people upon earth; it is only by their being selfish that they become in any degree manageable; if their voices were not bought, they would either give them to persons of their own stupid cast, unskilled in our laws or our constitution, or to men of an antimonarchical and republican spirit, who would be perpetually putting rubs before the wheels of good government.

I never knew till now, sir, returned Harry, that in order to make people true to their country and their king, that is, in order to make men honest, it was necessary to corrupt them. But I have still good hopes, that the picture which you have drawn of our governors is not altogether a just one.

Governors! cries Veer; I spoke not a word of governors. You spoke of the people, sir, says Harry, and they, as I take it, are our governors. The people our governors! this is the most wonderful, and strange doctrine that ever I heard. A doctrine even as old as the constitution, rejoins Harry: They are not only our governors, but more absolutely so than any so styled. His lordship is the only man in company whose person, in some instances, is exempt from their jurisdiction; but his property remains still subjected to their decision.

No law can be made in Britain but by the people in their proxies: and, when those laws are made, the people are again constituted the judges thereof on their *jury tribunals*, through their respective shires; as also judges of facts and right, whether civil or criminal, throughout the realm.

Thus their privilege of making laws for themselves in PARLIAMENT, and of judging of the said laws (when made) on JURIES, composes, as it were, a rudder, whereby the people are admitted (gloriously) to steer the vessel of their own commonwealth.

Would it not be a pity, then, that so great a people should be no other than such as Mr. Veer has described them, a parcel of ignorant, licentious, selfish, base, venal prostitutes, unenlightened by reason, and uninfluenced by conscience?

If they should be reduced, if it is possible, I say, that they should ever be reduced to so very vile and deplorable a state, it

can only be by the very measures that Mr. Veer has recommended. The character, as ye know, of a certain old tempter is not over amiable, and I should be sorry that any, whom I love and respect, should follow in his steps.

And now, gentlemen, take the argument home to yourselves.—The people have the disposal of our lives, liberties, and properties. Which of you then would like to have life itself, and all that is valuable in it, at the arbitration of a pack of wretches, who, being wholly selfish, can have no kindred-feelings or compassion for you? who, being themselves devoid of honour and equity, cannot judge according to the one or the other; who, being already accustomed to influence and prostitution, have their ears and hands open to all who would whisper or bribe them to your prejudice?

I, as a fool, gentlemen, utter the dictates of wisdom, for I speak the sentiments of a much wiser and much better man than myself. Should a general corruption take place in the land, adieu to all virtue; adieu to humanity, and all social connections! all reason and law, all conscience and magistracy, all public and private weal, must vanish or be confounded in one chaos together. And from hence it is self-evident, that he who debauches the morals of the least of his majesty's subjects, is an enemy to his king, to his country, and mankind.

I protest, said his lordship, with some little confusion, I never beheld this matter in the same light before; but I shall take care to inspect and examine it at better leisure.

Here the company rose to separate; when Harry stepping towards Veer with an affectionate pleasantry in his countenance, Mr. Veer, says he, I fear I have misbehaved a little to-day; I am naturally warm, and am apt to be too much so on particular subjects. O sir, says Veer, I am an old prize-fighter, and accustomed to cuts; but I now know my man, and shall hereafter avoid engaging, or keep barely on the defensive; do me the honour, however, as old combatants were wont, to shake hands at parting, in token of hearts free from malice. In the contest of love, Mr. Veer, you never shall foil me, cried Harry.

Now, my lord, if you have any commands for my father, pray let me have the pleasure of being your messenger. Upon my honour, my dear boy, and that is the oath of a lord, you shall not part from me for this night at least. My father, sir, will be un-

easy. I will dispatch one to him directly; I have particular designs upon you; you must go with me to the levee; I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of introducing you to his majesty; I expect to get credit by you. I rather fear, my lord, that I may do you some disgrace.

O, cried the earl, you think you are not fine enough. Why, truly, you will see folk there of much more lustrous attire. But let others disgrace their ornaments; be you humbly content, my child, with adorning your dress. Harry blushed, and bowed.

When they arrived at court, the earl left his young friend awhile in the levee-room, and went to impart some matters to the king in his closet.

While our hero stood in the crowd, some one came and pinned a paper to his back, whereon was written in capital letters, **THE FOOL**.

However, it did not remain long enough to do him much disgrace. A young gentleman, of a graceful figure, and very amiable aspect, pressed close behind Harry, and gently stole the writing away; then, taking him by the hand, requested to speak with him apart.

I wonder, sir, said the stranger, who it was that could be so malicious, or so base, as to fasten this title on your back; I am certain he must never have seen your face. O, sir, said Harry, blushing and smiling together, this must have been the office of some old acquaintance; it is the title to which I have been accustomed from my infancy: and I am well contented to carry it with me to the grave: I am much affected, sir, however, by this uncommon instance of your humanity to one unknown; pray add to the obligation by letting me know to whom it is that I am so endearingly bound.

My name, sir, is Thornhill. I am just arrived from my travels; and I would willingly go my long journey over again to become just such another fool as you are.

Harry seized him by the hand, and gave him at once the squeeze and the look of love.—Sir William Thornhill, I presume? The same, my dear sir. I have been enamoured of your character before I saw you, Sir William.—My name is Harry Fenton; I live on Hampstead-hill; I see that your pleasure lies in communicating pleasure, I am therefore persuaded you will indulge me with a call

at some leisure hour.—I will not defer that advantage a single day. I shall have the longings of a lover till you arrive.

Here the king entered, and all converse was broken off. Lord Portland, looking about, discovered Harry, and taking him by the hand, led him up, and left him standing before his majesty.—Then approaching the royal ear, *May it please you, sire,* says he, this is the son of the gentleman who advanced us two hundred thousand pounds on our expedition from Holland.

The king turned to Harry with a solemn and piercing look; and having eyed him for some time, he again turned to the earl, and cried, *Ay, Portland,* this is something, this, indeed, is a gem fit to set in the crown of a monarch. He then reached forth his hand, and while our hero stooped to kiss it, he pressed Harry's shoulder with his other hand.

My dear child, said the king, we are much obliged to your father. You, by inheritance, are attached to our crown, and you may justly demand whatever we can bestow. We humbly thank your majesty, answered Harry; we only claim the privilege of serving you with all our hearts and all our powers.

Which would you choose, the army or the court? Indeed I should best like to have you about my own person. That is the pitch to which I aspire, answered Harry, as soon as I am capable of so high a duty.

But why have you been such a stranger, said the king; had we seen you before, I think we should not have forgot you. O sire, said Harry, I am but as a bird from the nest, and this is the first of my unfledged excursions. If a bird, cried the king, it must be a young eagle. Not so, sire, answered Harry, I should then better support the brightness of the sun that is now before me.—I would give one of my kingdoms that you were my son! I am already one of the millions of happy sons and daughters who have the glory of calling you their royal father! So saying, our hero bowed twice, and drew back; while the king looked toward him in silence and wonder.

After some talk with his courtiers, his majesty retired. And Lord Portland took Harry, and was followed by a number of the young gentry to the ball-room.

There the queen, at the upper end, was seated under a canopy, her maids of honour attending, and two brilliant ranges of foreign and British ladies were seated on either hand.

The earl gave a whisper to the master of the ceremonies, and he immediately led Harry up to the presence, where he had the honour of kissing queen Mary's fair hand.

After some whispering-chat between her majesty and lord Portland, the ball was ordered to be opened by our hero and the lovely young princess of Hesse.

All eyes were fixed upon them with attention still as night, while they moved, like Homer's gods, without seeming to press the ground, or like a mist before the breeze along the side of some stately hill.

As soon as the minnet was closed, the princess said softly to Harry, in French, *The Louvre*, sir, if you please.

This was a dance of the newest fashion, and was calculated to shew forth and exhibit a graceful person in all the possible elegancies of movement and attitude.

As soon as they had finished, the whole assembly could scarce refrain from breaking forth in loud plaudits, as at the public theatre; and a humming of mixed voices, and patting feet, was heard throughout.

When Harry had led the princess to her seat, and left her with a bow of the most expressive respect, he happened to see Lady Louisa, and hinting to the Lord Chamberlain his desire to dance with her, his lordship readily indulged him.

When Harry had finished, the Lord Chamberlain honoured Sir William Thornhill with Lady Louisa's hand; and, after four or five more minuets, the country dances began; in which all the younger part of the company joined, except Lord Bottom, who refused to step forth, and sat apart ruminating and feeding on his own cogitations.

The princess and our hero led up the dance, and Louisa and Sir William were appointed the next in course, in order to do the principal honours to the two young strangers.

In the intervals of dancing, Lady Louisa took occasion to say to Harry, You are a great stranger, sir, but we desire you should be so, since we did not treat you with the respect that your merits should have commanded. That, madam, answered Harry, is not wholly the cause of my distance; but there are persons whose loveliness is more formidable to me than an arrangement of sabred hussars with their fierce looking mustachoes.

Harry had no sooner said this than his heart smote him with remorse; for though Louisa was indeed lovely, and he felt for her the propensities and tenderness of a brother, yet she was not of that species of beauty that was formed to fix his heart; and he secretly reproached himself for having attempted to raise the vanity, or draw the affections of an innocent girl, with no further view than of making a parade of his own talents; a measure, he justly judged, unbecoming a man possessing a spark of honour or integrity.

As soon as the dances were ended, and all had mixed and chatted, and roved about awhile, Harry observed Sir William coming towards him in a little fluster. What is the matter, my friend, says Harry; pray what has discomposed you? Tell me, my dear Harry, that Jackanapes in the blue and gold, do you know who he is? I protest had it not been for the respect I owe the presence, I would have chastised him on the spot. The dance was no sooner done, than he came up with a most provoking sauciness in his look. I wonder, sir, said he, at the insolence of one of your rank; you ought to have had more modesty than to suffer yourself to be paired with a lady so far above you.

O! cried Harry, taking Sir William very lovingly under the arm, pass this matter over, my sweet friend, I beseech you. That is young Lord Bottom, the very person who, I am pretty confident, contrived the honour of the *pasquinade* on my back this day. But he is brother to the sweet girl with whom you danced. For her sake, for my sake, forgive him, I entreat you; but, above all, forgive him for the sake of his dear father, the Earl of Mansfield, one of the noblest nobles, and one of the worthiest men that ever stepped on English ground. He has been these two years past abroad upon an embassy; and, while he is promoting the interests of the public, has left his own household unchastened and unguided.

Here the converse of the friends was suddenly broken off. The Lord Chamberlain came, and tapping Harry on the shoulder, told him that the queen desired to speak with him.

When he had, with a lowly reverence, advanced to the throne, You are, said the queen, the most accomplished cavalier, that ever I beheld; and had I sufficient youth and beauty, I would choose you for my knight to bear my fame through the world. I would rather, said Harry, that your Majesty would employ me on some more dangerous enterprize. How is that, said the queen? Why

answered Harry, your majesty's champion could have little or nothing to do, as all would willingly acknowledge the justice of his cause.

You are, cried the queen, the loveliest and the sweetest fellow I ever knew. My eye has followed you all along, and marked you for my own, and I must either beg or steal you from our good friend your father. I, therefore, want no token to put me in mind of you, but you may want some token to keep your friends in your memory. Here are two pictures; the one is the portrait of our master and sovereign lord; the other is the picture of the woman who sits before you, lowly, simple, and unadorned; choose which you please.

Give me the plain picture, cried Harry, with a kind of rapture; it shall henceforth become my riches and my ornament.

So saying, he bent his knee, and taking the little portrait, he pressed it to his lips with the ardour of an ancient lover in romance. Then, putting it into his bosom, he gracefully arose, and retired from the presence.

O, the fool, the egregious fool! muttered some. Nobly, most nobly done! cried others.

As Harry was following the Earl of Portland down stairs, Lord Bottom came up in the crowd, and, in a half whisper, said, You are too great a man to day, sir, to acknowledge your old acquaintance.

But not so great a fool, retorted Harry, as not to be taught my distance with those who, like Lord Bottom, have a right to look down upon me.

After a short but sound sleep, Harry hurried home to prepare for the reception of his new friend. He told Mr. Fenton that Sir William was returned; how he had been obligingly made known to him in the fore-mentioned instance of his humanity to a stranger; and that he had promised to be with them that morning. But, pray, sir, don't tell Homely a word of the coming of his landlord, till we place them, as it were, by surprise, face to face.

In about an hour after, a chaise and four came rapidly to the door; and Harry instantly sprung out, and caught his friend in his arms before he came to the ground.

The two friends entered the parlour caressing and caressed, and casting looks of cordial love and delight on each other. My father,

sir, said Harry, and led Sir William by the hand to Mr. Fenton, who received him with a countenance of that heart-speaking complaisance which never fails to attach the soul of the person to whom it is directed. Ah, my Harry! cried Sir William, I no longer wonder at you; I see that you are all that you are by inheritance.

But, sir, continued he, you had like to have lost your son last night. Their majesties were most unwilling to quit their hold of him, and, I believe in my soul, would willingly have adopted him the heir of their crown. I should be very sorry, Sir William, replied Mr. Fenton, to see a circle about his head that would give him an aching heart. I am sure that is the case with the present royal proprietors. In a limited monarchy like ours, the station of the prince is looked upon with a malignant eye by the envious, and, at the same time, rendered uneasy by the perpetual contests, between rights and privileges on the one part, and prerogative on the other.

Moreover, Sir William, I shall never wish to see one of my child's disposition on the throne of Great Britain. I should be jealous of such a person in behalf of my country. No people could be more tenacious of their liberties than the Swedes, till Gustavus the son of Eric ascended the throne. His manners were so amiable, his virtues so conspicuous, his government so just, and he made so popular an use of all his powers, that his subjects thought they could never commit enough into his hands. But what was the consequence? His successors made his power a precedent for their own, without attending to the precedent of his administration.

Thus you see, that a prince of qualities eminently popular might prove of a dangerous tendency to a free people, forasmuch as he might charm the eyes of their jealousy to sleep, and so seduce them from that guard which is ever necessary to preclude the encroachments of ambition.

But, Sir William, may we not order your horses up? You must not think of going till you take a plain dinner with us. A supper too, sir, most joyfully, answered the knight. I leave London in the morning on a certain expedition, and shall not have the pleasure of embracing you again for some time.

Mr. Fenton then addressing the baronet with a smile, Our Harry here, Sir William, never saw a court before; it is natural therefore to think that he must have been greatly amused, and his young

heart deceived by the splendour and parade. But you have seen and observed many courts of late; pray what do you think of the entertainment they afford?

As of the dullest of all dull farces, answered the knight. All the courts that I have seen are nearly of the same cast. Conceive to yourself, sir, a stage or theatre of comedians without auditors or spectators. They are all actors, and all act nearly the same part of solemn complaisance, and nauseous grimace. Each intends to impose, and yet no one is imposed upon; where professions are taken to imply the very reverse of what they express.

What do you say to this Harry? said Mr. Fenton. I have very little to say, sir, in favour of the actors, but the actresses, as I take it, afford better entertainment. Here Sir William and Mr. Fenton laughed; and Harry, upon a wink, stepped out to bring in Homely, as it were by accident.

Sir William, said Mr. Fenton, there is a man come to this house, who once saved my life at the risk of his own. It is a great many years ago, and I have not seen him since the action, till very lately. I have sent Harry for him, that you may learn the particulars, and advise with me what recompence he ought to receive.

If the recompence is to be proportioned to the value of the life he saved, my honoured sir, I should not know where to fix the bounds of retribution; and, in truth, Mr. Fenton, from my knowledge of you this day, I also hold myself very highly his debtor.

At this instant Harry led in Homely by the hand, and left him standing directly opposite to the baronet.

Homely gazed with all his eyes, and stood mute through astonishment. At length he exclaimed, Bless me!—mercy upon me!—as sure as I hope for heaven,—it is—I think it is, my dear young master!

Sir William, at the voice, lifted up his eyes to Homely, and remembering his marked man, rose quickly, and springing forward, embraced him with much familiar affection; while Mr. Fenton sat, and his Harry stood beside him, both wrapped in their own delicious sensibilities.

My dear Homely, my old companion, and brother sportsman! cried Sir William, how in the world comes this about? so joyfully, so unexpectedly to meet you here! How is your wife and pretty babes? I hope you left all well at home.

Yes, please your honour, they are all well, wonderfully well in this house, I assure you; for indeed your Homely has no other home upon earth.

What you tell me is quite astonishing, replied the knight; no home for you within the manor and demesne of your friend? What misfortunes, what revolutions, could bring this wonder to pass?

Sit down, said Mr. Fenton; pray be seated, Mr. Homely, and give your lord a succinct, but deliberate account of the inimitable pair, Sir Freestone, and his coadjutor.

As soon as Homely had told his tale, from the commencement of his distresses to his arrival at the hovel, he stopped short, and said,—I have something more to impart;—but I hope your honour will pardon me, I am loth to deprive your friends of your company; but then my Peggy and my boys will be so transported to see your dear face again, that I cannot but beseech you to indulge them a minute or two with that blessing.

Sir William rose with a troubled humanity in his countenance, and followed to a back apartment, where Homely again stopped him short: and before he would take him to his Peggy, he there gave him a minute detail of all his obligations to what he called this wonderful family. But pray, sir, continued he, let them know very little of what I have told you; for nothing puts them to so much pain as any kind of acknowledgments.

After a short visit to Peggy and her children, Sir William returned to his friends, with such an inward awe and veneration for their characters, as, for a while, sunk his spirits, and solemnized his features. This poor man, sir, said he, has been miserably treated; but God has been exceedingly gracious to him, in casting the shipwrecked wretch on such a happy shore as this. But this makes no discharge of any part of my duty toward him.

Mark me, Homely, I am now of age, and Lord Lechmore has no further authority in my affairs; wherefore, before I leave this house, I will give you a letter of attorney for the whole agency of the manor. Thank your honour, thank your honour, cried Homely, in a kind of transport! If I do not prove as faithful to you as another, I will do you justice on myself with the first rope I can lay hold on.

As for that reprobate Snack, continued the knight, I will take care to be up with him. He owes the executors of my father six

hundred and seventy pounds. I will have that matter put directly in suit, and, as soon as it is recovered, it shall be laid out on a commission for your son, my friend Tom; as I do not choose yet to ask any favour from the ministry. Lastly, that you may no more be distressed for rent, I will never accept a penny of it, till all your children are decently and competently provided for.

O, sir! exclaimed Homely, I shall be too rich, quite overburdened; I shall not know where to lay my treasures. Not so fast, my good friend, replied Sir William, smiling; you have not heard of the drawback that I propose to have upon you: Whenever I reside in the country, you are to have a hot dish, ay, and a cool hogshead too, ready for me and my company. Agreed, sir, cried Homely, provided I may have liberty, during your absence, to drink your honour's health out of that same hogshead.—A just reserve, said Harry laughing.—And full as grateful as it is jovial, cried Mr. Fenton.—Why, gentlemen, rejoined Homely, a man of spirit would scorn to accept such benefits without making conditions.

After twelve o'clock at night, and an affectionate and tender adieu, Sir William set out by moon-light for London.

The two following days were employed in preparing for Homely's departure; and a coach and four, with a chaise, were provided for the conveyance of him and his family.

The night before their parting, Mr. Fenton desired that Homely and his wife should be sent to him to his closet. As soon as they entered, he closed the door. My dear friends, said he, as I may not be up in the morning to take a timely leave of you, it might do as well to go through that melancholy office to night.—Here, Mrs. Homely, here is some little matter apiece toward beginning a fortune for your three pretty daughters. Pray, Homely, take care to have it disposed of for them upon good securities. Here he put three orders upon his banker, for five hundred pounds each, into Peggy's hand; then, turning to Homely, and taking him straight in his arms, God be with you and your dear Peggy, my Homely, he cried, and give us all a blessed meeting where friends shall part no more.

The distressed Homely was past utterance; but disengaging, and flinging himself at the feet of his patron, while Peggy kept on her knees weeping and sobbing beside him; O, he cried, at length,

next to my God! O, next to my Lord and my God. My Lord and my master, my master and my Lord!

The next morning, before sun-rise, Harry was up, and going to Homely's apartment, embraced him and his wife. He then kissed and caressed all the girls and boys round, and gave to each of them a gold medal to keep him in their remembrance; when Homely and his Peggy, with open arms, trembling lips, and swelling eyes, began to take their leave. God be with you, God be with you, sobbed Homely aloud, never, never till I get to heaven, shall I meet with such another dear assembly.

Mr. Fenton now judged it time to forward his Harry's education, especially with respect to his knowledge of the world, of the views, pleasures, manners, bents, employments, and characters of mankind.

For this purpose, he proposed to leave Arabella sole regent of his family; and for a few weeks, to stay with Clement and Harry in London, there to shew him whatever might gratify his curiosity or merit his inspection.

While the coach was in waiting, and they all stood on the hill, the great city being extended in ample view beneath them, Mr. Fenton exclaimed: "O! London, London! thou mausoleum of dead souls, how pleasant art thou to the eye, how beautiful in outward prospect! but within how full of rottenness, and reeking abominations! Thy dealers are all students in the mystery of iniquity, of fraud and imposition, on ignorance and credulity. Thy public offices are hourly exercised in exactions and extortion. Thy courts of judicature are busied in the sale, the delay, or perversion, of justice; they are shut to the injured and indigent, but open to the wealthy pleas of the invader and oppressor. Thy magistracy is often employed in secretly countenancing and abetting the breach of those laws it was instituted to maintain. Thy charities, subscribed for the support of the poor, are lavished by the trustees in pampering the rich, where drunkenness swallows till it wallows, and gluttony stuffs till it pants, and unbuttons and stuffs again. Even the great ones of thy court have audaciously smiled away the gloom and horrors of guilt, and refined, as it were, all the grossness thereof, by inverting terms, and palliating phrases. While the millions that crowd and hurry through thy streets are universally occupied in striving and struggling to rise by the fall, to fat-

EARL OF MORELAND



M^r Fenton taking Harry and
M^r Clement to London.

Drawn and Engraved by John for James Balfour

ten by the leanness, and to thrive by the ruin of their fellows. Thy offences are rank, they steam and cloud the face of heaven. The gulf also is hollow beneath, that is one day to receive thee. But the measure of thy abominations is not yet full; and the number of thy righteous hath hitherto exceeded the proportion that was found in the first Sodom.

That evening they went to the opera, where Harry was so captivated by the sentimental meltings and varied harmony of the airs, that he requested Mr. Fenton to permit him to be instructed on some instrument. Not by my advice, my dear, answered Mr. Fenton; I would not wish you to attempt any thing in which you may not excel. Music is a science that requires the application of a man's whole life, in order to arrive at any eminence. As it is enchanting in the hand of a master, it is also discordant and grating in its inferior degrees. Your labours have been employed to much more valuable purposes; and I would not, as they say, give my child's time for a song. Harry instantly acquiesced with the best temper imaginable, as the will of his beloved patron was, truly speaking, his own will; and that he only wanted to know it, to be at all times, and on all occasions, conformable thereto.

A few following days were employed in visiting the tower, in surveying the armory, regalia, &c. in viewing the monument and exchange; and lastly, in contemplating the solemnity of Westminster-abbey, with the marbled effigies and monumental deposits of the renowned in death; the place, as Mr. Fenton affectingly observed, to which all the living must finally adjourn.

The next night they went to the theatre, to see the feats of Signior Volanti, the celebrated Italian posture-master, rope-dancer, and equilibrist. Such wonders are now so common as to be scarcely entertaining; but, at that time, they were received with bursts and roars of applause.

Our hero felt himself attached by the similar excellencies of his own activity in another; and, going behind the scenes, he accosted Volanti in French. Signior, said he, I have been highly entertained by your performance this night, and here are five guineas in return for the pleasure you have given me. The foreigner looked at Harry, and then at the money, with a kind of astonishment. I thank you, noble sir, he cried; my poor endeavours are seldom so liberally rewarded. Pray, how long do you stay with us? said Harry. In about a

fortnight so please your nobleness, I intend to leave London. But, before I go, I would do something to leave a name behind me. A day or two before my departure, I will fly from the spire of St. Clement's church, in the sight of all the people; and this I will do *gratis*, or rather in acknowledgment of the favours I have received in this kingdom. But is it possible to execute what you propose? With all ease and safety, sir; I have done nearly as much, three times in Germany, and once at Madrid.

Here an arch thought struck Harry, and musing a moment, Will you permit me, said he, to be the conductor of this affair? Allow me only to appoint the day, and draw up your advertisement, and I will make you a present of twenty pieces. Agreed, sir, cried Volanti, and twenty thousand thanks to confirm the bargain. Accept these five guineas then, in earnest of my engagement; my servant, here, will tell or shew you where I am to be found. That night at supper, Mr. Fenton remarked an unusual pleasantry in the muscles of his darling's sweetly-sober countenance. My Harry, I find, said he, does not always impart all his secrets to his friends; he has certainly some roguish matter in cogitation. *Magicum calles*, sir, cried Harry; you are a conjurer, that is certain. Why, the public, as you know, sir, have put the fool on me from my birth; Homer says, that revenge is sweet as honey to the taste; and so I am meditating in turn how to put the fool upon the public. And how do you contrive it, Harry? Only by acting the old proverb, that *one fool makes many*. But pray ask me not about the manner, till I bring the business to some bearing.

The next day, being Tuesday, they all went in Mr. Fenton's coach to Smithfield, where numbers of tents were set up, and several drolls and pantomimes, &c. prepared, in imitation of the humours of Bartholomew fair. The weather was fair and calm, and they let down all the glasses, that they might see, without interruption, whatever was to be seen.

Their coach stopped just opposite to an itinerant stage, where a genius, who comprised, within his single person, the two important functions of a tumbler and merry-Andrew, by his successive action and oratory, extorted plaudits and huzzas from all the spectators.

Among the rest a countryman, who rode upon a mule, sat gaping and grinning by intervals, in all the extatic rapture that can be

ascribed to enthusiasm. While his attention was thus riveted, two knavish wags came, and ungirthing his saddle, supported it on either hand, till a third of the fraternity, led his mule away from under him, and a fourth came with a three-legged horse, such as housewives dry their linen on, and having jammed it under the saddle, they all retreated in peace.

The populace were so delighted at this humourous act of felony, that, instead of interrupting it, it only served to redouble their joys and clamours. Harry too, greatly chuckled and laughed at the joke. But when he saw the beast led off, and that the amazed proprietor, on stooping to take the bridle, had fallen precipitately to the ground, his heart twitched him with a kind of compunction; and throwing himself out of the coach, he made all the speed that the press would admit, and recovering the mule, brought it back to its owner.

Here, friend, said he, here is your beast again; take care the next time that they do not steal your teeth. Thank you, master, said the clown, since you have been so honest as to give him to me back, I will never be the one to bring you to the sizes or sessions.

I am much obliged to your clemency, answered Harry; but pray let me have the pleasure of seeing you safe mounted.

So saying, he held the stirrup, while the booby got up, and said, well, my lad, very well, if we happen to meet at Croydon we may take a pot together.

In the evening they adjourned from coffee to David's-harp in Fleet-street, in order to hear Mamulet, the famed Genoese musician, who performed on the psaltery, the viol d'amor, and other instruments not known till then in England.

They took Mr. James with them to partake of the entertainment, and were shewn to a large room, where each paid half-a-crown at the door.

The room was divided into a number of boxes, where each company sat apart, while they were jointly gratified and charmed by the inimitable execution of the musician.

A flask of burgundy was set before Mr. Fenton and his friends, while Mr. Hardy and Mr. Hilton, who sat in the next box, were regaling themselves with a glass of *rosa solis*.

All was silence and attention till there was a pause in the performance.

Then, said Mr. Hardy, do you know, Jack, that the Earl of Albemarle is to have a mask on Monday night? I am sorry to hear it, said Mr. Hilton, as I am obliged to be out of town.

I may happen to save something by that, said Hardy; you must lend me your *domino*. Indeed I cannot; it was torn to fitters in a scuffle, as I came out from the last masquerade.

Lend me your mask then. That too was lost at the same time; but what occasion can you have for a mask, Hardy? I'm sure no one will take that for a natural face.

Mine is the face of Mars, Hilton; your's that of Adonis, with which no modern Venus will ever be smitten, I promise you. I will engage to outrival an army of such jackanapes in an assault on the fair.

If impudence may compensate for the want of other artillery, I believe you may do wonders, Hardy.

And it does compensate, my friend. Women, take my word and experience for it, love nothing of their own resemblance except in the glass. They detest any thing that looks like an ambiguity in the sex. While what you are pleased to call impudence, Jack, spares their modesty, saves them the appearance of an advance on their part, and gives them the pleasure of piquing themselves on their extraordinary virtue, in case they should happen to make a defence. However, since you have complimented me on my assurance, I will put it to the test on this occasion; and go to his Excellency's ball, without any other vizard save this which nature, in her great bounty, hath bestowed.

CHAPTER XX.

Characters of a masquerade—natural curiosity—humorous character—characters of the masquerade—the masquerade.

WHEN our company were on their return to their lodgings, Harry, said Mr. Fenton, would you not like to go to this masquerade? Why, sir, as I have not yet seen one, perhaps it might not be amiss to satisfy my curiosity for once in my life. In truth, said

Mr. Fenton, I wish they never had been introduced into this kingdom, as they are inlets to intrigue, and give countenance to licentiousness. However, for once in your life, as you say, you shall be gratified, my Harry. Be pleased to tell me, sir, are they very entertaining? They would be extremely diverting, my dear, if people acted up to the characters that they pretend to represent. But, on the contrary, they have sailors who don't know a point in the compass, or the name of a rope in the ship; shepherds and shepherdesses, who never eloped from the cockney-dialect of the city; Indian queens who can say nothing as to their subjects or their sovereignty; gods and goddesses totally ignorant of their own history in the mythology; and Italian cardinals, who will swear you in the phrase of a Yorkshire fox-hunter.

But what shall we do for tickets, Harry? I don't care to apply to my friends, for fear of discovering that we are in town.

O, sir, said Mr. James, I am acquainted with his Excellency's major domo, and can procure you as many tickets as you please.

Mr. Fenton assumed to himself, for the present, the appointment of Harry's character and dress. As the plainness of your garb has hitherto, said he, been a mask and disguise to your internal ornaments, the brilliancy of your dress shall now, on the other hand, disguise and conceal the simplicity of your manners.

About two hours before the opening of the ball, Harry wrapped himself in a black *domino*, and stepped into a hackney-coach with Mr. James, who had promised to introduce him to his friend, in order for him to reconnoitre the several scenes of operation before the action began.

The major domo received Harry with the utmost complacence; for he held his mask in his hand, and the loveliness of his aspect shone with peculiar lustre through the blackness of his attire.

After surveying several apartments, they passed through the long room, and entered, by an arched gateway, into a kind of saloon, at the upper end of which was a pedestal of about five feet in height, whereon a celebrated statue of the Hercules Farnese had formerly stood.

Harry eyed it attentively, and, conceiving a sudden frolic, he instantly cast away his cloak, clapped on his mask and winged helmet, grasped his caduceus with his right hand, and, laying his

left on the top of the pedestal, sprung lightly up, and threw himself into that attitude to which the statuaries have formed their Mercury when just preparing for flight.

His headpiece was of thinly-plated but polished gold, buckled together at the joining by four burning carbuncles. His silk jacket exceeded the tint of an Egyptian sky. It was braced close to his body with emerald clasps, that shewed the fitness of his proportion to inimitable advantage; and over the whole, in celestial confusion, were sown stars, of different magnitudes, all powdered with diamonds.

The moment that Harry cast himself into his posture, the major domo started back seven or eight paces, and, raising his hands with staring eyes, and a mouth of open amazement, at length he exclaimed, stay a little, my dear sweet master! do now, do but stay just as you are for a minute, and you will oblige me past expression. I will be your own for ever.

So saying, he turned off, and, running to an adjacent apartment, where their Majesties, with the Princess of Denmark, the Princess of Hesse, and the chief of the court, were gathered; he told his master aloud, that he had the greatest curiosity to shew him that human eye ever beheld!

All rose with precipitation, and crowded after the earl and the royal pair, as close as decency would admit, till they came to the saloon, and beheld, with astonishment, the person, shape, attitude and attire of our hero.

Some doubted, but most believed, that he was a real statue, placed there by his Excellency on purpose for a surprise.

Mr. Fielding, who was the acknowledged connoisseur of the age, and was in fact, what the people of taste call an *elegans formarum spectator*, exclaimed with some vehemency, Never, never did I behold such beauty of symmetry, such roundings of angles; where, where, my lord, could you get this inestimable acquisition? Others cried, Phidias, Phidias, never executed the like; all the works of Praxiteles were nothing to it!

The earl, however, was well apprised of the deception, and knew that our Mercury was no part of his property. Son of Maia, said he aloud, what tidings from Heaven?—A message, answered Harry, from my father Jupiter to their majesties.—And pray what may your errand intend?—Matters of the highest importance; that they

EARL OF MORELAND



Harry at the Masquerade

Drawn and Engraved by J. Heath for Gleason's Edition

are the favourite representatives of my father upon earth; and that while their majesties continue the monarchs of a free and willing people, they are greater than if they were regents of an universe of slaves. All buzzed their applause and admiration. It must be he, whispered the king;—it can be no other, cried the queen. Albemarle, whispered his majesty, we have marked this youth for our own; keep your eye upon him, and do your best endeavours to engage and bind him to us.

In the mean time, Harry, on delivering his celestial message, flew like a feather from his post, and, casting his cloak about him, vanished into an adjoining closet.

The company now began to gather fast, and Harry, stealing from his retreat, kept his cloud about his sky, and mingled in the crowd.

Mr. Clement had accompanied Mr. Fenton in *dominos*. They soon discovered Harry, and were highly diverted by the account which he gave them of his metamorphosis into a statue.

While the assembly was dividing into pairs and chatty parties, a phenomenon entered, that drew all their attention. The Honourable Major Gromley, the lustiest and fattest young man in the kingdom, advanced without a mask in petticoats, a slobbering bib, and apron. He carried a large round of bread and butter in one hand, while Lady Betsy Minit, an elderly miss of about three feet high, held his leading-strings with her left hand, and, in her right, brandished a birch rod of lengthened authority. His governante pressed him forward, and seemed to threaten chastisement for his delay; while the jolly, broad, foolish, humourous, half-laughing, half-crying, baby-face of the major, extorted peals of laughter from all who were present. And this is sufficient to convince us, that the performers of the ancient drama could not possibly, in masks, excite the passions of nature. No excellence of voice or gesture, of action or emphasis, could compensate for the exclusion of the immediate interpreters of the soul, the living speech of the eye, and varied expression of the countenance.

After the major had leisurely traversed the full length of the room, and inimitably executed the whole of his part, he retired to undress, and assume a new appearance.

Mean-while, two females entered in very unusual habits. The first was dressed in a choice collection of old English and Scots

ballads, from Chevy-chace and the fragment of Hardi-Canute, down to Barbara Allen, and the Babes in the Wood. The other was all hung from top to bottom with looking-glasses.

Immediately the crowd gathered about them. All who were fond of their own history preferable to that of others paid their homage, in a circling throng, to the queen of the looking glasses; while the few who preferred instruction were intent in perusing the fair who was covered with knowledge. But the lady of the mirrors did not long retain her votaries; her glasses were all emblems of her own disposition; they were the glasses of scandal and calumny, and represented the human species in the most distorted view: some lengthened and some widened their objects beyond measure, while others wholly inverted and turned them topsy-turvy. All slunk away in disgust from such prospects of their own persons, and the reflecting lady was justly left to glitter apart from society.

The next who entered was a Goliath, all sheathed in complete steel. He advanced with slow and majestic steps to the side-board, and asking for a flask of champaign, turned it down without taking it once from his head. He then demanded another, and another, and so on, till the provedore, who had looked and longed in vain to see him drop, ran panic-struck to his master, and, in a half whisper, said, my lord, your cellars will scarcely suffice to quench the thirst of one man here; he has already turned down fifteen flasks of champaign, and still is unsatisfied, and calls for more. Then give him fifteen hogsheads, replied the earl laughing, and, if that will not answer, send out for more.

In the mean time, the mailed champion had withdrawn from the side-board, and, with a large drinking-glass in his hand, advanced till he got into the midst of the assembly. He then turned a little instrument that was fixed in a certain part of his double-cased armour, and filling the glass to the brim, he unclasped the lower part of his beaver, and accosting a Peruvian princess, who stood just opposite, Permit me the honour, madam, says he, of drinking your highness's health: so saying, the liquor was out of sight in a twinkling. Will your royal highness, continued he, be pleased to try how you relish our European wine? I am obliged to you, sir, said she, I am actually athirst; then, raising her mask below, she pledged him to the bottom. Her companion, a shining Arcadian,

advanced and requested the same favour. Then another, and another lady, and several others in successiou, all of whom he graciously gratified, till he was nearly exhausted. Some of the men then pressed to him, and intreated for a glass: No, no, gentlemen, said he, go and be served elsewhere; I am a merchant for ladies alone, I import no liquors for vile male animals.

Our former acquaintance, Mr. Hardy, had adventured, according to promise, without a mask. After looking about a while for some object of his gallantry, he fixed upon a lady of a very elegant shape and sprightly appearance.

When they had bandied between them some occasional chat, of more smartness than humour, and more wit than meaning, he called for a favourite air, and led the fair one a minuet, in which they both performed *assez bien*.

He now began to grow more warm in his addresses. If your face, madam, said he, should happen to be answerable to the enchantments of your form, and the syren in your voice, I beseech you to keep that mask on for ever; the safety of mankind is interested in my request. But suppose, said she, that my face should happen to prove an antidote to the danger of my other charms? Then, madam, let me see it by all means, and make haste, I pray you, before I am past remedy. I see, said she, tittering, I see that you are already more than half a dying man; poor wretch, I pity you, and I have taken it into my head to slay you outright, in order to put you out of pain.

So saying, she drew her mask on one side, and shewed him, indeed a very lovely countenance. But while his flood of complimentary eloquence was just upon breaking forth, Hush, sir, cried the lady, I will not hear a syllable, till you first return the compliment that I have paid you, and what you have got under that vizard of yours. Here, Hardy, in spite of impudence, stood mute with astonishment. The lady burst into a laugh; the joke was caught, and spread like wild-fire; the laugh grew universal; all eyes were on poor Hardy, and a hundred tongues cried at once, Your mask, sir, your mask; take off your mask, for the lady! This was something more than human assurance could stand. Hardy retired with precipitate confusion, and justly suffered for the presumption of his boasted facility of conquests over the fair.

Our hero had hitherto kept himself concealed, being secretly ashamed of the lustre of his apparel; but, at Mr. Fenton's desire, he laid his cloak aside, and instantly all the eyes of the assembly, were upon him. In order to avoid their gaze, he advanced into the throng, where a parcel of circling females asked him a number of insignificant questions, to which he returned, in kind, answers pretty nearly as insignificant.

At length a Diana approached, whose diamond-crescent was of the value of a princely ransom. She took him carelessly by the hand, and said, Come, brother Mercury, let us give these mortals a sample of what we celestials can perform.

Lead where you please, madam, said Harry, I cannot miss my way, while I tread in the light of so fair a moon.

The lady called to the orchestre for a saraband; and all made ample room, attentive to the motions of the shining pair.

The dance began, and the spectators in a manner suppressed their breathing, for fear of giving or receiving the smallest interruption. The performers stepped music, their action was grace, and they seemed with difficulty retained to the floor over which they moved. They ended, and the assembly was still mute with astonishment, till they broke out into a general murmur of praise.

Mr. Mercury, said Diana, the story of Argus tells us, that you were formerly accustomed to set folk to sleep; but, for the present you have opened all eyes to observation.

Ah! madam, answered Harry, could I have guessed at the moon that was to shine this night, I should have assumed a very different character. What character, I pray you? That of Endymion, madam. I wish, she whispered, that you were a prince, or that I were a peasant; and, so saying, she turned from him, and mixed in the crowd.

Harry was next addressed by a shepherdess, and again by a nun. But he declined, as honourably as he could, to tend the flock of the one, or to be the cause of any breach of vows in the other; observing to her, that she had already taken the veil. The boy is a FOOL, said she; I know it, said Harry.

A gipsej then accosted, and taking him by the hand, Will you be pleased, sir, to be told your fortune? said she. By no means, my sweet-voiced Cassandra, answered Harry; I would avoid, above all things, prying into futurity. Knowledge, sir, is surely desirable,

and above all, foreknowledge. Not so, said Harry; foreknowledge of evil would but double the misery; and foreknowledge of good would deprive me of hope by certainty; and hope is a blessing, perhaps, preferable to possession. Tell me, sir, and tell me truly, did you ever yet see the girl that you could like? Yes, madam, two or three, for whom I have conceived a very tender friendship, but no one yet for whom I have conceived a passion. Ah! then, Mr. Mercury, said the gentle prophetess, I have only to desire the last cast of your office; when I am dead, be so grateful as to waft my friendly spirit to the shades of Elysium, there to join Dido, and other unfortunate lovers.

So saying, she turned and retired, with a sigh that entered and sunk into the heart of our hero.

The company now began to depart; when the Earl of Albemarle, coming up to Harry, took him a little apart, and, throwing his arm over his shoulder, pressed him to him, and said, My dear fellow, you have done me singular honour this night; pray double the favour to me, by letting me see you again speedily, and as often as you can. For the present, you must not go, till their majesties have spoken with you. Not to night, so please your excellency, answered Harry; at all other times I shall be ready to attend and serve their majesties, without any mask.

CHAPTER XXI.

Visit to the Tower—the Lion and the Dog—God is beauty and beneficence—all things pregnant with God.

THE next morning Mr. Fenton was much surprised by a visit from the great man. During breakfast the earl pressed eagerly for Harry's attendance at court, and promised every advantage and honour that the crown could bestow.

You must pardon me, my lord, said Mr. Fenton. I am willing to advance to you two hundred thousand pounds more toward his majesty's present expedition against the French, whom I look upon to be our natural and salutary enemies. They are as Carthage was to Rome: they hold us in exercise, and keep a quarrelsome people from falling out among themselves. Indeed, my lord, I am desirous of gratifying my royal master with any thing except the sacri-

fice of my child. I cannot part with him till his education is completed; and then, if he answers my expectations, I doubt I may be more unwilling to part with him than ever.

In the afternoon, our company went again to the Tower, to see, as well as to hear, the recent story of the great lion and the little dog.

They found the place thronged, and all were obliged to pay treble prices, on account of the unprecedented novelty of the shew; so that the keeper, in a short space, acquired a little fortune.

The great cage in the front was occupied by a beast, who, by way of pre-eminence, was called the king's lion; and, while he traversed the limits of his straitened dominions, he was attended by a small and very beautiful black spaniel, who frisked and gambolled about him, and at times would pretend to snarl and bite at him; and again the noble animal, with an air of fond complacence, would hold down his head, while the creature licked his formidable chops. Their history, as the keeper related, was this.

It was customary for all, who were unable or unwilling to pay their sixpence, to bring a dog or cat as an oblation to the beast in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others, a fellow had caught up this pretty black spaniel in the streets, and he was accordingly thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled and shivered, and crouched, and threw itself on its back, and put forth its tongue, and held up its paws, in supplicatory attitudes, as an acknowledgment of superior power, and praying for mercy. In the mean time, the lordly brute, instead of devouring it, beheld it with an eye of philosophic inspection. He turned it over with one paw, and then turned it with the other; and smelled to it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family-dinner; but the lion kept aloof, and refusing to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him as it were to be his taster.

At length, the little animal's fears being something abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and, with trembling, ventured to eat. The lion then advanced gently, and began to partake, and they finished their meal very lovingly together.

From this day the strictest friendship commenced between them; a friendship consisting of all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep, within the fangs, and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

A gentleman who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to reclaim his dog.

You see, sir, said the keeper, it would be a great pity to part such loving friends: However, if you insist upon your property, you must even be pleased to take him yourself: it is a task that I would not engage in for five hundred guineas. The gentleman rose into great wrath, but finally chose to decline, rather than have a personal dispute with the lion.

As Mr. Fenton had a curiosity to see the two friends eat together, he sent for twenty pounds of beef, which was accordingly cut in pieces, and given into the cage; when immediately the little brute, whose appetite happened to be eager at the time, was desirous of making a monopoly of the whole, and putting his paws upon the meat, and grumbling and barking, he audaciously flew in the face of the lion. But the generous creature, instead of being offended by his impotent companion, started back, and seemed terrified at the fury of his attack, neither attempted to eat a bit till his favorite had tacitly given permission.

When they were both gorged, the lion stretched and turned himself, and lay down in an evident posture for repose; but this his sportive companion would not permit. He frisked and gamboled about him, barked at him, would now scrape and tear at his head with his claws, and again seize him by the ear, and bite and pull away; while the noble beast appeared affected by no other sentiment save that of pleasure and complaisance.

But let us proceed to the tragic catastrophe of this extraordinary story: a story still known to many, as delivered down by tradition from father to son.

In about twelve months, the little spaniel sickened and died, and left his loving patron the most desolate of creatures. For a time, the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favorite was asleep. He would continue to smell at him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paw; but finding that

all his efforts to awake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace, then stop, and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard; and again lift his head on high, and open his horrible throat, and prolong a roar, as of distant thunder, for several minutes together.

They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcase from him: he watched it perpetually, and would suffer nothing to touch it. The keeper then endeavoured to tempt him with variety of victuals, but he turned from all that was offered with loathing. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their members on the floor. His passion being thus inflamed, he would dart his fangs into the boards, and pluck away large splinters, and again grapple at the bars of his cage, and seemed enraged at his restraint from tearing the world to pieces.

Again, as quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, and gather him in with his paws, and put him to his bosom; and then utter under roars of such terrible melancholy, as seemed to threaten all around, for the loss of his little playfellow, the only friend, the only companion, that he had upon earth.

For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance, or admitting any comfort; till, one morning, he was found dead, with his head lovingly reclined on the carcase of his little friend. They were both interred together, and their grave plentifully watered by the tears of the keeper, and his loudly lamenting family. But, to return.

When our company were on their way from the tower to their lodgings, Sir, said Harry, what we have just seen reminds me of the opinion of my friend Peter Patience, that one who is fearless cannot be provoked. You saw how that little teasing, petulent wretch, had the insolence to fly in the face of his benefactor, without offending or exciting in him any kind of resentment.

True, Harry, for the lion was sensible that his testy companion was little and impotent, and depended upon him, and had confidence in his clemency, and therefore he loved him with all his faults. Anger, however, in some cases, is not only allowable, but becomes a duty. The scripture says, "Be angry, but sin not."—We ought to feel and fear for others; and last, violence, and op-

pression of every sort, will excite the indignation of a generous and benevolent person, though he may not fear for himself.

After supper, Harry appeared to ruminate, and said, How comes it, sir, that creatures not endued with reason or conscience, shall yet, in the affections that are peculiarly called humane, exceed even most of the human species? You have seen that it was the case between the lion and the little dog.

It was the opinion, my Harry, of an ancient philosopher, that God was the soul and spirit of brutes; and this he judged from observing, that what we call instinct was incomparably wiser, more sagacious, and more accomplishing for attaining its end, throughout its sphere of action, than the most perfect human reason.—Now, had this philosopher, instead of saying, that God was the soul of brutes, barely alleged, that he ruled and dictated within them, he would not have gone a tittle wide of the truth.

God indeed, is himself the beauty and the benefit of all his works. As they cannot exist but in him and by him, so his impression is upon them, and his impregnation is through them.

Though the elements, and all that we know of nature and creature, have a mixture of natural and physical evil; God is, however, throughout, an eternal, though often a hidden, principle of good, and never wholly departs from his right of dominion and operation in his creatures; but is, and is alone, the beauty and beneficence, the whole glory and graciousness, that can possibly be in them.

As the apostle says, “The invisible things of God are made manifest by the things that are seen.” He is the secret and central light that kindles up the sun, his dazzled representative; and he lives, enlightens, and comforts, in the diffusion of his beams.

His spirit inspires and actuates the air, and is in it a breath of life to all its creatures. He blooms in the blossom, and unfolds in the rose. He is fragrance in flowers, and flavour in fruits. He holds infinity in the hollow of his hand, and opens his world of wonders in the minims of nature. He is the virtue of every heart that is softened by a sense of pity, or touch of benevolence.—He cooes in the turtle, and bleats in the lamb; and, through the paps of the stern bear, and implacable tygress, he yields forth the milk of loving-kindness to their little ones. Even, my Harry, when we hear the delicious enchantments of music, it is but an external

sketch, a distant and faint echo, of those sentimental and rapturous tunings that rise up, throughout the immensity of our God, from eternity to eternity.

Thus all things are secretly pregnant with their God. And the lover of sinners, the universal Redeemer, is a principle of good within them, that contends with the malignity of their lapsed state. And thus, as the apostle speaks, 'All nature is in travail, and groaneth to be delivered from the evil;' till the breath of the love of God shall kindle up the final fire, out of which the new heavens and new earth shall come forth, as gold seven times refined, to shine for ever and ever!

CHAPTER XXII.

First day of April—flight of Volanti—general hospital—a plan for an asylum—Clement meets Mr. Goodville—altercation with Mr. Mole—Harry knocks down Mr. Mole—unhappiness produced from passion—salvation by Christ—power of Christ—Lucifer and Adam's fall—creation—two thieves on the cross—mercy of deliverance—humanity of Christ—God a God of love—man's connection with Jesus—predictions concerning Christ—the divinity of Christ.

HARRY, agreeably to his covenant with Signor Volanti, had penned the following advertisement, and inserted it in all the public papers, to wit:—

'On Saturday next, between the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon, the celebrated Dominico Jachimo Tonino Volanti will take his flight from the spire of St. Clement's steeple, and alight at the distance of two bows shot, on the strand; and this he will perform before the eyes of all people.'

On the impatiently-expected morning, Harry took Mr. Clement with him in a hackney-chaise, and found an innumerable concourse, as well of the gentry in their carriages, as of the populace on foot. London had poured forth its numbers to behold this astonishing flight. The windows were all eyes on every side, and the house-tops were hung with clusters of people as of bees.

After Harry had surveyed the crowd with inward titillation, he whispered to Clement, and said, You shall see, now, what a sudden discomfiture I will make of this huge army.

He then put forth his head, and said to all around, Do not ye perceive, my friends, what fools we are all made? Do not ye remember that this is the *first of April*?

He had scarce spoken the words, when they spread from man to man, and soon were muttered throughout the assembly. And then louder, and more loud, the *first of April*, the *first of April*, was repeated all about.

The company now began to be in motion. All heads were instantly withdrawn from the late thronged windows, and the house-tops began to be cleared with a shameful caution.

Immediately was heard the rolling of many wheels, and the lashing of many whips; while every coachman pressed through the crowd, impatient to deliver his honourable freight from the public shame. But the public now began to relish a joke that was so much against their betters; and in peals of laughter, and united shouts of triumphs, they echoed and re-echoed after them, *April fools! April fools!*

Among others, Lord Bottom had come with his friend Rakely, in an elevated phaeton, of which his lordship was charioteer. As they happened to brush close by Harry's carriage, swearing, and puffing, and lashing, and cursing at the crowd, Harry cried to his old enemy, You need not be in so violent a hurry, my lord; perhaps you are not so great a FOOL as you imagine.

The fools of fashion were scarcely withdrawn, when a long and strong rope was let down from the top of the steeple, to which it was fastened at the upper end. A man, then, laying hold on it below, dragged it along through the crowd, and braced it, at a great distance, to an iron ring that was stapled into a post, purposely sunk on a level with the pavement. They then brought a large and well-stuffed feather-bed, and fixed it under the cord where it joined the ring.

In the mean-time Volanti appeared on the top of the steeple, and, bending cautiously forward, and getting the cord within an iron groove that was braced to his bosom, he pushed himself onward, and with a kindling rapidity, flew over the heads of the shouting multitude, poising himself with expanded legs and arms, as he

passed, till he was landed, without damage, on his yielding receiver. And, in the very next papers, Harry published the following advertisement, to wit:

‘ Before the first of April next, Signor Dominico Jachimo Tonino Volanti, by the help of canvas wings contrived for the purpose, proposes to fly over-sea from Dover to Calais, and invites all his London friends to come and see him set out.’

Harry had now seen whatever London could exhibit of elegant, curious, or pleasing; and Mr. Fenton judged it time to hold up to him the melancholy reverse of this picture; to shew him the *house of mourning, the end of all men*; to shew him the dreary shades and frightful passages of mortality, which humanity shudders to think of, but through which human nature of necessity must go.

For this purpose he took him to the GENERAL HOSPITAL, where death opened all his gates, and shewed himself in all his forms. But the great poet, on this occasion, has anticipated all description:

————— Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appear'd—sad, noisome, dark.
 A lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
 Of glastly spasm, of racking, torture, qualms
 Of heart-sick agony—all fev'rous kinds,
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 Intestine stone and ulcer; colic pangs,
 Dæmoniac phrenzy; moping melancholy,
 And moon-struck madness; pining atrophy,
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groan—Despair
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invoc'd
 With vows, as their chief good.

MILTON.

While Mr. Fenton led his pupil through groaning galleries, and the chambers of death and disease, Harry let down the leaf of his hat, and drew it over his eyes, to conceal his emotions.

All that day he was silent, and his countenance downcast; and, at night, he hastened to bed, where he wept a large tribute to the mournfully, inevitable condition of man's miserable state upon earth.

The next day Mr. Fenton took him to the Bethlehem-hospital for idiots and lunatics. But when Harry beheld and contemplated objects so shocking to thought, so terrible to sight; when he had contemplated, I say, the ruin above all ruins, human intelligence and human reason so fearfully overthrown; where the ideas of the the soul, though distorted and misplaced, are quick and all alive to horror and agony, he grew sick and turned pale, and suddenly catching his uncle by the arm, Come, sir, let us go, said he, I can stand this no longer.

When they had reached home, and that Harry was more composed, Are all the miseries, sir, said he, that we have witnessed these two days, the consequences of sin? Even so, indeed, my Harry; all these, and thousands more, equally pitiable and disgusting, are the natural progeny of that wo-begetting parent. Nor are those miseries confined to hospitals alone; every house, nay every bosom, is a certain though secret lazarus-house, where the sick-couch is preparing, with all the dismal apparatus, for tears and lamentations, for agonies and death.

Since that is the case, sir, who would laugh any more? Is it not like feasting in the midst of famine, and dancing amidst the tombs?

All things in their season, my dear, provided that those who laugh be as though they laughed not, remembering that they must weep; and provided that those who weep be as though they wept not, having joy in their knowledge, that the fashion of this world quickly passeth away.

On the following day Mr. Fenton returned to Hampstead, leaving Harry and Mr. Clement ability to indulge the benevolence of their hearts.

One evening, as our companions were drinking tea in the Temple-Exchange Coffee-house, a man advanced in years, but of a very respectable appearance, got up, and addressed the assembly:

Gentlemen, said he, among the several hospitals and other charitable foundations that have done honour to the humanity of the inhabitants of this city, there is one still wanting, which, as I con-

ceive, above all others, would give distinction to the beneficence of its founders; it is a house for repenting prostitutes, an asylum for unhappy wretches, who have no other home, to whom all doors are shut, to whom no haven is open, no habitation, or hole for rest, upon the face of the earth.

Most of them have been seduced from native innocence and modesty, by the arts of cruel men. Many have been deceived under promises and vows of marriage; some under the appearance of the actual ceremony, and afterwards abandoned, or turned forth to infamy by their barbarous and base undoers. Shall no place then be left for repentance, even to those who do repent? Forbid it charity, forbid it manhood. Man is born the natural protector of the weakness of woman; and if he has not been able to guard her innocence from invasion, he ought at least to provide a reception for her return to virtue.

I have the plan of this charitable foundation in my pocket; and, if any of you gentlemen approve my proposal, and are willing to subscribe, or to solicit your friends to so beneficent a purpose, I request your company to the tavern over the way.

Here the speaker walked toward the door, and was followed by Harry and Clement, and thirteen or fourteen more of the assembly.

When the company was seated round a large table, the gentleman produced his plan, with a summary of the rules and institutes for the conduct of the house, which he proposed to call the Magdalene-house: a plan which hath since been espoused, and happily executed by others, without ascribing any of the merit to the first projector.

As all present applauded the manner of the scheme, and intention of the charity, each of them subscribed from a hundred to twenty pounds, till it came to Harry's turn, who subscribed a thousand pounds in Mr. Fenton's name.

I suppose, sir, said one of the company, that your largest contributions will arise from the ladies, as the whole is intended for the benefit of the sex. I shall not, answered the gentleman, apply to a single lady on this occasion. Not one of them will dare to contribute a penny, lest it should be thought that they partly allow, in themselves, the vices that they can pardon or patronize in others. It is this that makes the case of the wretches, whom we are about to befriend, deplorable beyond measure. They are first

betrayed by our sex, and then driven out to irretrievable infamy and misery by their own. For women to women are as turkeys to turkeys; do but cast a little dirt upon the head of any one of them, and the rest of the flock combine, in an instant, to pick out her eyes, and to tear her to pieces.

Mr. Mole, a learned philosopher, and a man of principal figure in the present company, then addressed the projector, and said, If you will admit me, sir, into partnership in the conduct of your scheme, I will engage to levy contributions to the amount of some thousands, over and above the hundred I have already subscribed. You are heartily welcome, sir, replied the gentleman, either to join or take the conduct of the whole upon yourself; provided the good is done, I care not by what means; all my ends will be answered; I wish to be nameless. That is not fair neither, said another of the company; you, Mr. Goodville, had the trouble of contriving this business, and you ought, at least, to have the honour, if not the conduct, of your own plan.

Mr. Goodville! Mr. Goodville! exclaimed Clement in a surprise, eagerly staring at him, and recollecting, as from a dream, the altered features of his quondam friend and benefactor. Pray, sir, do you remember any thing of one Clement, a worthless young fellow, whom once in your goodness you condescended to patronize? Clement! Clement! cried Mr. Goodville, getting up and hastening to him, and catching him in his arms, My dear, my dear Clement, my man of merit and misfortunes, how rejoiced am I to find you! God be praised, God be praised, it is at length in my power to do something material for you. But come with me to another room, I have something to say to you; we will leave these gentlemen the while to think further of the plan that lies before them.

When Mr. Goodville and Clement had withdrawn, Mr. Mole, said one of the company, you are concerned in a number of these public benefactions. Yes, gentlemen, answered Mole, I believe there is no charitable institution of any note in London in which I am not a trustee, and to which I am not a contributor. For, though I do not set up for sanctification by faith, yet I think I may pretend to some justification by charity. Let the vulgar herd pay their priesthood for cheating them out of their senses, I give nothing to the fat impostors, or their lucrative fable; my substance

is little enough for myself and the poor. Why, pray, sir, said Harry, are you not a Christian? No indeed, master, answered Mole, nor is any man who has sense enough to think for himself. Be pleased then, cried Harry, to hand me that paper a moment; here, sir, I dash my name and contribution from the list of the subscribers.— He who denies *glory to God in the highest*, can never have *peace or good-will toward men*; and so, sir, you shall never be the almoner of a penny of my money.

You talk as you look, my dear, cried Mole; like one just eloped from the nursery, where you were frightened by tales of ghosts and hobgoblins. I acknowledge, gentlemen, the benefit and beauty of mortality in its fullest extent; and had Jesus, the Christian prophet, confined himself to his system of moral precepts, I think he would justly have been esteemed the greatest philosopher and legislator that every breathed. But when he, or rather his disciples in his name, in order to enhance the authority of their mission, pretended to divinity in their master, the low-bred and ignorant wretches pulled together against the grain, and compounded such a strange medley of fighting inconsistencies, and self-evident absurdities, as are wholly eversive of every principle of right reason and common sense. They taught, that God was made a man; That, in order to expiate the sins of the world, the innocent was appointed to suffer for the guilty; that the sins of all offenders were to be imputed to one who had never offended; and that the righteousness of him who had never offended, was to be imputed to criminals of the deepest dye; that the Creator submitted himself to the malignity of his creatures, and that God himself died a shameful death on the cross. And this, gentlemen, makes such a heap of ridiculous incoherencies, such contradictions in sense and terms, as exceeds even the worship of apes and serpents, leeks and onions, and the other garbage of Egypt.

You are a villain, and a thief, and a liar, cried Harry, altogether inflamed with cholera. Mole, on hearing these terms of highest affront and reproach, instantly caught up a bottle, and threw it at our hero's head: but it happily missed him, and only bruised the fleshy part of the shoulder of the gentleman who sat next. Harry instantly sprung up, and made at Mole, while the company rose also, and attempted to interfere; but some he cast on one hand, and some on the other, and, overturning such as directly opposed him,

he reached Mole, and, with one blow of his fist on the temple, laid him motionless along the floor. Then looking down on his adversary, I should be sorry, said he, that the wretch should die in his present state of reprobacy; here, drawer, run quickly, and bring me a surgeon. Then, returning to his place, he sat down with great composure.

After a pause, he looked around; I hope, gentlemen, said he, that none of you are hurt. Indeed I am much concerned for having, in any degree, contributed to your disturbance: But, had any of you a dear benefactor and patron, to whom you were bound beyond measure, whom you loved and honoured above all things, could you bear to hear him defamed and vilified to your face? No, certainly, answered one man: No man could bear it, cried another: But, pray, asked a third, how came you to call the gentleman a thief? Because, replied our hero, he attempted to rob me of my whole estate. He endeavoured to thieve from me the only friend I had in the universe, the friend of my heart, the peace and rest of my bosom; my infinite treasure, my never-ending delight! the friend without whom I would not choose to be; without whom existence would become a curse and an abhorrence unto me.—Happy young creature, exclaimed an elderly gentleman, I understand you; you mean your Christ, and my Christ; the friend who has already opened his early heaven within you.

By this time Mr. Mole began to move; whereupon Harry rose, and putting his hand in his pocket, Here, gentlemen, said he, is one guinea for the surgeon, and another for the reckoning. When my companion returns, be pleased to tell him I am gone to our lodgings; for I will not stay to hold further converse or altercation with that bane of society, that pest, which the rulers in darkness have commissioned to spread contagion, distemper, and death, among men.

Harry went early to bed, but lay restless, and much disturbed in his spirit all night. Mr. Clement had heard the particulars of our hero's behaviour, which he partly disapproved; but as he saw him already dejected, he did not choose to expostulate with him for the present.

The next day they returned to Hampstead, where Mr. Fenton, notwithstanding the constrained smiles of his Harry, observed an unusual cloud and uneasiness in his countenance. I want to speak

with you, my love, said he; and beckoning him into his closet, he took him affectionately by the hand, and made him sit beside him. What is the matter, my dear, said he, looking concernedly in his face; what is it that has disturbed the peace of the bosom of my beloved?

Ah! sir, cried Harry, I am indeed very unhappy. I doubt that I am partly losing my faith, and the fear of that has given me inexpressible horror. It is like tearing me from a fort, out of which there is no home or rest for me in the universe.

Here Harry made a recital of the late affair to his patron, and having closed his narrative, Is not this very wonderful, sir, said he, how or where in the world could this Mole have mustered together such arguments against reason, such appearances against truth? How must the vulgar and illiterate be staggered by such objections, when even I, who have been bred, as I may say, at the feet of Gamaliel, have not been able to answer them, otherwise than by the chastisement which the blasphemer received at my hand?

Here Mr. Fenton smiled, and said, do not be alarmed my love. We shall quickly dispel the thin mists of infidelity that were collected to shut the Sun of Righteousness from your eye. I confess, indeed, that this spawn of Antichrist has compiled a summary of all that has ever been uttered against 'the Lamb who was slain from the foundation of the world;' yet he is but a Mole in nature as well as name; and he, with his brother moles, know no more, and see no further, than the little heap of dirt and rubbish, that the working of their own purblind and floundering reason hath cast about them.

Sacred depths and stupendous mysteries belong to this matter, and when you are able to bear them, they shall be clearly and fully unfolded to you, my Harry: in the mean space, a few simple observations will suffice to re-establish the peace of your sweet and pious heart.

As christianity was instituted for the salvation of the vulgar, the principal truths thereof are very obvious and plain, and want no learning, no letters, to inculcate or teach them. They speak the language of nature, and all nature is expressive of the sense and the sound thereof. Whatever is within you, whatever is without you, cries aloud for a Saviour. For sin hath been as the Mezentius, of whom you read in Virgil, who bound the bodies of the dead to the

persons of the living. Thus it is that the sin of fallen angels, and of fallen man, hath bound change and corruption, distemperature and death, to the elements, to the vegetables, to animals, and even to the immortal image of God himself in the humanity; so that all things cry out with the apostle St. Paul, 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' So that all things cry out with the apostle St. Peter, 'Save, Lord, or I perish!'

These are inevitable truths, my Harry, which all men, at some time, must feel throughout their existence, whether they read them or not. And he alone, who never experienced, nor never shall experience frailty, error, sickness, pain, anguish, or dissolution, is exempt from our solar system of salvation from sin.

But what sort of a Saviour is it, for whom all things cry so loudly? Is it a dry moralist, a legislator of bare and external precepts, such as your mole-philosopher required our Christ to be? No, my darling, no. The influence and existence of the Redeemer of nature must, at least, be as extensive as nature herself.

Things are defiled and corrupted throughout; they are distempered and devoted to death from the inmost essence of their being; and nothing, under him, in whom they live and move, and have their being, can redeem them, can restore them.

O sir, exclaimed Harry, (his countenance brightening up,) why could I not think of this? I should then have been able to foil my malignant adversary, even at his own weapons.

Our Jesus himself, continued Mr. Fenton, appeals to the truth I have told you, where he says to the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee. But when the Pharisees thereupon concluded that he blasphemed, he demonstrated his influence in and over the soul by the sensible evidence of his operation and influence in and over the body. Why reason ye in your hearts? said Jesus; Whether is it easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Rise up and walk? Then said he to the sick of the palsy, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go to thine house. And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he had been carried, and departed to his own house, glorifying God.

Here it was necessary for the performance of this wonderful and instantaneous cure, that Jesus should instantly operate in and through every member, nerve, and fibre, of the sick of the palsy. And it

was equally necessary, for that purpose, that the sick of the palsy should have lived, and have had his being in Jesus. In like manner, also, his sins must have been pardoned, by an inward salvation, by imparting to the will of the sinner a new and rectified will, and by informing his spirit with a detestation of evil, and a love of goodness and virtue.

But, pray, sir, if it is not too profound a mystery for me, be pleased to inform me, how God could be made man? for this was one of the principal objections of Mole.

God was never made man, my Harry. God cannot be debased. He could not degrade himself by any change into manhood, though he could exalt and assume humanity into God. Neither could God die or suffer. To this Christ himself, who was God and man, bears testimony; where he cries out, in the agonies of his suffering humanity, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me.' And again, where, crying with a loud voice he said, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.'—But you are leading me something deeper than I choose to go, for the present.

From eternity, God saw, that should he produce any creatures in his own image, to be glorious by his likeness, and happy by his communication, he must of necessity create them intelligent and free; and that consequently as creatures, they must be finite; and that, as creatures who were free, they would also be fallible.

He therefore saw that all might fall, and he also foresaw that some would fall. But his graciousness had provided *two infallible remedies* for this evil of fallibility. He had provided a *Saviour*, and he had also provided *suffering*. The *Saviour* was to restore them by an inward redemption, by a re-infusion and new birth of his own nature in their essence. And *suffering* was to prepare and open his way, by humbling their pride, by mortifying their lust, and thus compelling them to unfold their hearts to their own happiness.

Indeed, had no creature ever fallen, God could not have been duly glorified to all eternity. Millions of his infinitely amiable qualities must have lain an inscrutable secret to worlds upon worlds. While all his creatures were happy in him, and participated of him, no distinction could be duly made between them and their Creator. Had evil never been, goodness would have sunk unspeakably in the sense of its value, which is now infinitely

heightened and glorified by the contrast. Free grace and free mercy on the part of our God, and penitence and thanksgiving on the part of humbled sinners, would have been prevented of their thousand endearing connections. And all the amities and charities throughout the brotherhood of man; all the melting and fond relations which the vine Christ infuses throughout his engrafted branches, bearing blossoms and fruits of divine fragrance and flavour, must ever have remained, unblest, and as dead, from eternity to eternity.

But our God, my child, is as powerful as he is gracious and wise, to bring light out of darkness, and life out of death, and infinite and ever-enduring good out of the limited and short state of transitory evil.

To prove that no beings beneath himself could stand of their own sufficiency, God permitted his two principal creatures, the most immediate and most glorious representatives of his divine perfections, to fall off from their allegiance, and consequently from their happiness, with all their progeny. The first was the angel Lucifer, who fell through *pride*; and the second was the man Adam, who fell through *lust*. These two capital sins, *pride* and *lust*, are the genuine parents of all moral and natural evil, of all the guilt or misery that ever did or ever can rise throughout duration; and our heavenly Father, in his love, hath appointed intense sufferings to abate and abase the *one*, and to mortify and slay the *other*; that transgressors may finally be capable of his mercy, through the salvation and grace of his Christ.

The first of these arch-felons deemed himself worthy of Deity, and being unexperienced in the power with which he had to contend, he attempted to arrogate all worship to himself, and to rob his divine benefactor of glory and Godhead.

The second of these felons was tempted by the first, to aspire, through his own merits, at a god-like independence; to cast off his allegiance to the Author of his being, and to expect intelligence and knowledge from the sensual fruits of this world, after which he lusted. He accordingly took and eat of the tree that was pregnant with all the good and all the evil of this external, elementary, and transient system; 'according to his faith, it was done unto him;' according to his lust his desire was accomplished; his nature became a partaker of temporary nature; and he fell, with his proge-

ny, into all the depravity and evils that the sin of fallen Lucifer had introduced into these vast regions, now made more exceedingly corrupt and sinful by the sin of fallen Adam.

Why, pray, sir, demanded Harry, had Lucifer any concern in this world, before the fall of our first parents?

Yes, my dear; all the space, that is now occupied by this earth, and these elements, with the sun, moon, and stars, to an inconceivable extent, was once the heaven and dominion of Lucifer and his angels. But when, by their apostacy from the light, and love, and goodness of God, they had caused darkness and malignity, envy, rage, and uproar, and every species of evil and horror, to be predominant throughout their kingdom, God determined, by a new creation, to take it out of their hands. Accordingly, he compacted it into the present system of temporary nature, whose duration is to be measured by the revolution of our luminaries, until the appointed period of the great consummation, when all the malignity that remains and is compacted therein, shall be finally done away.

To this truth Moses bears testimony, where he tells you, that, at the commencement of the creation, darkness was upon the face of the great deep. And again, where he tells you, that the tree of the knowledge of the good and evil of this world sprung up, even in the midst of the paradise of God. But it is altogether impious and blasphemous to suppose, that God would create evil, or infuse a tendency thereto into any of his works. Again the same truth is attested by many passages of the sacred writings, where Lucifer or Satan, tells Christ, to his face, that this world, with all its glories, are his portion and property; that they were delivered unto him; and that he giveth them to whomsoever he will. And again, where Christ calls him, 'the prince of the air;' and again, where he says, 'The prince of this world cometh, and hath no part in me.'

Now when God by this new creation, had delivered this system of things from the influence and dominion of evil spirits, they became altogether prisoners in their own darkness. But when Adam, the second lord of this vast domain, by a second apostacy, had brought additional sin and evil into temporary nature, the paradise of God, that was over all, vanished; and the new guilt of Adam opened a new and wide gate for the re-admission of Lucifer into his ancient possessions. And he remains a prince and a ruler in the elements and hearts of men unto this evil day.

These two capital apostates, Lucifer and Adam, who had thus robbed their kind God of their affections and allegiance, were afterwards represented by the two thieves who suffered in company with Christ, who reached out to each of them a bleeding arm of his mercy. The one accepted his grace, and on that day entered paradise along with his Lord. The other rejected *the Christ* with contempt and reproach, and therefore, if ever reclaimable, must be constrained, by suffering, to open his heart to redemption; when, after a process of many agonizing ages, blaspheming, and indignantly spurning at the power of his punisher, he may be compelled to cry out, O seed of the woman! heal, heal the head thou hast crushed, and admit me also, though last, to some, the least portion of thy pardoning salvation!

These two, my Harry, even Lucifer and Adam, were also the thieves among whom the traveller fell, going from Jerusalem to Jericho, from the city and place of peace to the place of destruction. He represented the wretched race of fallen man, whom Lucifer, and their first father, had robbed of all their substance, and stripped of their robe of righteousness, and wounded and left half dead in trespasses and sins. Neither did the law or the priesthood avail any thing for their cure, till JESUS, the GOOD SAMARITAN, had compassion upon them, and bound up their wounds, pouring therein the oil of his grace, and the wine of his gladness; and expended two-pence, even the two precious pence of his own body and blood, for perfecting their recovery.

But, my dearest sir, says Harry, if my question does not intrude, pray, how was it consistent with justice that the sufferings of the innocent should atone both for and instead of the guilty? For this also was one of Mole's cardinal objections.

Your question, said Mr. Fenton, falls aptly in its place. When Adam, as I have told you, apostatized from his God, and lusted after the gross and sensual fruits of this world, and fed upon them, and thereupon became a partaker of their nature and malignity, he fell from his paradise and sovereignty together, and he became a poor subject, and miserable slave, to all the evils and inclemencies of that temporary nature, over which he had been constituted a throned lord and controller.

Here was a deep and woful fall, my Harry, from sovereignty to slavery, from eternity into time, from immortality into corruption,

from bliss into misery, and from life into death! The very state in which the wretched heirs of his fallen nature find themselves at this day. How then was he to rise, if ever to rise again? Could this be effected by any powers of his own? If he did not stand in the state of his strength, how shall he recover and be able to re-ascend in the state of his weakness? How think you, my Harry? A self-evident impossibility, answered Harry.

Here then, continued Mr. Fenton, we find the universe of man depraved, fallen, and sunk into the darkness of sin and error, into the dungeon of gross and corruptible flesh, and circled about and closed in by the barriers and gates of death. And these prisons were to be broken through, these gates were to be burst open, before he could re-enter upon light and immortality. All the enemies who had conquered man, *sin*, *satan* and *temptation*, were also to be conquered.

But how was this to be done? A world lay at stake, and the great question was, Whether the whole race of man should continue in endless guilt and misery, or be restored to ever-enduring purity and blessedness? Wherefore, what all the powers of creation were not able to attempt, Jesus, in the humanity, undertook to accomplish.

Here you see, my child, that justice had little to do in the case. It was not the *justice of punishment*, but the *mercy of deliverance*, that the love of our heavenly Father required. Justice indeed affirmed, that suffering was due to sin, and was the necessary attendant and consequence thereof; and this also the love of our Christ willingly took upon himself. He conquered, *suffering* through *sufferings*, and was thereby made the perfect and accomplished Captain of our salvation. He entered into our flesh, he went through all the passages of this vale of tears and region of misery, into which we are fallen; through poverty, contempt, rejection, reproach; through all that the rage and rancour of men and devils could inflict; his bloody sweat, and horrors of hell, bonds, buffetings, spittings, scourgings, the bloody mockery of a thorny crown, and all the soul-rending tortures of an agonizing crucifixion, till at last he triumphantly cried, 'It is finished!' and gave up the ghost. From the cross he descended into the grave; from the grave again he rose in glory, and ascended into heaven, where he led captivity captive, and shewed the powers of darkness bound; that he might lead all the followers of his beatific cross, in his own divine pro-

cess, to conquest through sufferings, to glory through abasement, to exaltation through humiliation, through death into life, and through the calamities of time to a never-ending, ever-blessing, ever-joyful eternity!

But, sir, said Harry, was the humanity of our blessed Saviour the same as ours is? for so the scripture seems to intimate, where it says, 'He was made man, like unto us in all things, sin only excepted.'

This was only spoken, answered Mr. Fenton, with respect to his outward humanity. His creaturely soul indeed, and the flesh which he derived from his mortal mother, were even as ours are, sin only excepted. But these were only as the husk or case of his internal and divine humanity, which was conceived from the essence of the FATHER, by the operation of the HOLY SPIRIT, in the womb of a pure virgin. It was this humanity to which JESUS was intimately united, and that became one with the ever-blessed TRINITY. And it was of the ubiquity of this humanity that Christ speaketh, when he says to Nicodemus, 'No man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man, which is in heaven.' But when the external humanity of Jesus was, by sufferings and death, prepared to be swallowed up in glory, the whole CHRIST was then assumed up into God-head. He saw all things in Jesus, as they were and shall be from eternity to eternity. And though the glory of his personal appearance may be visible in certain places, yet he is invisibly present in all places and in all hearts, begetting in them a new birth of his own divine humanity; that their bodies may also be fashioned like unto his glorious body; and that, when our corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and when that our mortal shall have put on immortality, 'we all may be made one, as he is in the Father, and the Father in him, that we also may be one in them.' An elevation, sure, well worth the hardest striving, and the highest ambition.

Thus, I have shewn you, my Harry, the inevitable necessity of the sufferings of our innocent Christ for the salvation of guilty sinners. And this also shews you the equal necessity of his taking upon himself the external imputation of the sins for which he suffered! that he might thereby be inwardly imputed to us, and become to us, and in us, the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS; and be to us a better Adam, a second and divine father, regenerating us to

a birth, of his own heavenly nature. And thus, as the first Adam died unto God, and lived to fallen nature, there was a necessity that Christ, as well in his own person, as his redeemed progeny, should die to the fallen nature, that through him they might live again unto God.

I thank you, I thank you, sir, cried Harry, I shall henceforth be enabled to give an account, to all who ask, of the faith that is in me. But, pray, did the divine humanity of our Christ suffer in the crucifixion?

I believe it did, Harry, even as our souls are found to suffer in our bodies, though of a nature so very different from them. It was the suffering of this divine humanity that caused such violent repugnance and convulsions in nature; that shut up the world from light even at mid-day; that rent the rocks; that opened the graves, and gave up the dead to attend their Lord, and revive in the life of his resurrection.

Will you be pleased, sir, to indulge me in one question more? Could not God, in his omnipotence, have effected the salvation of man by some other means than the suffering of our dear Christ? I think, were it to be done again, I would rather forfeit my salvation, than that he should endure such agony on my account.

I will not pretend, my Harry, to give limits or directions to the measures of my God; neither to say what he might or might not do within his own world, and with regard to his own creatures.—But it is certain, that he chose the most effectual method for compassing his great and eternal purpose, that infinite love could dictate, infinite wisdom contrive, and infinite power execute. O my Harry, how unutterably endeared must this measure make our God to the universe of his creatures, and that to all eternity! it is herein that the nature of our God is revealed; it is hereby alone that he could ever have been duly known: known to be the God of love, to be nothing but love, in this his wonderful work of mercy, transcending mercy; and of grace, transcending grace, that he might bring us to glory, transcending glory.

In this stupendous work of redemption, I say, Jesus makes himself as it were little, that we may become great; he stoops into manhood, that he may exalt us to God. He came, not arrayed in the fool's coat of the lustre of this despicable world, nor in the weakness of its power, nor in the meanness of its dignity; but

over his immensity he threw the appearance of limitation, and with time he invested his eternity; and his omnipotence put on frailty; and his supremacy put on subjection; and with the veil of mortality, he shrouded his beauty, that he might become familiar to us, that we might behold and converse with him, face to face, as man converses with man, and grows fond of his fellow.

Before the incarnation, God was feared in his thunders, and adored in the majesty and magnificence of his works. But it is in the meek and lowly Jesus that he becomes the object of affection; in the bleeding, the suffering, the dying Jesus, we behold him with weeping gratitude, we love him with a love of passion and burning, a love that languishes for him, that cannot bear to exist without him.

How could that perverse people shut their eyes to the divinity of their gracious Messiah, while he gave such hourly and ocular proofs of the power and extent of his Godhead in and over all things? while he went about doing good, carrying healing in his breath, in his touch, in his garments; while the lame sprung up as a bounding roe at his bidding; while the tempest heard his voice, and was still, and the sea spread itself as a carpet beneath the foot of its Creator; while the deaf ear was opened, and the dumb tongue loosed to utterance; while he poured the beams of his light upon the new-opening eyes of the blind-born gazer; and while in death, and amidst the tombs, his word was life and resurrection.

Thus, my Harry, you find yourself united to your Saviour by many endearing and intimate connections; by creation, by redemption, by brotherhood, by fatherhood, in the flesh, in the spirit; by his being bone of your bone, and spirit of your spirit; by being the "first born of many brethren," and by being the divine father of a new and celestial progeny.

But what need we further? the world, from the beginning, is fraught with him, and speaks of him. The world is, in itself, no other than a history of the two capital and eternally important truths, THE GREATNESS OF THE FALL in *Lucifer* and *Adam*, and THE GREATNESS OF THE REDEMPTION in *Jesus Christ*. These truths are engraven in the rocks as deep as the centre: they are written on both sides of every leaf in nature. All that is within us, all that is without us, utters forth the same language,

proclaims the same tidings aloud. All ceremonials, all institutions of divine authority, all ancient predictions and prophecies, were pregnant with, and in travail of, the GREAT DELIVERANCE to be achieved by the *Shiloh* who was to come. They give us a previous history of his whole process upon earth, from his birth to his resurrection, as circumstantially, as minutely, as though it were a bare transcript of what had recently passed before their eyes. But I shall only dwell a minute on three principal articles;—first, that Messiah was to be God;—secondly, that he was however to be a suffering Messiah;—and, thirdly, that he was to give himself to death for the salvation of sinners.

First, with respect to his Divinity, Daniel says, ‘I saw in the night visions, and behold one like unto the SON OF MAN came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the ANCIENT OF DAYS, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him DOMINION, and GLORY, and a KINGDOM, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him; his DOMINION is an EVERLASTING DOMINION, which shall not pass away.’ Again Isaiah: ‘Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, THE PRINCE OF PEACE. Of the increase of his GOVERNMENT and PEACE there shall be NO END, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it; with JUDGEMENT and with JUSTICE, from henceforth even FOR EVER.’

Secondly, with respect to his character of rejection and suffering: ‘Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so opened he not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of my people was he stricken. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death.’ Isaiah liii.—David too says, ‘Dogs

‘have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me; they pierced my hands and my feet. They part my garments among them, and cast lots for my vesture. But a bone of him shall not be broken.—They shall look on him whom they pierced.’

Thirdly, with respect to his being a willing offering for sin: Isaiah says, in the same chapter: ‘Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.’ Jeremiah too——

Here Mr. Fenton was interrupted. His man Frank entered, booted, and all bespattered with dirt, and having whispered something in his master’s ear, Mr. Fenton turned aside his head, to hide his concern from Harry, and stepping to his closet locked himself in.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Character of Lord Richard—tour to Paris—manners of the Parisians—refined company—woman’s influence—the magnet—agreeable invitation—tete a tete—love at first sight—mercenary marriages—mutual affection—anxious minutes—fresh obstacles—urgent suit—a discovery—its effects—happy elucidation—affectionate accommodation—a natural curiosity—an eclaircissement—short-lived happiness—funeral pomp—an old friend—a state of probation—the new birth—transformation of insects—excess of joy—an explication—unexpected consolation—affectionate introduction—parental solicitude.

BUT it may now be thought full time to return to the head-branch of this noble family.

Nearly nine years had now elapsed since the Earl and his lady had seen or heard of their Harry, except by two or three anonymous notes in a year, giving a short account of his health and accomplishments; in so much, that time and long absence had, in a great measure, worn him from the regrets of the family; excepting his brother Richard, on whom Harry’s generosity, in taking his

quarrel upon himself, had left an affecting and indelible impression.

Lord Richard was indeed sweetly disposed by nature, and of an aspect and person extremely elegant; and as he had tutors in all branches, in which he chose to be instructed, he learned sufficient, by way of amusement, to render him one of the most accomplished youths in the nation. He was also, naturally unassuming, and modestly disposed; but the unremitting adulation of domestics and dependents, with the complimentary artillery of all the neighbours and visitants, could not fail of some impression, at least so far as to make it evident that he was conscious of his condescension when he became familiar with you.

He was, however, easy to all who applied to him for any favour; exceeding charitable to the poor; and particularly fond of our Harry's foster-mother, and kind to her for Harry's sake.

He was turned of nineteen years of age, when his parents, for his amusement, and the finishing of his education, resolved to accompany him on a tour to France.

They set out with a suitable equipage, and a nominal tutor, whom they engaged rather with a view of being a watch upon our young lord's motions, than the intendant of his principles, or the former of his manners.

Nothing material happened till their arrival at Paris, where the earl took a sumptuous palace in the Rue de Vaugirard.

When he had settled his household, he went to inquire after his intimates of fifty years ago. Some three or four of them had still survived. He renewed his acquaintance with them, and engaged them, their friends, and families, to rich and frequent entertainments, whereby his palace speedily became the resort of one of the most elegant circles in Paris.

Young Clinton quickly entered into familiarity and confidence with such of the young nobility as frequented his father's; and they took him abroad on several parties of pleasure, and introduced him to the birds of their own distinguished feather.

He was by no means inclined to a contemptible opinion of himself, and this conduced greatly to his assured easy and lively deportment among his fellows. He found their manners congenial and elementary to his own natural turn and disposition; and he engaged with avidity in all their frolics and debaucheries. In a little

time he was scarce to be distinguished from a native, and he acquired the appellation of the elegant Englishman.

As numbers of this gay peerage were of those who led the taste, and gave a stamp and currency to the fleeting fashions of France, it is not surprising that they should run into a variety of excesses, which nothing could excuse, and which their quality alone could warrant.

Our young Englishman swam willingly down the stream of pleasure. A warm imagination, susceptible of the slightest impressions; a spirit apt to dissipation; a heart prone to indulgence, though not void of humanity; inaction, affluence, example, adulation, and an impetuosity of nature to an own will and an own seeking, joined to constitute a current, that a youth, burning toward his meridian, had neither the desire nor ability to oppose.

Every year produces a new state of converse, of writing, and of dressing, at Paris; and, although such tastes are frivolous and transitory, they yet amuse for the season, and grow respectable and cultivated by being the vogue.

Several ladies of high rank piqued themselves on being given by the public to young Cluton, and were vain of exhibiting him in the Thuilleries. Neither was his conduct accounted scandalous.—Intriguing is the fashion. No woman in Paris was at that time supposed exempt from her critical minute; and, in general, all minutes were presumed sufficiently critical. The heart had no concern in the commerce between the sexes; their amours were commenced and continued without passion, and they parted without reproaches or regret.

If a woman had distinction and fortune sufficient to hold her favours above sale, she was very little degraded by being known to have granted them; and her hotel was as much frequented, and her acquaintance more cultivated, than if she had been chaste and honourable.

Slander, indeed, was a subject in every conversation, not through any apparent malice, but for want of something more entertaining to say. However, it lost much of its point by being so universal; and as such numbers in high life divided the scandal among them, the respective portions became light and easily portable by individuals.

A pause in converse was dreaded as a reproach to all present.— They who could incessantly say something upon nothing, were accounted the reigning cast of what was called good company.— They talked upon religion, war, politics, love, philosophy, taste, &c. as smooth stones, that the children call *ducks* and *drakes*, skim the surface of water without entering its mass. They argued, it is true, with warmth, but without attempting to encroach on the province of reason; sprightliness filled up the void of sense; and the quickness of transition from one topic to another agreeably supplied the want of connection.

To give Lord Richard a thorough taste of all fashionable extravagancies, his young associates engaged him on a lewd party, where twelve of them contributed a hundred louis per man, for the entertainment of as many courtezans of quality.

On another night, about twenty of this noble posse, being something intoxicated, combined in a licentious frolic of scouring the streets. They accordingly issued, sword in hand, terrifying all the men, and making free with all the women whom they happened to meet. At length, toward Pontroyal, one of our libertines behaved with the rudest indecency toward the wife of a citizen, whereon the husband instantly drew, and ran the peer through the body, but, in his turn, was as quickly laid dead on the spot by the comrades of the party whom he had slain.

The uproar and concourse began now to be great; and the patrole, on the alarm, mounted on horses shod with leather, came suddenly and silently upon our young dissolutes, encompassed, took them prisoners, and conveyed them all to the Chatelet, except one of the royal blood, whom they did not dare to detain.

Within a few days, however, the murder was hushed up, and those youthful savages were once more let loose upon the public.

In some months after the late adventure, which checked for a season the ebullitions of our Richard, he was introduced by the Marquis de Rousillon to the most refined circle of company then in Europe, being the select visitants of the most celebrated, and the most elegant of all female libertines, Madam Ninon de l'Enclos.

In the course of conversation, to the easy novelty of which young Richard sat attentive in mute astonishment, the subject happened to turn on the education of young men. Pray, madam, said Richard, blushing, and addressing himself to the lady of the house,

what is the reason that no gentleman, as is affirmed, can be duly accomplished without the tuition and instructions of some fine woman? Since I came into this company, indeed I have already nearly learned to answer my own question; for, where a lady moves and looks sentiment, in every gesture of her person, and turn of her aspect, she cannot fail of imparting a portion of her own elegance to the heart and manners of her beholders. He looked fixedly at Madam Ninon, bowed profoundly, and was silent.

She smiled a look of graciousness to the compliment of the young stranger, and then replied :

My sweet fellow, you are among a set of people, perhaps the best qualified, of any in the world, to give a solution to all questions without dryness or obscurity; as we make the sciences themselves both easy and delightful, by carrying philosophy into gallantry and love.

The first man who came into the world was, questionless, the most perfect; as he retained, for a while, within his single person, all the virtues and excellencies, all the amiableness and attractions, that were within the compass of nature to confer; and which hereafter became divided, and were partly appointed for the portion of another.

When this partition was made, to man was left muscular strength, superior dignity of stature, vigour, action, courage, a port bold and majestic, and lastly, the sceptre of reason to rule and moderate in a measure, the impetuosity of those qualities.

But, as woman was formed from the vital powers and cordial faculties that were nearest the heart of man, she was endowed with endearing wants, she was gifted with defects, with a timidity that called for the aid of courage, with a weakness that commanded the duties of support, and the delicate feelings and melting affections were poured into her bosom. Alas, poor wretch, too large a portion of them fell unhappily to her lot. To man had been assigned the regency of the world; but then his dominion was not sole and undivided; for to woman also was assigned the sceptre of submission, that, in meekness, might rule the man, who should govern the world. Lastly, she was invested with a form that blushed at her own beauties, a form that swelled into polished roundings, that twined into grace over which delight wandered without finding stop or rest.

Hence man, in seeking woman, seeks a portion of himself : he feels a want, a vacuity, a restless craving without her ; and he languishes after his original totality.

But then to be duly united to her, to be duly fashioned by her, he must feel the sweetness of her influence, the magnetism of her attractions ; in short, he must love. The true polish and internal refinement of his manners, cannot be elaborated by the understanding alone ; it must fundamentally take its rise from the affections, the touchings and tunings of the heart. Indeed there lies a kind of covering or icy incrustation over the virtues themselves, till all is thawed, and warmed, and set at liberty by love.

This doctrine sounded unisons to the secret feelings of our young Englishman. In the midst of all his enjoyments, of a loose to the gratification of every sensual desire, he yet found an unaccountable void within his bosom, and a lurking sigh would frequently heave at his heart : he felt that he wished and wanted, but did not know what ; and he now discovered for the first time, that woman could confer a bliss infinitely preferable to any he yet had tasted ; he now found, that he wished and wanted to love, and to be beloved. He longed to put the lesson of his learned tutoress in practice ; and he went early to the opera, that he might behold and contemplate the several beauties as they entered.

He was thus intently occupied, and the house had nearly filled, when he heaved a desponding sigh, at not finding, in all that assembly, a single lady to his taste.

At length, toward the middle of the second act, the next box was opened, and two ladies entered ; the one of a grave and matronly appearance, the other a young creature, arrayed in deep mourning, as the moon shining forth from amidst the darkness that surrounds her.

All eyes were instantly turned from every other object, and a long murmur of inquiry and admiration was heard throughout.

Young Clinton's whole soul was collected into the sense of vision, which however did not dare to dwell on the dazzling expanse of her bosom, or fascination of her aspect.

At length she cast a pair of living brilliants upon him, when his face turned to scarlet, and his eyes suddenly sunk beneath the lustre of her's.

Each of them, thief-like, wished to steal an unobserved gaze at the other, but blushed alternately when caught in the fact.

Our Englishman, hitherto, had never wanted his full proportion of assurance, neither a ready fluency of tongue, in all kinds of company: but here, while he wished to speak, all utterance was denied him; and where he wished most to please, he trembled for fear of offending.

He would have constrained himself, but found that he was not master of his own emotions; a diffidence of his own merit fell suddenly upon him, and a respectful tenderness diffused itself throughout his frame.

He cast an inquisitive look around, and grew disturbed and jealous of all who fixed their eyes upon her with any eagerness of attention; but he was soon consoled again, when he observed that she neither saluted nor turned an eye of particular regard on any.

At length the opera ended, and our ladies quitted their box, when Clinton hastened after, and bowing presented his trepid hand to conduct the fair regent of his heart to her carriage. He made way for her and her elderly guardian through the crowd, and having helped them into their coach, he ventured, for the first time, to break silence, and said: As I perceive, ladies, that you have no male friend in your train, I will, with your permission, walk by the side of your carriage till I see you safe home.

Your offer, sir, replied the matron, is extremely gallant; but why put yourself to fatigue? here is room and to spare; pray be pleased to step in. As we have nothing to conceal with respect to our persons or conduct, we shall be glad of your company.

His heart bounded at the proposal, and in he went; while the elderly lady rose, removed to the back seat, and made room for him next the magnet by which he was attracted.

Pray, sir, said Madam Autriche, how did you like the opera? I protest, madam, said the youth, I know nothing about the matter; my attention was wholly engrossed by a more interesting object.—Our countryman, may I presume? No, madam, I am a native of England. I was thinking as much; you have a modesty, a decency, a delicacy of deportment, that is, without exception, a reproach to all the young gentry of France.

Ah, madam, exclaimed Clinton, how you strike me with a humiliating sense of my own demerits! Two hours have scarce passed,

since I was the most conceited, assuming, loquacious *petite-maitre* in all Paris: but my divine tutoress here has suddenly taught me to look down upon myself, and to sigh after those excellencies that in time might deserve to attract her regard.

In a little time after they stopped. Two footmen in mourning-liveries flew from behind, and one rapped at the door, while the other opened the coach.

As soon as Richard had handed out the ladies, he looked attentively at the house. I hope, madam, said he to *Autriche*, you will pardon my taking particular note of a place where I deposit my heart. Sir, said she, on certain conditions, if you are not otherwise engaged, you will oblige us by walking in, and taking some little matter of supper with us. Ah, madam, he cried, the conditions are already performed: I will sign a *chart-blanche*, insert the terms at your pleasure. It is only, sir, that you must depart when we think proper; we are not of rank sufficient to set us above censure, and our reputation is yet very precious to us.

They were then lighted up to a superb dining-room, and *Madam Autriche* left the young pair together while she went to give some orders concerning the household.

Lord Richard, a minute before, would have given the world for the opportunity which was now presented to him; to be alone with the incomparable object of his arduous; what a happiness, what cause of transport! but now that he was possessed of it, he was embarrassed, quite disconcerted. He felt the necessity of beginning a converse, but how to open it was a matter which he dreaded to enterprise. He looked tenderly and confusedly at her and from her—he drew his chair a little nearer—*Madam*, said he, at length, with a hesitating and tremulous accent—*Madam*—can you tell me? I protest I know not—I cannot account for it—that I should be struck so utterly speechless by the presence of an object on which I imagined I could be eloquent for ages.

Pray, sir, said she, bashfully, and musically attempting to turn the subject from herself, do the manners of the English resemble those of the French?—They wish to resemble you, madam, but they are very awkward copiers. Their clothes are quite in your cut, if they did but know how to put them on. Their ladies too are accounted the fairest women in the world; indeed I know but one fairer; but then they want that animated air, that elegance of mien, that easy

swim of movement, that graceful winding of person, which so inimitably distinguishes the ladies of this country from all others upon earth.

Here notice was brought, that supper had been served, and that Madam Autriche waited for them.

During the repast, My lord, says Autriche, some of your people are below, and I am now apprised of the respect which we are to pay you; but our error on this head ought hitherto to be excusable; for though your person and appearance is altogether noble, yet the condescension of your manners no way suited the idea I had of elevated rank. O madam, said Richard, in the present company all rank must sink, as degraded.

You must not yet, my lord, be deceived in your turn; we are no better than plain and honest people. This young thing is my niece, the daughter of a principal financier, lately deceased. Her riches indeed are next to immense, and she has had all the education that France could confer. But she pretends not to nobility, except by a distant relation, the dowager marchioness de Rouse, who is also her godmother. My precious child here, is unexperienced in the world, quite unknowing and unknown; mostly confined from her infancy to a convent, till called to attend her father in his last illness; and now as a dove newly fledged, she ventures under my guardian-wing, to take a short tour, and look a little abroad. Her name, from her parents and baptism, is Angelica la Lis.

Most aptly denominated, exclaimed the transported youth, an angel in heaven, and the fairest flower upon earth.

Come, my lord, take your glass; you must not expect that we women should keep pace with you rakes at the bottle.

I protest to you, my dear madam, I am already intoxicated; my soul swims in delight; the sabled nectar and ambrosia of the gods of indulgence are poor to the banquet on which my heart now feeds.

Pray, my lord, do the English ladies put on paint? No, madam, it is the only article of foppery and folly in which they do not ape the fair ones in France.

Two days ago, I could not but laugh, when a beauty of distinction told me, I should singularly oblige her, if I would favour her

with the secret where my niece got her rouge.—In heaven, you surely answered; for nature has provided no such tint upon earth.

In truth, said Autriche, I think it would be a pity if Angelica should paint; and I dread lest her godmother, or other ladies, who may happen to envy her complexion, should persuade her into the fashion, and compel her to put on rouge. There is no fear of that, my dear aunt, answered Angelica; I always thought it a defacing rather than any accession to the beauties of nature. Beside I think it has the guilt of a lie and dishonesty in it; and independent of the impiety of not being satisfied with what God has made us; it is a fraud and imposition upon the public, and they who practise it should be punished as common cheats and impostors.

O mademoiselle, cried the lover, to put paint upon that face, would be like a sign-dauber employing his odious brush to improve some capital piece of Apelles. And, yet, on second thoughts, I would to heaven that some other covering or mask might be applied, to preserve the sanctitude of that aspect from profane and vulgar gazing, and that the rose of Eden were reserved for my eye alone. She silently rolled her acknowledging orbs upon him, and displayed to him the said rose in its broadest bloom.

I have promised, my love, said Autriche, to introduce you tomorrow to the marchioness your godmother, and she proposes to introduce you to the grand monde.

O heavens! exclaimed Richard, you terrify me to death, madam: introduced to the grand monde! where audaciousness assumes a latitude in proportion to rank; where bashfulness, and even decorum, are laughed out of countenance; and where beauty, though divinely appointed to bow the crest of the great, can scarcely command respect from the insolence of power—would you risk our Angelica into such a fearful peril?

But, madam, should my alarms want something of their foundation; should all, like me, be at once subdued to her regency, and bow down in instant obeisance before her; she will yet be encircled by jealous and contending numbers: she will be suffocated, perhaps torn to pieces in the struggle, as Romulus was spirited away from the midst of the senate; and each will carry off a portion, a little finger, some part of her precious person, as a relic to be deposited in the temple of love.

In all events, my honoured madam, she will be utterly lost to me. Such multitudes of dukes, and potentates, and princes of the blood! perhaps the old monarch himself will ravish her from my arms.

Ah, he cried, and cast himself precipitately at the feet of *Au-triche*, my life, madam, is in your hands: my happiness, all that I am, depends on your pity, your bounty, your friendship, if I dare say it, for I would purchase it with my best blood.

Rise, my lord, pray rise: I will not hear you in that posture; neither till you bring yourself to speak with more reason and temperance—on those conditions I promise you some interest in her regard. He obeyed, and she continued:

Are you, my lord, wholly a stranger to the laws and customs of France? know you not that love has no manner of concern in any conjugal connections? that all children, and especially daughters, depend absolutely on the will of their parents or guardians? and that nothing is ever consulted on these occasions, save the promotion of the honour or interests of the family? Are you not also yourself a dependent? Are not your fortunes and inclinations at the pleasure of your father? May he not contract, or espouse you to whomsoever he thinks proper?

By no means, my dear madam, by no means. My dependance on my father is altogether voluntary, not of legal compulsion. I am indeed so affected by his unmerited indulgence, that I think it would nearly break my heart to disoblige him; but it is not in his power to deprive me either of title or fortune; they were settled by my grandfather on the eldest of the male-issue!

And now, madam, will you permit me to reason with you a little on the pernicious customs of your country? You affirm, that in all treaties of nuptial concernment, your parents and guardians are no way influenced by the inclinations of their offspring or their wards: but does not this also affirm, that they themselves are dead to natural affection and humanity? that they advert solely to the gratification of their own vanity, self-interest, or caprice? and that they savagely betray that tender and secret trust, which God, nature, and the laws, committed into their hands for the happiness of those whom they thus inhumanly sacrifice?

Has not God implanted in our bosoms, from the womb, a special magnetism of affections, of propensities and sympathies, that

each may tend and congenially cleave to its like, and so consummate the intended order and beauty of the human species. On the contrary, should aversions and antipathies be constrained and bound together, such a horrid conjunction must be productive of a second chaos, and be finally subversive of the very frame of nature.

Do we not already begin to see the consequence of this fatal article of police to this nation? What numbers of blooming maidens are daily mated, by the avarice or ambition of their disposers, to age, impotence, infirmity, ugliness, to the objects of their detestation and loathing during life! A lot more severe than that which was imposed by the tyrant Mezentius, when he bound the devoted persons of the living to the dead!

But then, sir, said *Antriche*, would you suffer inexperienced and giddy youth, with a plentitude of warm blood, and a total lack of discretion, to run a-head without rein? or to launch into the perilous sea of life, without help or helm, without pilot or steerage?

No, madam, answered *Richard*, I would not leave them wholly to an own will; but neither would I constrain them, nor would I compel them to be miserable. Perhaps there is not any instance of prostitution so abominable in the common stews, as that of forcing a young creature into abhorred embraces. Where a virgin, in the tide of youthful blood and warm wishes, is thus cruelly made a victim to the views of her disposers, will she not be tempted to indemnify herself for the disappointment of her happier prospects? You cannot be ignorant, madam, that it is frequently the case. I have been told, that there are not twenty nobles now in Paris who can rationally assure themselves of the purity of their descent. If woman may not legally, is it not to be dreaded she will licentiously have her wish! Are these things consonant to the divine purposes and institution of marriage, where man said of woman, 'This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife?'

On the contrary, among the gentry of France, such is the prevalence of fashion, that marriage is become rather a matter of divorce than of union between the sexes; and the surest way of separating male and female for life, from every kind of communion with each

other, is to join them against their wills in the indissoluble bands of wedlock.

I have made free, madam, to lay before you the reflections and apprehensions of persons and heads much wiser than my own. I am further informed, that the weight of these examples is now in its descent to the lower ranks of people, and is likely, in process of time, to depopulate the nation. I pray heaven that the contagion may not reach my native country, and that our English ladies, in time to come, may not be suspected, perhaps impeached, of incontinence.

I vow, my lord, said Madam Autriche, that you speak and prophecy like a sage of some pristine æra, at an age that our young nobility scarcely begin to think. What you have said, I assure you, has no little weight with me, and I will further consider and digest it at leisure. But it begins to grow late.

I understand you, madam; whatever pain it may cost me, I submit to your pleasure. But, then, this formidable to-morrow, this fearful introduction!—do you propose to be back early, madam?—I fear not; I believe it would not be allowed us.—May I presume, madam, to call, to know if you are returned?—By no means.—Well, you may then, said she, laughing; I profess, you look so sad upon a refusal, that I can scarce find in my heart to refuse you any thing. A good night to you, my lord; had I a world depending at suit, I could not desire a more fervent advocate. He bowed separately to each, and sighing, retreated to his own lodgings, which he had taken on a late indisposition of his mother's, for fear of disturbing her with the noise of his riotous associates.

All the following day, Lord Richard forebore to make use of the privilege allowed him, for fear of having his motions attended to; but he ordered a servant on the watch at an opposite house, to fly and give him instant notice of the return of the ladies. This, however, did not happen till it was turned of eleven, and then he judged it to late too intrude upon them.

The next day, as soon as he supposed the task of the toilet to be over, he flew to attend them; and was graciously received, by the one with a smile, and by the other with a blush.

As soon as they were seated, well, madam, said Richard, with an alarmed voice and accent, what have I to fear? for I have not yet presumed to lay hold upon hope. There is nothing to be feared,

my lord, from the fairest youth in the land, whatever we have to apprehend from old age and infirmities. Indeed Marshal Lesac and the Duc de Provence gazed on my Angelica with an inflamed and intemperate appetence, as though, like the two elders of Israel, they desired to fill themselves with her beauty. Your friend the Marquis de Rousillon was also of the company; he professes a singular esteem and attachment for you; indeed he spoke of your personal merits, and set your family and fortunes in a light so highly superior to what you represented them, as shews you a youth of the greatest honour and probity, and incomparably of the greatest modesty perhaps upon earth.

Ah, then, cried Richard, and cast himself once more at the feet of Madam Autriche, will you be so good as to abridge the state of my present misery; to dispel my doubts, my alarms, my torturing suspences, and those dreams of horrible bodings that already have deprived me of rest, health, and appetite.

Hey-day, cried Autriche, and laughed, what a hurry we are in! you are scarce three days acquainted with us, and you want to shackle us for life. Rise, and I will disclose a certain secret. You have a very warm friend in my bosom, I assure you; but then, Angelica, as you lately argued, ought also to be consulted; and I have not yet inquired what her inclinations may be; but, if I am allowed to guess, her antipathy to you is not of the violent kind.

He then threw himself, in silent rapture, at the feet of his idol. He seized her hands, he pressed, he kissed, and warmed their wax with his tears, while she bashfully fixed a downcast assent upon him.

Again he rose and turned to Madam Autriche. He took her hands, he kissed them alternately, and with a tender eagerness petitioned for her favour.

I know not, my lord, said Autriche, what my niece's answer may be, but, were I an Angelica, I honestly confess I would not reject your suit. Could you procure the earl's consent, I know of no further obstruction to your mutual happiness.

Ah, madam, said Richard, were the ceremony once over, my father's concurrence must of necessity follow. At present my mother is ill; my father not in temper; should I come abruptly upon him, he might happen to refuse me; and then should I marry, as

with your good pleasure I most certainly should, so peremptory a disobedience would double my guilt in his eyes. No, my dearest madam, permit me to watch the hour of his parental indulgence; his consent, or at least his pardon, cannot fail of being the consequence. In the mean time, on my knees I beg it, let us, let us be united, past the power of parents, rivals, potentates of the world, to tear us in sunder; prevent my death, restore my health, by giving me to happiness!

In short, Richard urged his suit with such prevailing oratory, that they were married the week following, in the presence of a few of Angelica's relations, and two or three of his own domestics, in whom he could confide.

Happiness is sweetly fleeting; it is not to be measured by time; it has no rubs to mark or distinguish the periods; it skims upon eagles' feathers, or rests upon down.

In about a month after marriage, when Richard began to wake from the delirium of his bliss, he went, from time to time, to pay his duty to his parents; and he exerted his utmost, his most winning address, to introduce some indulgent, some favourable opportunity for disclosing the great event; but he imagined that his father received him with unwonted coolness, and cast an eye of distance and suspicion upon him; and this repeatedly deterred him from entering on the affair.

The mystery was this: On Richard's forsaking his late dissolute courses, it was intimated to the earl, by the nominal tutor, that he had abandoned his associates, and was probably engaged in some secret intrigue that might be productive of danger to his person, or disgrace to his family. To prevent this, the earl wished to precipitate him into marriage. On a visit to the duke of Sully, he had seen his lovely daughter, the young marchioness du Prés; and, on the present alarm, he waited purposely on the duke, to treat of an union between the families. He offered unmeasurable settlements; the matter at length was concluded; the parents signed a contract in behalf of the absent parties; and a day of no distant date was appointed for the nuptials.

In about three months after the union of our young lord with his blessed and blessing bride, she happened to be on a visit to the marchioness her god mother. The duke of Sully was there. He gazed with an earnest amazement on Angelica. Bless me, said he

to the marchioness, what a strong resemblance there is between the fairest of creatures and my daughter! The advantage, indeed, is vastly on the side of this young lady; yet I think it a happiness that my child should be like her in any respect.

My lord, replied the marchioness, you do my kinswoman a singular honour; I hope the young marchioness your daughter is well. Well, madam, I thank you; I have lately procured an advantageous match for her. Do you know young Clinton, madam, sole heir to the title and immense fortunes of the English Earl of Moreland? he is her consort-elect; all matters are concluded on, and next Monday is appointed for the union of the young pair.

The wretched Angelica found herself suddenly sick, but exerted her utmost efforts to preserve herself from the shame of swooning before company. She rose, complained of her head, made a retreating curtsy, got into her carriage, and hurried home.

Soon after, she sent her favourite maid on some little matter of commission. She then hastened to undress, and ordered her woman in waiting to tell her lord, when he came home, that she was gone to bed indisposed, and requested not to be disturbed.

The next morning she arose, and stepped down to a back parlour, where she met her Richard. You do not look this morning as well as I could wish, my angel. Not quite well, said she; but I trust it will soon be over. So she constrained herself, for a time; and they breakfasted on some exquisite caudle, which she had prepared for the purpose.

As soon as breakfast was over, she turned a wistful eye of languishing melancholy upon him. You wished to leave me then, my lord, said she; you wanted to be parted from me; but you shall never part from me, my love; in life we were inseparable, and in death we will be undivided. I part from you my Angelica, exclaimed the astonished youth; what sudden plirenzy is this, that has fallen upon my beloved? Nay, cried she, deny it not; I have proofs beyond controversion; I had it all from the Duke of Sully, from the mouth of the father himself: you were next Monday to have been married to his daughter, the young marchioness du Prés.

He looked amazedly and affrightedly at her, and from her; and then exclaimed with a vehement oath, I know her not, I never saw her, I know nothing about her, I never heard a syllable to the purport of what you are saying. But, were she the princess-royal

of France, were she a virgin next to the blessed one herself, I would not exchange my Angelica, my flower of the world for her, though that world were to be added to the weight of her dowry!

Then, then, shouted Angelica, I am a wretch indeed! the most accursed reptile that ever crawled upon earth! You have taken a serpent to your bosom, my lord, and it has stung you to death. In the rage of offended love, I have poisoned you, myself, and the dear infant that was but just quick within me!

Richard stayed not to answer or expostulate. Run, Melton, he cried, inquire out the nearest and most skilful physician; tell him how matters are, bid him hasten with some antidotes, if it is not yet too late. Here, Guilliam! fly to my father, intreat him here directly; tell him I am married, and poisoned by the jealousy of my wife.—Cruel; cruel Angelica! parted from you, did you say? Ah! no, no, no! they should sooner have served me like Metius; I would rather have been torn, limb from limb, by wild horses.

Here Angelica, in the agony of self-reproach, suddenly fainted away. Richard thought all was over and gave a shout of desperation.

The physician soon came, and first administered to the young nobleman a strong emetic. He next endeavoured to recover the lady from her swoon, but long without success.

Meantime, the domestics were apprised that their lord and lady were dying, and they all gathered about them, drowned in tears, and sobbed out their wailings.

At this period the earl hurried into the room. Terror, grief, and resentment, were legibly pictured on his countenance, and avowed the conflicting tumults of the passions within.

As the dose which Lord Clinton took was uncommonly potent, he was verily assured that his last hour was come.

While the earl walked distracted about the chamber, he turned an eye of exasperated pity on his son. Ay, sir, says he, these are the fruits of disobedience, of the breach of filial duty to the tenderest, the best of parents. Ah, my father, cried the anguishing youth, you see that I am dying; add not to my sufferings, by the sense of your displeasure; alas, I doubt that you, yourself, have occasioned my death, as also that of my incomparable wife and infant. But let us exchange forgiveness at this tremendous hour:

I forgive you your clandestine contract: O, pardon me also my clandestine marriage, my father!

Hereupon the earl's passions were all absorbed by that of woe; he melted into tears, and sobbed aloud like an infant.

When the physician had, in vain, applied salt and spirits to the temples and nose of the lady, he drew some of the purest blood that ever blued the veins, or crimsoned the surface of a human complexion.

At length Angelica heaved a deep sigh, and opened her despairing eyes on the light. The doctor then hastily urged her to swallow an emetic; but she thrust it from her, and cried, No, no, I will have none of your medicines; I will not be recovered. I will die, I will die; and, by the intenseness of my sufferings, try to expiate, in a measure, the offence which I have committed against my precious lord.

This last sentiment, in a degree, reached the already softened heart of the late exasperated earl. He had hitherto but glanced at her with an eye of utter abhorrence, and the deadliest detestation: but now, when he beheld her, in the wringings of penitential desolation, in all the languor of almost expiring, but still consummate beauty, he could not but sigh to himself—O, what a pity!

The doctor, at length, having for some time pored into a porcelain bowl, said, I profess I cannot discern the smallest symptom of poison here. Pray, who went for the poison? is there any one present who is supposed to have procured it?

A genteel young woman then, all trembling, advanced from the group of servants. It was I, sir, who unluckily procured it, says she; but indeed I meant no harm to any one; I would a thousand times rather have poisoned myself, than the dearest, sweetest lady that ever was served by woman.

O then, cried the earl, it is not impossible but that God may yet be gracious to us! Pray, mistress, inform us minutely how it happened.

Yesterday afternoon, so please you, my lady went on a visit to the marchioness of Roussi her god mother. She staid about two hours, and then returned; but, holy Mary! so altered, so dejected, and dismayed, she looked already as half dead, and as one who wished to be wholly so. Maria, says she, I am not very well, order Auben to get some white-wine whey, and to warm my bed. Here,

do you step to the apothecary's: a night or two ago I heard a scratching about my bed; I am sure it must be rats, and I detest them above all things; you must get me some poison for them.

On my way to the shop, I shivered to think that some fearful calamity must have fallen on my darling mistress, and that she might possibly intend the poison for herself. So I told the apothecary I wanted poison for rats, but suspected it was meant for some other purpose; and I desired him to make up a powder as like it as he could, but such as could do no manner of hurt.

To-day, however, when I saw my lady lying for dead, and my lord in such an agony as was near to expiring, I was sure the apothecary had deceived me, and I would have given my own life for a sou. For my lady, sir, was always such a heavenly creature, the pleasure of serving, of seeing, and being about her, was to me the most valuable, the sweetest of all wages! You are a worthy wench, cried the earl; bad as matters still are, I bless God that they are no worse; and so saying, down he sat.

Angelica then arose, and with a graceful, though dejected timidity, advanced hesitatingly towards the father of her Clinton. She sunk on her knees before him, without daring to look up.

I hope not, said she, in a sweetly-breathing accent, soft as zephyr, and scarcely audible, I hope not for pardon from the lord and master of my lord; but, O, I would, if possible, avert part of his displeasure. So saying, she bent her head, like a rose overcharged with rain, and shed the appeasing shower on the feet of her father.

At length he exclaimed, O, you have conquered—you must ever conquer!—I can no longer withstand you. Look up to me, my child, look up to me, my daughter? Rise to my arms, to my heart, and live there for ever!

Lord Richard now drew nigh to put in his claim also to the season of grace. He bent on one knee, and taking his father's hand with a tender and respectful pressure, he kissed it, and said, Pray pardon me too; give me also your pardon, O my father! Pardon you, my son! cried the earl; on my soul I could not have pardoned you, had you failed to have been captivated by the sweetness of such enchantments.

But come, my children, your dear mother lies languishing on the bed of sickness. She may be alarmed; some murmur of these matters may come to her ear; let us go and console her. Bring

your domestics with you, for I do not purpose that we ever shall part any more.

Here Angelica stepped out, but soon after returned with a small parcel of papers. Here, my lord, says she to the earl, is some little matter of indemnification for the cost to which I must put you; it contains a few bills on the bank of Amsterdam. I have pressed them upon your son; but he laughs at me, and says, he is as yet too young and giddy to become a trustee. I beseech you then to ease me of the incumbrance, my lord. It is my wish to be dependent; to depend and attend upon you, my most honoured father, with all possible tenderness, duty, and delight.

You are the darling of the world, exclaimed the transported earl, and clasped her eagerly to his bosom.

He then looked over the bills, and cried, Bless me! why, here is a portion for a princess of the blood-royal. They do not constitute the whole of my fortunes, my lord; but, as I knew no want, I was not solicitous to call in the remainder: and, indeed, I am no way covetous of fortune, further than as it may render my unworthiness more worthy.

Well, my love, said the earl, I accept this generous instance of your confidence; and I promise to pay you the full interest of your deposit, provided you call not upon me oftener than my own rents come in.

She laughed, and kissed his hand, and he led her gallantly to his coach.

As soon as they got home, the earl left the young pair below, and stepped up to his lady.

When he had solicitously inquired after her health, My dear, said he, I have brought you home a curiosity, that I flatter myself will be highly entertaining to you. What is it, my lord? It is a young female creature; but of what world she is a native, I cannot directly say, as I never saw any thing like her on earth. This is some drollery of your's. Not at all, I am downright serious; I have brought you home a daughter, even the lovely and peerless bride of your own darling Richard. Will you allow her to come up, and pay her duty to you?

The countess then in a flutter, ordered her women to raise her a little; and having put on a sumptuous bedgown, with a suitable

night-dress for her head, she sat up, supported by one of her maids behind.

In some time after, the young lord and his lady ascended. They approached with gentle reverence. They kneeled down by the bedside; and each of them took tender possession of a hand.

I come, madam, said Angelica, kissing the hand that she held, and dropping a tear upon it; I come to offer your ladyship a new servant. I cannot boast of my skill, but my duty and affectionate attendance shall in time, I trust, compensate for my want of address.

The countess gazed on Angelica with a passionate survey, and then broke into tears. Ah! my angel, she cried, you come to offer me a physician. I already begin to feel your healing at my heart. Happy Richard, happy Richard! I have nothing further now to wish; the darling of my bowels is blessed up to my ambition, and high above my hopes. God bless you, God bless you both, my precious children! and she raised her eyes to heaven in a silently fervent ejaculation.

Again she turned to her daughter. Tell me, my love, said she, I doubt I shall confine you too much; for I feel myself already so happy in the sight of you, that I fear I shall not consent to suffer you out of my presence. O madam, replied Angelica, when we are confined to what we delight in, we are most at freedom.

Heavenly creature, exclaimed the countess! will you bend over a little, and allow a feeble and fond mother to take you to her embraces! Angelica thereupon opening her arms with a tender passion, took my lady to her bosom, and they wept upon each other.

Next morning lord Clinton went to settle matters at the hotel of his lady; and the earl sat in the street-parlour, lolling and fondly chatting, with his arm about the bending waist of his fair daughter, when the duke of Sully came in, unawares upon them.

At the sight of Angelica, the duke started and went backward a few steps, Are you here then, madam, said he? Ah, I doubt it bodes nothing advantageous to my daughter: is it not so, my lord? The earl bowed assentingly, and looked with some confusion.

My lord, said Angelica, rising and blushing, happily for me, my young master never saw your peerless daughter; I must else have been miserable. Not so, not so, cried the duke, and shook his

head in dissent. But, madam, I acquiesce, I sincerely wish your happiness as near as possible to your merits; I need not wish it to your consort, he has it in the highest. So saying, the duke bowed to the lady, and withdrew. But the earl soon after pacified the duke on this head, by letting him know how unworthily he should have acted by his daughter, had he imposed the husband of another woman upon her.

In the evening, Lord Clinton returned with Madam Autriche, who had been on a visit to a sick relation in the country. He introduced her to his parents. They received her with marks of distinction and pleasure; and, that day, pressed her to come and domesticate with them: but she refused to descend from the independence of her state, though she promised, daily, to make herself a member of the family.

Madam Autriche was a chatty, pleasant, and humorous body; always in spirits, always in temper, she diffused gaiety and happiness to all around her.

To add to the general joy, my lady began to recover apace, and, in three months, was enabled to dress and be helped down stairs.

Angelica too, daily advanced in her pregnancy, and promised an approaching progeny of superior beings upon earth. All was blissful to excess. And even the countenance and delighted attention of the domestics expressed the festivity that they felt within.

But, but—I fear to proceed. The highest happiness is transient! the shortest is closely followed by one, perhaps, of a longer but scarce preferable date; and the longest, from its blissful commencement to its melancholy period, can barely boast I once existed, but am now no more! so nearly equal is the value of wretchedness and enjoyment, that when past and pondered together, one can scarce say through which process they would wish to have passed.

In the midst of all their rejoicings, Lord Clinton was attacked with the small-pox. Inoculation was not yet in practise. All the medical powers in Paris were called together. The physicians ordered Angelica to a remote apartment, but she would not be debarred from her attendance on her Clinton. She administered every thing to him with her own hand; and always appeared smiling and cheerful before him, but gave way to the swelling tear of apprehension and anguish when she turned away.

His body did not seem to be overcharged with the distemper; a few of the pox appeared on his face and under the left breast. When nine days were over, the doctors conceived great hopes; but, on the eleventh day, at noon, he was taken with convulsions, and, in the same hour, expired. If human life were to be estimated by the specific contents of the temporal happiness that it sums, the lot of Lord Richard was not to be lamented.

His desolate widow, who hung over him, when she saw he had breathed his last, uttered three fearful screams, and fell over in a swoon. The malignity of the contagion had also seized upon her; but she waited not its effects; in less than three days she expired of a broken heart: and, within two days more, my old lady hastened to join her beloved children in death.

The forlorn earl now considered himself as standing alone upon the earth; but he consoled himself with the tearful comfort of speedily rejoining those, who so lately had been the only ornaments of which he boasted, and the delights in which he exulted.

He had all the bodies embalmed and deposited in leaden coffins, ready for conveyance to the silent vault, where he trusted his own body should shortly be laid. But the magistracy would not suffer him to carry off the remains of lady Angelica, lest the catholic clay of France should be profaned or polluted by an heretical sepulchre.

When he was on his departure, he took a weeping farewell of Madam Autriche, and presented her with the whole of his late daughter's deposit: but she peremptorily refused to accept of more than the half; with which she proposed, at her country seat, to erect a mausoleum of black marble to the memory of her Angelica.

At length he set out with his sighing and silent train; and, after a voyage, lengthened by woe, arrived finally at Enfield.

Never was seen such a concourse at any funeral, since the funeral of Jacob, on which all Egypt attended; they crowded from a distance of thirty miles round. But when they saw the old and revered patron of the country, all covered with sad and solemn weeds; when they beheld his countenance exceeding all pomp of sorrow, and conceived the weight and wringing that was then at his heart; envy was quite blunted, and robbed of its sting. They now lamented the living more than they mourned the dead; and the

poorest among the poor looked down, with an eye of compassion, upon the great man, now rendered, as they deemed, more pitiable and desolate even than themselves; without child or kindred; without any to continue his name or his honours; without any who could claim a share in his wealth or his woe; without any cause of further comfort, or further care upon earth.

During the following week the earl kept his chamber, and would admit of no visitor, till Mr. Meekly arrived.

Mr. Meekly had long estranged himself to Enfield: he had gone elsewhere, seeking the houses of mourning, and breathing peace and consolation wherever he went: but as soon as he heard the affliction of his noble friend, he hastened to help him to bear up under the weight of his calamity. He entered, and seated himself in silence beside the earl; he there wept near an hour without uttering a syllable.

My lord was the first who spoke: Mr. Meekly, said he, my heart gratefully feels this melting proof of your love. You weep for me, my friend, because you see, and kindly feel, that there is no other comfort for me on this side the grave.

God forbid, God forbid! said Mr. Meekly; the best and greatest of all comforts is coming to you, my lord. Eternal truth has promised it, and he will make it good to you: "Blessed, blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Ah! Mr. Meekly, replied the earl, the comfort that you mention is promised only to the deeply contrite and broken of heart; to those who duly lament the baseness of their offences against so great and good a God. Neither do I despair, my friend, but that I also may finally share some portion of that same comfort; for, as I feelingly acknowledge myself the greatest of all sinners, so I wish for grace to make me the greatest of penitents.

God be praised, cried Meekly, for the grace already given! There was a time, my lord, when, as you told me, you had nothing of these divine dispositions: when the world, as you said, seemed to hold out happiness to you on either hand; when fortune, title, precedence, circling honours about you, and within you youth and health, and a revelling flow of blood and spirits, wholly disguised and concealed the state of your nature from you; when they hid from you your own body of frailty, distemper, sin, and death, and left you no occasion to call out for a Saviour, as you felt nothing from

which you desired to be saved. But, God has now been graciously pleased to send you his monitors, and to call upon you by affliction, that you, in your turn, may call upon him who alone can give you consolation.

It is not, my lord, to the mourners for sin alone to whom comfort is promised; the state of suffering and mourning is in its nature extremely salutary, and of happy tendency to man; and it is, therefore, that the suffering JESUS hath pronounced it blessed.

The God of all love takes no delight in the sufferings of his poor, pitiable creatures; neither would he have made this state of our mortality a vale of tears, and a state of misery, had it not been in order to conduct us through transitory evils to ever-enduring bliss, where "he himself will wipe all tears from our eyes."

When Adam by his apostacy and falling off from his Maker had converted all the goods of his temporary state into evil incitements to lust, covetousness and sensuality, God determined, by a gracious reverse, to turn all the evils of corrupt and fallen nature into means of enduring good to his fallen and frail creatures: he, therefore, appointed pain, affliction, distress, and disease, to be his ministers, his monitors, and preachers within us, to convince us of all the evil of our depraved and mortal nature? to wean us from a world that is full of false promises, but empty of true enjoyment; to remind us that we are strangers and pilgrims upon earth; to turn our eye to the star that hath visited us from on high; and, finally, through our sufferings, to accomplish the great work of his own salvation in us.

Thank you, thank you, Mr. Meekly, these are comforting things indeed. They pluck comfort from the very depth and abyss of affliction; I love that my God should be lovely to my heart. You have now rent the dark veil that long hung before my eyes; and the sun of righteousness breaks upon me through the clouds of my mortality. But, what of death, Mr. Meekly, what of death, my friend? I am interested in the question; my time is approaching. When this body shall fall to dust, and all these organs of sensation be utterly cut off; what remains, what then shall follow? by what means shall my spirit attain the powers of new perception? or am I to lie in the grave, in a state of total insensibility, till the last

trumpet shall sound? My nature shrieks, I confess, from a total deprivation of the sense of existence.

It is no way evident to me, my lord, that body, or at least such gross bodies as we now have, are necessary to the perceptions and sensibilities of our spirit. God himself is a spirit, an all-seeing, all-hearing, all tasting, all-smelling, all-feeling, all-knowing, and all-governing spirit. 'He who made the eye, shall he not see? He who made the ear, shall he not hear?' Wherefore, as our spirits are the offsprings of his divine spirit, we may justly presume them endowed with like capacities. But if body is necessary to the perception of spirit, as Zoroaster, the illuminated philosopher seems to intimate, where, speaking of God, he says, 'Whose body is light, and whose soul is truth;' in this case, I say, we may reasonably suppose, that when our spirits shall be parted from these gross and frail bodies, they shall be instantly clothed with more pure and permanent bodies. Or, as I rather think, that those pure and permanent bodies are already forming, and pregnant within our gross and corruptible bodies; and that when the midwife death shall deliver us from the dark womb of our woful travail and mortality, we shall immediately spring forth into incorruption and glory.

Of this, my lord, I am as confident as I am of my being, that he who, by faith, hath already put on Christ, shall break through death in the brightness of the body of his new birth, incorruptible, immortal, and blessed to all eternity.

Tell me then, my dearest Meekly, what mean you by the body of this new birth? For, alas, I am but too apt to cry out with Nicodemus, 'How can these things be?'

I mean, my lord, the forming of Christ within us. Our being formed anew of a divine seed of our second Adam, even as our gross bodies were formed in the womb from a corruptible seed of the old Adam. I mean the clothing of our spirits with the heavenly substantiality of the spiritual body and blood of the heavenly Jesus himself; for, as the apostle says, 'There is a spiritual body as there is a carnal body.' I mean a body the same as that in which the believing thief entered paradise with his Lord on the day of the crucifixion. 'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith JESUS: 'whoso believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and he who liveth and believeth in me shall never die:' death

shall become a new and divine birth unto him. And the great apostle says, 'There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.' And again he says, 'For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle was dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

These are great things, indeed, Mr. Meekly, and full of hope, as well as incitements to divine ambition.

But why, my lord, should a new birth from JESUS CHRIST be thought wonderful? Is there any thing more wonderful in it, than in the forming and unfolding of the whole stupendous mechanism of the body of our old man from a scarce visible speck of eternity? Is there any thing more wonderful in it, than in the growth and unfolding of any common vegetable from some latent principle or invisible speck in the seed, which not all the optics and glasses of Galilæo should be able to discover? Were not these the known facts of every day and hour, incredulity would have laughed the supposition to naught. But, I think, I have got about me something surprisngly analogous and apposite to the nature and manner of our new birth in JESUS.

Mr. Meekly then put his hand into his pocket, and took out a lump of matter, in form like a long and huge maggot, evidently without motion, apparently without life, and hard and incrusted all about to the feeling.

What have you got there, my friend? said the earl. An old worm, my lord, that, at this instant, is pregnant with the birth of a new creature. Impossible, cried the earl, the thing is absolutely dead! The body of the old worm is dead, indeed, my lord; but there is certainly a principle of new life within it, that will soon manifest itself in the birth of a very beautiful and wonderfully glorious creature. And this you will find, if you leave it for a few days where it may get the fostering warmth of the sun through one of your windows. Have you never seen the fly they call the dragon-fly, my lord?

Yes, and have admired the elegance of its shape, the mechanism of its double wings, and the lustre of its irradiations.

This mass, my lord, of apparently insensible matter, is now actually pregnant with one of the same species. The parent, through

whose death it is to attain life, was no other, as you see, than a vile and grovelling maggot, which once fed and took its delight in the stench and ordure of a jakes. But the new creature that is to proceed from it, will be quite of a different nature and tendency: it will loathe the food and occupation of its foul progenitor; it will soar sublime over carnal and earthly things; it will drink the dews of heaven, and feed on the consummate nectar and fragrance of flowers.

This, indeed, Mr. Meekly, rejoined the earl, is to make the invisible things of God visible, even to the naked-eye, by the things that are seen.

While my lord and his friend were thus deeply in discourse, Mr. John, the house-steward, came in, and told his master, that one waited in the hall with a letter for him.

A letter! cried the earl; what can I have to say, John, to any letter, or any of the writers thereof?—But something is due to humanity, and it shall be paid: desire him to step in.

Hereupon a stranger entered, whose figure instantly caught the eyes and attention of the earl and his companion in an astonished captivity. The youth was dressed in a mourning frock, and his dark brown locks, tied behind with a black ribband, flowed carelessly between his shoulders; while some of the front-straying curls, as in sport, alternately shaded and discovered a part of his lovely countenance. He bowed, he moved attraction; and gracefully advancing toward my lord, he again bowed, laid a letter before him on the table, and then silently retired backward a few steps.

They viewed him, they gazed on him, as if it had been the sudden vision of an angel of light. Mr. Meekly was not able to utter a word: neither had my lord the power to lay a finger on the paper that was directed to him: till Mr. Meekly, at last, giving a great stroke on the table, cried suddenly out, I would lay a thousand pounds of it! it is he! it is he!—my heart tells me he can be no other but your Harry Clinton!

Here Harry sprung forward, and casting himself precipitately at the feet of the earl, he clasped his knees with an eager reverence, crying, My father, my honoured, my dear, my dear father! and broke into tears.

My lord, all in a tremour, attempted to raise him to his arms ; and Harry, perceiving this, rose, and threw himself into the bosom of his father. But the earl gently and fondly put him off a little, and gazing intently on a countenance that appeared to him lovely above all that was lovely in the circle of creation, he gathered new strength, and catching Harry to his breast, he exclaimed in a transport, ' Let me die, let me die, since I have seen thy face, my ' son.'

Thus, my lord, in the recent acquisition of such a son, forgot all his losses, and cast the whole weight of his late calamities behind him. His eye could not be tired with seeing him, neither his ear with hearing the sweetness of his voice ; and he continued to hold, to gaze at him, to caress him, unmindful of aught else, unmindful even of his friend Meekly, who sat enraptured beside him.

Will you leave me again, my child ? cried out the earl ; do you intend to go from me again, my Harry ? you must not, you shall not leave me, not for an hour, no, not for a minute ; a second loss of my son would quickly bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Never, never, my lord, will I leave you, tenderly cried Harry ; never, for a moment, will I forsake you again, my father. I come purposely to watch over, to comfort, to tend you, while I have life, with all imaginable-tenderness, affection, and duty.

But where, hastily asked the earl, where is the murderer, who stabbed my peace ? where is that old thief, that robber, who rent my child from me ? Ah, my lord, cried Harry, he is very far from meriting such opprobrious epithets : he is a summary of all that is excellent, all that is amiable in nature. He respects and loves you too above the world, and all that is in it deserving of love. O, had you lately seen his grief for your losses, the floods of tears he shed—for—for—for——Here Harry could say no more ; but, on the recollection of his mother and brother, burst into tears.

But tell me, my dear, continued the earl, tell me who and what he is, whom you commend so highly ?

Even the son of your own mother, my lord ; my much loved, my revered, my most honoured uncle.

Impossible, my child ! That old despicable man, my brother ? No, no, my Harry, he must have deceived you. My brother was all that was amiable upon earth ; ' the fairest among ten thousand, the straightest cedar in the forest !'

And such he is at this day, my lord. But alas, alas, he has been broken by the batteries of many afflictions; a man wholly made up of sorrows, and acquainted with killing griefs! You wanted me not, when he took me, my father: you had other and richer treasures, comforts that were infinitely more worthy your regard. But little and despicable as I was, he had nothing but me. I became his only comfort, the only treasure in which he delighted. Yet as soon as he heard that you wanted consolation, he chose rather to be without it himself; and so he restores me to you, if I may be any little matter of comfort to you, my father.

And where is this dear uncle, this precious brother, my Harry? Is he come with you? Shall I be so blessed to take him in with my eye, to take him in my arms; to petition, to obtain his pardon; to press him to my bosom, to my heart, to my soul? Where is he, where is this precious brother, my Harry?

He is not come with me, my lord; he feared, as he said, that you would not forgive him the carrying off your Gany-mede: but he is desirous of attending you on the first intimation.

Then you must write to him for that purpose to-morrow, my son; and dispatch your invitation by some of our swiftest horses. The influence of his darling will, unquestionably, be greater than that of an offending and unnatural brother. Is this letter from him, Harry?—It is, my lord.—Then I will not peruse it till I get by myself. It probably contains reproaches but too well merited; or possibly matters of consolation, too tender for me to bear.

But, Mr. Meekly, my dearest Meekly, ten thousand pardons!—Harry, take to your arms the man, in the world, next to your uncle, most deserving of your reverence, most deserving of your heart!

Here Mr. Meekly kissed and embraced our hero, with all the tenderness of a father, and the ardour of an old friend.

Mr. Meekly! cried Harry, looking earnestly and fondly at him; do I not remember something of that face, Mr. Meekly? Are you not the gentleman for whom I, long since, conceived such an attachment, to whom my heart cleaved, as I may say, from my infancy?

I am, my heavenly creature, answered Meekly; I am the man indeed whose soul was knit to your's, like the soul of Jonathan to David, the first moment I beheld you, and who saw in you, then,

all those noble, generous, and divinely humane propensities, that I see arrived to their maturity at this happy day.

While Mr. Meekly was thus rejoicing, Harry happened to turn his head aside, and spying the lively portraits of my lady and lord Richard, he started, he rose, and gazing on them a minute, he went softly to the window, and, taking out his handkerchief, kept his back to the company, while he vented his emotions in a silent passion of tears. His father and Mr. Meekly perceived what he was about, but they did not disturb him. He brought fresh to their remembrance all the passages of late affliction, and they silently joined a flow of grief to his. But their tears were the tears of sympathizing humanity, or rather tears of delight, on observing the sweet sensibilities of their darling.

In the mean time Mr. Frank, who attended on Harry, had whisperingly given the mourning domestics an intimation concerning the person of the stranger who had arrived; some of them well remembered him; and all of them had heard of him, and conceived a very kindly impression of our Harry.

They first expressed their mutual joy, by kisses, embraces, and silent shakes of the hand; but, in a little space, their congratulations became more loud and tumultuous, and the voice of exultation was heard through all the lower house.

Harry, hereupon, felt himself secretly hurt, and turning to his father with a tearful countenance, my lord, says he, I beseech you to suppress this unseasonable sound of joy among your servants, in a house that ought so justly to be the house of mourning.

My love, mildly and kindly answered the earl, I cannot wholly refuse, to my poor and afflicted people, some share of that comfort which I myself feel on the return of my Harry. They are all my old and true servants, my child: this is no other than an expression of their love to you and to me, and I request you to receive them affectionately for my sake.

Here the earl rung a bell, and desired that all his domestics should come in.

They accordingly entered. Harry perfectly recollected Mr. John the steward, Mr. Samuel the butler, and old Mrs. Mary the cook. He called them by their names, reminded them of old times, and took them in his arms with much affection.

He then turned to the other servants. He took each of them by the hand in turns, and spoke to them with such a natural ease and lowliness, as though he himself desired, in his father's house, to become also, "as one of his hired servants." Hereupon, gathering all about him, they caught and kissed his hand by force; and then kneeling around, they promiscuously petitioned for blessings on his head; and rising, retired in a pleasing passion of sobs and tears; while the enraptured earl beheld all, with a mixture of such blissful sensations, as he had never felt before.

It now began to grow late; and, after a short repast of some small matters, my lord proposed their retiring to bed. But, my friend, said he to Harry, you must content yourself with being my prisoner for the present; you must lie in my chamber; I will not trust my lamb from my side, for fear of its going once more astray.

Ah, my lord, cried Harry, there is no fear of that; my heart is wholly your property, and you have thereby a sure hold of all that I am.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Old acquaintance—a Nurse's affection—old scenes revived—filial and fraternal love—public feeling—the loan—its generous distribution—a saunter—jealousy—Mr. Meekly's narrative—wonderful escape—piety and prowess—an old friend—an introduction—a discovery—influence of the Holy Spirit—the creature and Creator—the will of good to all—the will and power of God—Meekly's gratitude—a new project—Mr. Clinton's story.

THE next morning Harry impatiently rose before the servants were stirring, and unlocking the great door, and closing it softly after him, he went out exulting on his premeditated expedition. He reconnoitred and recollected the quondam scenes of his childhood; and flying, like a bird, over the hedges, and other obstacles, he made the shortest way to his still precious mammy's.

When he approached the place of his infant-endearments, he met his foster-father going forth to his field, with a solemn and melancholy air, on his usual occupations. Harry instantly remembered

the features, once so delightful, and springing to him, and catching at him, he kissed and clasped him repeatedly, and cried aloud, daddy, my dear daddy Dobson! how glad am I to see you once again! how is my mammy? my dear mammy? How is little Tommy, and little Rachael, and all our dear family?

The old man then respectfully withdrawing a space, I don't know you, my sweet master, said he; I never saw you before.

Indeed, but you did; many and many a time and oft, cried Harry, you carried me in your arms, almost the live-long day, and pressed and hushed me to sleep at night in your bosom. Don't you remember your little Harry; Don't you remember my two dogs? Don't you remember my cock?

O, exclaimed the good old man, I now believe that you are my child, the dearest child that ever was born! But I never hoped to see him such a thing as you are; I never thought to see such a glorious creature upon earth!

Here old Dobson returned Harry's caresses with a two-fold force, and, blubbing all aloud, had like to have smothered him with the intenseness of his embraces.

Bring me, bring me, cried Harry, to the sight of my dearest mammy; I am all impatient to behold her.

Not so fast, said Gaffer Dobson; I love my old loving Kate; and should she find you out of a sudden, she would certainly die of joy. But I will bring you to her as a stranger, and so you may bring matters about. And indeed I fear that my own head is likely to be crazed by this business; for I do not find that I am the same man that I was awhile ago. I shall grow too proud, I doubt, and look down upon all my better neighbours.

Goodman Dobson then conducted Harry to their ancient habitation. Nurse Dobson was just up, and preparing to comb the heads of her children, when they entered.

Kate, says he, I have brought to you a young stranger, who says he can give you some account of your little Harry; who says he is still alive, notwithstanding all your frights, and will shortly pay a visit to some parts of this country; and who knows then, but that we, among others, may happen to set our eyes upon him, and that, I think, would be a great blessing, my Kate.

O, no, no, no, exclaimed nurse, without deigning to cast her eyes on the stranger; he is dead, he is gone from me these many

many years! I once hoped to have his infant on my knee, and in my bosom; but that hope is quite gone. Never, never shall I behold my darling again!

Harry had seated himself just opposite to nurse; when, looking up, she started, and stared eagerly in his face. Don't impose upon me, William, says she; tell me, tell me at once, mayhap this is my child! Ah, against the world, the dimple in that smile is the dimple of my Harry.

Here Harry sprung up, and, at one leap, caught his rising nurse in his arms, crying, My mammy, my dearest mammy, do I live to be pressed once more to your dear bosom!

But the poor woman breathed short, and could not get out a word. Twenty times she put him from her, and caught him to her again, gazing at him, by intervals, with a frantic affection.

At length, she cast herself back on the bench that was behind her, and, clapping her hands together, she gave a great shout, and burst into an hysterical passion of tears; while Harry seated himself beside her, and gently drawing her head to him, placed it fondly on his bosom, and mixed his tears with her's.

This gush came very seasonably for our loving nurse's relief. She soon recovered her breath and her senses; and, seeing some drops on her Harry's cheeks, she drew them in with her lips, crying, Precious pearls be these! I would not exchange one of them for the brightest diamond in the mines.

Mammy, says Harry, I stole away to come and see you, while my father was asleep, or else I should not have had leave to stir from him a foot. But you and my daddy must promise to come and dine with me; we will have a table by ourselves. And do you, my dear mammy, step to our house, and, if my father should miss me, tell him I am gone into the town, and will be back with him before breakfast.

Harry then stepped to the village, and, remembering Gaffer Truck's house, he went familiarly in, and inquired of the good woman how all the family was. Pray, how is my honest old Bartholomew, says he; and how is your pretty daughter Molly, and, above all, what is become of my old friend Tom? The poor woman, all in amazement, cried, A pretty Tom he is forsooth, to be friend to such a sweet young gentleman as you are. But the truth is, that our Tom is at 'prentice to a barber at next door. Well, says Harry,

when Gaffer Truck comes home, tell him that his old acquaintance, Harry Clinton, called to see him.

Tom had just finished an operation on a neighbour as our hero entered. How are you, Tom? said he, carelessly. Tom gaped, and stared, and gaped; but answered not a word. Will you give me a cast of your office, Tom? Ay, that I will, master, as soon as you get a beard. Why, Tom, you are grown a huge hulking fellow since I saw you last; will you step to yonder green, and wrestle one fall with me! No, no, master, I should hurt you; methinks I could throw a dozen of such fair-weather gentlemen as you are, master.

Harry instantly seized Tom by the breast with one hand, and by the shoulder with the other; when Tom, feeling the hardness and hurt of his gripe, immediately exerted his powers, and grappled with his adversary. But Harry, giving him a slight foot, laid him on the broad of his back in the middle of his own floor; but kept him, with both hands, from being hurt against the ground.

I believe, said Tom, rising, you must certainly be the devil; and come, as they say, to fling poor sinners in the shape of an angel of light. Ah Tom, Tom, cried Harry, this is not the first struggle that you and I have had. Do you remember the bag of nuts, and poor blind Tommy? have you forgot your old friend, your little Harry Clinton?

Blessed mercy! exclaimed Tom, can you be my young lord, my heart's dear young master? I am indeed, answered Harry, your old acquaintance, my dear Tom; your loving friend, Harry Clinton. And so saying, he took Tom about the neck, and kissed him very cordially.

Tom, says Harry, I want you to take a walk with me: Tom, instantly assented, and out they went.

As they walked along, Harry began to grow sad. Tom, said he, do you know where my dear brother Dicky was buried? Yes, sir, said Tom, a great way off, in yonder church-yard below the town's end. Do you know where the sexton lives, Tom? In a little white house, sir, just joining the yard.

As soon as they arrived, Tom called out the sexton, and Harry, putting a guinea into his hand, ordered him directly to unlock the family vault.

The man looked astonished, but obeyed in silence; and Harry, as he entered, desired the sexton and Tom to wait at a distance, and promised to be with them by and by.

He put to the door after him, just leaving light enough to distinguish the recent deposits of the dead.

O, said he, as he advanced, thou true house of mourning, thou silent end of all men, how sad art thou to sense! how sad to me above all, who hearest in thy dark bosom such precious and beloved relics!

Then, casting himself on the coffins of my lady and lord Richard, as they lay side by side; and clasping his arms about them as far as he could reach; O, he cried, my mother, my brother! my dearest brother, my dearest mother! you are gone, you are gone from me, and you never knew the love that your son and brother had for you. Ah, how did I flatter myself, what happiness did I not propose, in attending, serving, and pleasing you; in doing thousands of tender, kindly and endearing offices about you! but you are snatched from me, my mother; you are snatched from me, my brother! all my prospects are defeated and cut away for ever! you will no more return to me, but I shall go to you: and oh, that I were laid with you this minute in this still and peaceful mansion, where hopes and fears cease, and all are humble together!

Meanwhile Mr. Meekly had gone abroad on his morning's walk. He met nurse on her way to the mansion-house, and, accosting her in a kind of triumph, My good nurse, says he, we have blessed tidings for you! your Harry, your hero is come to the country. I know it, sir, I know it, answered nurse; it is but a little while ago that my babe left my bosom.

Mr. Meekly then proceeded in order to join his young friend, inquiring of all he met which way lord Harry went, till at last he was directed to the church-yard. There he found Tom and the sexton, who, on further question, silently pointed to the door of the family-vault, that hung on the jar.

Mr. Meekly felt himself affected, and withdrew to a greater distance, but still kept his fearful eye on the sad mansion that now held the living with the dead.

At length Harry came forth drying his cheeks with his handkerchief. He assumed a constrained air of cheerfulness; and, joining

Tom and the sexton, observed that a great crowd was gathering in the town.

Who are those, Tom? said he. I suppose, answered Tom, your honour's tenants and old acquaintances, who are getting together to welcome you to the country. If that is the case, Tom, we must go and salute them; and you shall introduce me, and tell me who is who: For, though my heart is heavy laden, it must not give a discharge in full to gratitude and humanity.

Mr. Meekly perceiving that Harry was on his return, kept onward, aloof from him, but with an eye on his motions.

By this time the crowd had sorted themselves, the principals of the families into one groupe, the young men into another, and the fair maidens into another; and, as Harry approached, they all set up a joint shout of triumph.

Please your honour, says Tom, this is my father, and this is Gaffer Gubbins, and this Goodman Demster, and this Farmer Felster, and so on.

Harry, with the lowliness of a washer of feet, would have kissed and embraced them all in turns; but, pressing about him, they seized a hand on either side, and eagerly kissed them, as also the skirts of his clothes all round.

God bless your sweet face! cried Goodman Dempster; who sees it in a morning can't fail, I think, of prospering the livelong day.

When he came, in succession, to the companions of his infancy, as he kissed and shook hands with each, in turns, some reminded him of his having beat them at boxing, others at wrestling, and all of his having played with them at prison-bars, leap-frog, shout the gate, and so forth.

Meanwhile, the girls panted, gazed at him, and longed to get him to themselves. Sir, says Tom, here is your old acquaintance, my sister Molly; there is not a lad in the town whom she is not able to toss except your Honour. Molly looked full of health as Hebe, and rosy as the May; and Harry caught her about the neck, and kissed her very cordially. Do you remember me, Molly? O, answered Molly, I shall never forget since your honour's lordship and I used to wrestle every day behind our house. Ay, Molly, cried Harry, there was no harm in it then, but a fall at this day might be dangerous to one of us; above all things take care of that, my good

Molly. And if you know any pretty lad, to whom you have a liking, I will give you fifty guineas, for old acquaintance sake, toward making up your portion.

The rest of the girls now pressed for their share of Harry, and it was with difficulty that he divided himself with any satisfactory equality among them, as they all kissed him so close, and seemed so loath to part.

At length Harry's watch reminded him, that it was time to attend his father; and as he parted they shouted after him, long life, and health, and honours, to our townsman, our own boy, our own dear sweet child!

In the mean time, Mr. Meekly had returned home, with his heart full of tidings to the earl. When Harry arrived, breakfast was on the table, and he perceived that his father had been in tears. But no notice was taken of the affair at the chancel-house, on either part.

When breakfast was over, Harry called in John. Mr. John, says he, can you tell me how many families there are in this village of your's? Twenty-five families exactly, my lord. Then Harry turned to his father and said, If your lordship will be pleased to lend me five hundred guineas, for the present, I will pay you very honestly the hour that my uncle comes to the country. Why, sirrah, cried the earl, pleasantly, what right has your uncle to pay your debts, especially to such a great amount as you speak of? O, my lord, answered Harry, I have already squandered away above fifty thousand pounds of his money; and this is but a trifle, which, I am sure, I may very safely add to the rest.

Here the earl looked truly astonished. Fifty thousand pounds! he exclaimed; impossible, Harry! Why, you had neither such ponds nor lakes, as mine, in London, wherein you might make ducks and drakes of them. How, in the world, could you contrive it? Where did you dispose of them?

In hospitals and in prisons, my father, answered Harry; in streets and highways; among the wretched and the indigent; supplying eyes to the blind, and limbs to the lame, and cheerfulness to the sorrowful and broken of heart; for such was my uncle's orders.

Let me go, let me go from this place, my lord, cried Meekly; this boy will absolutely kill me if I stay any longer. He overpowers, he suffocates me with the weight of his sentiments.

Well, Harry, said the earl, go to my desk ; here is the key of the drawer on the left hand, and I make you a present of the key and the contents ; perhaps you may find there nearly as much as will answer your present exigences.

Harry went, and opening the drawer, was astonished to see it quite full of gold ; however, he took no more than just the sum proposed ; and, returning to his father, said, What shall I do, my lord, with that vast heap of money ? Why, you extravagant rogue, replied the earl, there is not as much in it as will pay the debt you have contracted with one man. O, cried Harry, I am quite easy upon that score ; I will never affront my uncle by the offer of a penny. And don't you think, said the earl, that we have got poor among us in the country as well as you have in the city, Harry ? I believe you may have got some, my lord ; but then I am much more difficult than you may think, in the objects on whom I would choose to confer charity. I look upon the money, amassed by the wealthy, to have been already extracted from the earnings of the poor ; the poor farmer, the poor craftsman, the hard-handed peasant, and the day-labourer, whose seven children perhaps subsist on the milk of a couple of cows. Wherefore, the objects on whom we bestow these gatherings ought at least to be something poorer, and more worthy of compassion, than those from whom the money was exacted. So saying, he stepped out.

Amazing boy ! cried Mr. Meekly, how new, and yet how just, was that observation ! I am, cried the earl, as it were, in a kind of delicious dream, and can scarce yet believe myself so blessed as to be the father of such a child !

In the meantime, Harry had called John aside. Mr. John, says he, here are five hundred guineas. Be pleased to step and distribute them by twenty guineas to each of the families in the village. I would save you the trouble, and give them myself, but that, for the present, my heart turns with disgust from their thanks and their honours. Tell them, that this is a token, in memory of my dear brother, to keep them in mind of him. Tell them farther, that I will have no carousals, no rejoicing, on account of my arrival ; and that it would please me infinitely better, if my return would bring their late losses to their remembrance, and set them all in tears and lamentations.

My lord now proposed a saunter into the park, in order to procure an appetite for dinner. Accordingly the gate was ordered to be unlocked; and they entered on a gravel walk, that was walled in on the left hand, and paled in on the right, along the verge of five canals, that fell, successively, in cascades, the into another.

As they talked and walked along, they met with a six-barred gate that directly thwarted their passage; and my lord reached his hand through the rails for the key, that the keeper had left in the lock on the inside, but he could not get at it. We are all at a stop now, said he, unless Harry could make a shift to climb over the gate: but no, do not, my dear; your foot might happen to slip between the rails and hurt you. I will obey your lordship, answered Harry; I will not venture a foot upon one of them. So saying, he caught at the upmost bar with his left hand, and, throwing himself slightly over, opened the gate for his companions. The earl and Mr. Meekly stood mute in utter astonishment. At length the earl cried, Child, you must surely be of more than mortal mould, or else you have a familiar spirit that conveys you through the air. Harry smiled, but was silent.

On their return, John called his master aside, and told him of his due distribution of Harry's bounty to the villagers. But, my lord, says he, when I went down I found them all very busily employed in preparing bonfires and illuminations in honour of my young lord. This, however, I was obliged to countermand, by his special order; and it has greatly mortified all your poor people. Well, well, said the earl, it cannot be helped for the present; we must not dare to offend our Harry at any rate; and so those matters of rejoicing may rest in reserve till the arrival of my brother.

Soon afterward, our hero's fosterers came decked out in their best attire; and Harry ordered a side-table to be covered for him and them, but my lord insisted on their dining all together.

Harry placed himself very lovingly between them at table, that he might help them, and prevail upon their bashfulness to eat.

When the repast was nearly over, nurse inquired after the little beggar-boy, whose absence, she imagined, had caused the elopement of her darling. He is come to great fortune, answered Harry; he has found his father and mother, and is heir to a large estate.

Harry then told the manner in which Ned had been discovered, and they were all highly pleased and affected by the relation.

But, mammy, says Harry, what is become of my sister Nelly, on whose milk I was suckled? and what is become of my little brother Tommy, who was but two years younger than myself?—They are both dead, my precious; but God has been pleased to give me others in their room. Well, mammy, I find we must all die, and, some time or other, that will be a great grief to one of us, whichever of us shall happen to outlive the other. I am satisfied to die once, said nurse, but never let me hear again of your dying, my angel.—I can't suffer the thought, she cried, and burst forth into tears.—I cou'dn't bear, I cou'dn't bear to die a thousand deaths in the death of my Harry!

But, mammy, said Harry, in order to divert her passion, you have not yet inquired after the man with the beard. O the old rogue, exclaimed nurse, I can't think of him with patience. Ay, but-mammy, you must know, that that same old rogue is my own darling uncle, an own and only dear brother to my own dear father here. If that is the case, said nurse, I don't wonder he should so greatly yearn after you; and indeed I should rather wonder if all the world did not yearn and long after you, my love!

And now, mammy, to show you how much you are obliged to this same darling uncle, he has ordered me to make you a present of five hundred pounds, in payment, as he says, of the grief he has cost you. And take no heed for your children, mammy, I will take that care upon myself; for this same dear uncle has made me a gift of the lands, and house, and plate, and furniture, that he has in this town, and so you see I am well able to provide for you all.

Here my lord cast an eye of tender jealousy upon Harry. I perceive, my son, said he, that your uncle is your only trust, the only dependence that you choose to have upon earth. Harry, with a glance of his eye, instantly caught the meaning of the eye of his father; and, throwing himself at his feet, O, pardon, my lord, he cried, pray, pardon the overflowings of a grateful and simple heart! My uncle is my property; but I am your's, my father, to be disposed of in life, and in death, at your pleasure. I do trust, I do depend upon you, my father; and you have already overpowered me with the weight of your affections.

My lord's eyes then glistened, and raising his son, and taking him fondly to his bosom, I believe I have been wrong, my love, said he; and hereafter I shall always think so, rather than think any thing amiss in my Harry. But, tell me, my dear, and tell me sincerely; you speak of your uncle as one of the richest and greatest men upon earth; as a prince, as an emperor, enabled to give away fortunes and provinces at pleasure.

And he is, my lord, cried Harry; he is greater than any prince or emperor upon earth. To speak only of his temporal wealth or power, the most inconsiderable part of his value, he can do, as I may say, what he pleases in England. The ministry are at his beck, they profess themselves his servants; and even his majesty acknowledges himself deeply his debtor, and owes him, I dare say, half a million.

And yet this is the man, exclaimed the earl, (turning an eye of penitence on Mr. Meekly,) this is the man as I told you, my friend, on whom I looked down with such provoking contempt, whom I treated with such unpardonable insolence and ignominy.

My lord then inquired concerning the personal adventures of our hero in London; the account of which would have been more entertaining, had not Harry suppressed, throughout his narration, whatever he apprehended might tend to his own honour.

As soon as the fosterers had taken their leave, my lord proposed to his remaining guests a walk in the gardens; and, after a few turns, they sat down in a rural arbour, that was interwoven, all about, with jessamine and honeysuckle.

Mr. Meekly, said the earl, I have often longed to hear the particulars of your life; and how you came to live by faith, and not by sight; and to hold your conversation in heaven, as you do at this day.

I can soon obey your lordship, answered Meekly; for my story is very short and very simple, and no way adorned with uncommon incidents.

My mother died a few hours after I was born. My father did not survive her two years; and I fell to the care of my only kinsman, and uncle by my father's side.

My uncle was an old batchelor, and though he was of a cold temper, and had no tenderness for any one, he yet spared no cost in my education. He sent me to Eton school, and from thence to

Cambridge, where I remained till I took my degrees. I then went to London, bought a sword and sword-knot, and commenced fine gentleman.

Though my head had been duly stored by my tutors, in the rudiments of our religion, my heart had not yet felt any of its precepts; and I conceived, that to go regularly to church, receive the sacrament, confess myself a miserable sinner, and avoid gross vices, was the sum of christianity. I therefore entered, without scruple, into all the fashionable pleasures and vanities of the age; and I held, that to pardon an affront, would have been one of the deadliest sins in a gentleman christian.

One day, at St. James's coffee-house, Colonel Standard and another gentleman engaged at backgammon for five hundred guineas; and, as the stakes were so considerable, and both parties celebrated for their skill in the game, we all crowded about them to see the issue.

I happened to be next behind the colonel's chair, and others pressed behind me, eagerly bending and looking over my shoulders. At length he began to fret, as the game was drawing to a close, and going against him. Pray, gentlemen, he would cry, don't bear upon me so; for heaven's sake keep off, you will make me lose the game. Hereupon, I did my utmost to bear back from him, but the company pressed me forward, in spite of all I could do; till the colonel, unhappily giving a decisive cast, turned about in a fury, and spit directly in my face.

Indignation gave me sudden and unusual strength, and casting all off who had borne upon me, I instantly drew my sword, and ran the colonel through the body. The company cried out that all was fair, and opening a window for me, they urged me to escape. Accordingly I got off, rode post to Dover, and there embarked for France.

The colonel, God be praised, did not die of his wound. He lay under the hands of the surgeons for above seven months, then recovered and went to join his regiment in Flanders.

Of this my uncle sent me advice, telling me at the same time, that I might return with safety. Yes, thought I, with safety to my life, but with death to my honour! I have taken revenge indeed, but not satisfaction; the colonel must be compelled to make me personal reparation for the affront which he dared to put upon me.

His recovery has again dashed the spittle into my face; and I will pursue him through the world, till it is wiped from the observation and remembrance of all men.

With this deadly determination I went post from Paris to Flanders, and traced the colonel from place to place, till I found him in a village on the road to Amsterdam.

I believe, sir, said I bluntly, you may not remember me, for our acquaintance was sudden, and of very short duration: I am the man in whose face you spit publicly at St. James's coffee-house. Then, sir, said he, I am scarce yet recovered of the cause which you gave me to bear you always in mind; but pray what may your commands be with me for the present? I am come to demand a remedy at your hands, for the wound which you gave my honour, and which otherwise must remain for ever incurable. Ah, he cried, no man ever exacted so severe a satisfaction as you have already taken; what then may be the nature of the further reparation that you are pleased to require? Either to ask my pardon, or fight me within this hour.

That is very hard upon me, indeed, replied the colonel; the honour of my commission will not allow me to beg pardon of any man, at least in order to avoid a combat; so, sir, if you insist upon it, I must obey your summons, though very reluctantly, I confess. Then, sir, said I, meet me in half an hour, with your pistols and sword, behind yonder little hill.

The colonel was punctual to the appointment. We both grasped a pistol, at a distance of twenty paces, and advancing, step by step, cried, Fire! fire! Each seemed determined to make sure of his adversary; till, coming within arms length, I fired directly in his face; but the ball passed through his hat, and only grazed the skin of his left temple.

The colonel then took his pistol into his left hand, and reaching out his right to me, with a smile of great complacence, I think, sir, said he, I may now ask your pardon with honour. And, to convince you that I did not come to engage you in malice, be pleased to examine my arms; you will not find so much as a grain of powder in the one or the other.

Ah, colonel, I then exclaimed, I acknowledge you my conqueror both in honour and humanity. Had I been so unhappy as to kill you, and to find your arms unloaded, I should certainly have done

you justice, by shooting myself through the head. But why did I pursue you from kingdom to kingdom? why was I unappeased by all the blood that I shed? Was it from my malignity of heart toward you? By no means. But while I lamented the misery I had already occasioned you, I was impelled to finish your destruction, by a barbarian world, or rather, by the bloody prescribers of custom, whose censure I dreaded worse than death, or even futurity. Courage, colonel, incites soldiers to fight for their country, but it is cowardice alone that drives duellists together.

For three days, I remained affectionately with my late enemy, but now warm friend. He then was obliged to return to quarters; and we parted with a regret much exceeding the hostility with which we had met.

On the departure of the colonel, I went to Amsterdam, from whence I drew upon my uncle to the amount of £700, for I resolved to take a tour through the Seven Provinces, though I had gone for a very different purpose.

On my return to Amsterdam, I grew affected, one evening, in a manner I had never before experienced. I did not feel myself any way sick or in pain, and yet I wished to exchange my sensations for any other species of malady. I was wholly pervaded by a gloomy despondence. I looked abroad for comfort, but it was no where to be found; every object gave disgust to my discontented imagination. I secretly inquired of my soul, if riches, honours, dignities, if the empire of the world would restore her to joy? but she turned from them, and said, All these things are strangers, and aliens to my peace. Alas, said I, tell me then where your peace may be found? I know not, she replied; but I feel that I am wretched.

For three days I continued under this oppression of spirit. And on the third night an increasing horror, of deep and heavy darkness, fell upon me. All hope died within me, and misery seemed to open a gulf of ever-deepening destruction in my soul. I lay all night, bathed in drops of unutterable anguish. I wished and struggled to arise and change my situation; but I felt that my mind was its own place, and its own hell, from whence there was no removal, no possible escape.

I now concluded that, some how, I must have sinned beyond the measure of all sinners, since my damnation was deeper than

that of any other. I therefore turned toward God, and wished to repent; but as I did not feel conviction for the sins of which I accused myself, no place for repentance was found in my soul.

Tremendous author! I cried, I find that thou canst sink and slay at pleasure; but canst thou not also raise up and make alive? If all things have their existence in thee, O God! is it not near and easy unto thee, to impart to us some sensation of thine own existence also? some sensation of thine own peace, the sense that it is thou alone who canst be our sustainer? Save me, Jesus, save me from the hell of mine own nature! Save me, thou son of David, O save me from myself!

While I thus prayed in an agony, my whole frame was suddenly overpowered, and sunk, as I suppose, into a state of insensibility, till the following day was far advanced. At length I perceived that I still existed.

I dreamed that I found myself in a deep and noisome dungeon, without a single ray that might even suffice to show me the horrors of my situation. I attempted to rise and grope about; but I perceived that I was tied and fastened down to the earth by a number and variety of bands and fetters.

At length a sudden light appeared, and diffused itself throughout the darkness of my mansion; when, looking up, I observed that the keeper of my prison had entered, the doors being yet locked. His head, as I thought, was bound about with a tiara, from whence the glory arose that shone around me. In the coronet, instead of gems were inserted a number of thorns, whose points streamed with incessant and insufferable brightness; and on the golden circlet was engraved, in all languages, JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.

Immediately my shackles loosened and fell away of themselves; and I wished to cast my whole existence under the feet of my Lord, but was so overcome with ecstasy, that I could not rise; when, looking upon me with a smile of ineffable graciousness, he approached and took me by the hand, and, at the contact, I sprung up a great height in my bed, and awoke to sensations of undescribable blessedness.

You are come then, my Lord, my salvation! you are come, my Master, I cried; and I will cling inseparably to you; never, O never more will I suffer you to depart. Ah, I have felt, severely

felt, what it is to be without you. For in your absence, though but for a moment, lies the essence of hell and misery ; but, in your presence, my beloved, in your presence is peace unspeakable, and joy for evermore.

From that day, my nature became as it were, wholly inverted. All the honours and worldly respects, for which I formerly risked my life, were now my aversion ; and I turned from carnal indulgence and sensuality with loathing.

Nothing could now affront, nothing could now offend me ; as I totally despised myself, so I wished, after the process of my divine Master, to be despised and rejected of men. This made all others, the very meanest of human creatures, respectable unto me. Even in reprobates, methought I discerned some unerased traces of the image and superscription of my God, and I bowed down before it.

If any attempted to injure or defraud me of my property, I yielded it without variance, and thereby I found myself cordially enriched.

I grew weary of my own will, and of my own liberty, and I earnestly prayed my Lord that he would rid me of them, and be instead thereof, a controlling principle within me, ever influencing and directing me according to his own pleasure, Turn me, JESUS, Master ! O turn me, I cried, from all the evil propensities of my own evil nature, though thou shouldst turn me, as thou didst Sennacherib, with thy ruling rein on my neck, thy bridle in my mouth, and thy hook in my nose ! Take my heart and affections captive, and into thine own divine guidance ! Compel me into all the ways and all the works of thy commandments ; till thy yoke shall become easy, and thy burden light and delightsome ; till I shall move, as down a descent, wherever thy goodness would guide me ; till I shall feelingly find and know, that all thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths the paths of peace !

This, my lord, may look somewhat like boasting ; but it boasteth of nought, excepting CHRIST crucified, or rather arisen in me, whereby all worldly matters are crucified unto me.

Within about a fortnight after my conversion, I received a letter from a friend in London, informing me that my old uncle had secretly married a young creature, who was lately delivered of a son ; that he now openly acknowledged her for his wife, and that this, as he feared, did not bode me any good.

At another time these tidings would have greatly alarmed me; but I was now equally resigned, and indifferent to all events.

In a few days after, as I was stepping out of my lodgings, I was arrested in the name, and at the suit of my uncle, for £700; the precise sum for which I had drawn upon him about nine months before. All the consequences of this caption immediately occurred to me. I perceived that my uncle intended to deprive me of my patrimony in favour of his new family; and, as I had no means for opposing his machinations, save what lay in his own hands, I concluded that a jail was to be my portion for life. Wherefore, I lifted up my heart, and said within myself, To prisons and to death give me cheerfully to follow thee, O thou, who, in death, art the life and resurrection!

My spirit had no sooner uttered this short ejaculation, than I felt such a weight of peace descending upon me, that my heart leaped within me at the prospect of suffering; and I would not have exchanged my prison for a throne.

While I quietly walked with the officers toward the place of my durance, they came to a great tavern, where they entered, and proposed to regale themselves at my expense.

Mean-time, a Dutch merchant of great eminence happened to be, with his lady, in the principal room, and hearing a bustle in the house, he inquired the cause, and sent for the chief bailiff.

Soon after, I was conducted into their presence. They both rose as I entered; and the gentleman, approaching, took me familiarly by the hand, and said, in Dutch, Mr. Meekly, I hear you are in distress, and that is sufficient to recommend you to my services; but your appearance exacts something more from my inclinations. Pray let me know wherein, and how far, it may be requisite for you to command me.

I muttered somewhat, as I suppose, inarticulately toward an answer. For I protest, my lord, I was so struck, so awed, so confounded, by his presence, that I was lost, for the time, to the consideration of my own affairs. Mean-while he placed me at the table just opposite to the heavenly vision of his bride, and then went and resumed his seat beside her; while I, gazing in silence and utmost wonder, recollected those lines in Milton, where speaking of Adam and Eve, he calls them

————— ‘ the loveliest pair
 ‘ That ever since in love’s embraces met;
 ‘ Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
 ‘ His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.’

The gentleman perceived my astonishment, and graciously smiling, again asked me what sum was requisite to extricate me from my present difficulty. Ah, sir, said I, it is a sum that far exceeds all human bounty; and, indeed, I would not accept the obligation from any man, unless I were assured of being shortly in a capacity to reimburse him, of which I see no likelihood, I think no possibility.

Here I told him, in few words, how my father had left me an infant at the disposal of my uncle, who had now put me under arrest for £700, which some time since, he had freely remitted to me, as in my own right.

I see, said the gentleman, your uncle is a villain, and means, by casting you into a prison, in a strange and distant place, to deprive you of the power of bringing him to account. But he must be detected; it is a justice which you owe to the public, as well as yourself. And, as the amount of the pretended debt is not sufficient for that purpose, here is an order on the bank in town for double the sum. For this you must give me your note of hand. Be pleased to reimburse me when it is your convenience. If that should never happen, be under no concern; for I hold myself already repaid with usury, in the opportunity of serving an injured and a worthy man.

O sir, I cried, I cannot, indeed I cannot, I will not, accept it on any account. I am patient, nay I am pleased, with the lot that is appointed me. Shall I, in an instant, break the yoke, and cast the burden which my gracious Master, but this instant, has laid upon me? No, sir, I submit myself to it with thankfulness; I take this cross to my bosom, and press it to my heart.

O Meekly, said he, you are a very misdeeming christian, if you think yourself entitled either to assume or retain your proper crosses at will. There is too much of self-righteousness in such a zeal, Meekly. Humility would rather bid the will of our Master to be done; and he offers you enfranchisement by my hand. Do, my dear sir, cried the angel beside him, do; let me petition, let me

persuade you to accept this little instance of our good will to so good a creature. Though my lord here has not been able to prevail, a lady has superior claims, and I must not be refused.

Quite sunk, quite overwhelmed, I dropped involuntarily on my knees before them. Blessed pair, I exclaimed, blessed and beautiful beyond expression! if angels are like you, what happiness must be in heaven! I could say no more, my words were choked by my rising emotions.

My benefactor then rose, and coming tenderly towards me, he took me warmly in his arms. My Meekly, says he, do not oppress me, I pray you, by this excess of acknowledgment; I am but a worthless instrument in the hands of your Beloved; for from him, and him alone, is every good gift, and even the will of the giver. O, Mr. Meekly, added the lady, her eyes glittering through water, we thank you, we cordially thank you, Mr. Meekly; you have occasioned us much pleasure this day, I assure you; and the means of our happiness should be delightful in our eyes.

My patron then rung a bell, and ordered his principal gentleman into his presence; when, putting the order into his hand, Here, says he, take this, with the bailiff, directly to the bank; there pay him his demand of £700 and fees; and bring me a hundred pounds in cash, and the remainder in bills on London. Then, calling for pen and ink, he drew the following short note, 'I owe you fourteen hundred pounds;' to which I signed, Charles Meekly.

On the return of the messenger, I was put in possession of the cash and bills, and a dinner of little elegancies was served up.

After a short repast, the decanters and glasses being placed, and the attendants dismissed, my two patrons gave a loose to social joy, and invited me to be a partaker in their festivity. Never was I, nor ever shall I again, be witness to such flights of fancy, such a spontaneous fluency of heart-springing glee! With what pleasure did erudition cast off its formal garb! how delightfully did wisdom assume the semblance, and, at times, the very phrase of childhood! they laughed, they rallied me, themselves, and the world. Their merriment was as the breaking forth and exuberance of overflowing innocence and virtue. Conceive to yourself, my lord, a large room surrounded with benches, whereon are seated the principal philosophers, literati, lawyers, statesmen, chief captains, and chief conquerors, in all ages; then think you behold two sportively observ-

ant children in the midst, looking and laughing at the insignificance of the several ages; taking off and holding up the solemnity and self-importance of each profession in caricature; and setting the whole world, with all its wisdom, its toils, and boasted acquirements, its solitudes, applications, and achievements, at nought.

The gentleman, indeed, pretended, and only pretended, to defend the sophists, the valiant, and the renowned of his sex; but he evidently exulted in his own defeat; while the lady, with a drollery amazingly voluble, ran through the schools of philosophy, the systems of human policy, and histories of heroism, unpluming the crested, bringing the lofty low, and depreciating and reducing all magnitude to miniature. And all this she did with an archness of such pleasant meaning, with such looks, eyes, and attitudes of bewitching transition, as would have infused fascination into old age and ugliness; what then must it have done when accompanied by a beauty that scarce ever was equalled, that could not be exceeded? Did the Sarah of the patriarch Abraham resemble her, I wonder not that nations should have been enamoured of her at the age of fourscore.

At length the enraptured husband, no longer able to contain, bent toward her with looks of soul-darting delight; and restraining his arms that would have pressed her to his bosom, O, my Louisa, he cried, you are too much, too pearly, too precious a treasure for me! But giving him a sweetly petulant pat on the cheek, Away, you rogue, she said, I'll none of your mockeries!

What can expression add further to this divinely pre-eminent of human creatures? Whatever was her present glance, aspect, or posture, you would have wished to fix her in it, that you might gaze and admire for ever; but when she varied the enchantment of her action and attitude, you forgot the former attractions; and she became, as it were, a newness of ever-rising delight!

Alas, how transient, how momentary was the bliss I then enjoyed! A chariot and six pied horses drove up to the door, attended by a retinue of ten or twelve men, all armed, gallantly mounted, and in rich apparel.

My dear Meekly, mournfully said my benefactor, I am sorry that we are destined to different departments. I lodge to-night at a villa belonging to one of my correspondents, and to-morrow we set out

to visit some of the German courts. Fare, fare you well, Meekly, for a short season at least!

I would have cast myself at his feet. It was an emotion, a propensity which I could not resist; but he prevented me, by kissing me, and casting his arms affectionately about me. The lady then turned to me, and, with a smile of heart-captivating graciousness, God be with you, God be with you, my good Mr. Meekly, she cried! perhaps we may meet ere long in your own England. I answered not; but bending on one knee, I caught her hand, pressed it fervently to my lips, and permitted her to depart.

Alas, they did depart. I saw them for the last time. They mounted their carriage, and, being seated, they bent forward, and, bowing to me with a fixed regard, off they drove, and tore away with them, as I thought, the best part of my soul.

I followed them with straining eyes; when out of sight, methought I held them still in view; and I blessed and kissed, in imagination, the very ground over which they went. At length I awoke from my delirium, and with slow and heavy steps turned back into the house.

I had not yet, through shame, so much as inquired the name of my benefactor. I therefore called to my host, in order to inform myself of all that I could learn concerning him; as also to make out a bill, for it had not been called for; and I pleased myself with the thought of discharging a reckoning that my friends had forgotten. When I questioned my host on this head, he put his hands to his sides, and broke into a violent fit of laughter: No, no, master, said he, there's nothing for any one to pay in this house, I assure you: mynheer never troubles himself about those matters; his major domo pays all; ay, and for every guest too that happens to be in the same inn with his master.

Why pray, said I, is he a lord? A lord, quoth he; not so little as that comes to neither. No, sir; he is a prince; the very prince of our merchants; and our merchants are princes above all lords. And pray how do they style or call him? He has many names and titles; when our traders speak of him, they call him Mynheer Van Glunthong; but others style him my lord of merchants; and others, my lord the brother-man, and my lord the friend of the poor.

The remainder of my story is very short, and still more insignificant. I soon set out for England, in order to file a bill against my

uncle, and compel him to discover what patriuony my father had left me. But God was pleased, in the mean space, to cut off all debate; his wife and child had died of an epidemic distemper, and he did not survive them above a fortnight. He left me a penitential letter, with a small will inclosed, whereby I became entitled to three hundred a year in right of my father, and an additional four hundred in right of my uncle, with a sum of near three thousand pounds in ready money.

If I know my own heart, the only cause of rejoicing that I felt on that occasion was, that it put it in my power to discharge my pecuniary obligations to my late generous preserver. I immediately wrote, and transmitted bills to Holland for the purpose; but the bills were returned, and I could hear no tidings concerning the residence of my patron. I then put out his £1400 on the best securities that I could procure. It is now close upon five-and-thirty years since I saw him; and, in that time, the principal, with interest upon interest, yearly turned into capital, has amounted to nearly five thousand pounds; one penny of which I never touch, but hold the whole as sacred.

Mean-time, it has cost me hundreds upon hundreds in correspondences, advertisements, and even in special messengers to several parts of Europe, to discover where this greatest, this most eminent of men could have concealed himself; but, alas, my search proved as fruitless as that of the miser in hunting after the pearl of mighty price!

During these five-and-thirty years, the image of the persons of those my two gracious patrons never left my memory, but were ever at my heart. Ah! I would say to myself, they are dead, they are dead; or wrapped, perhaps, like Elijah, alive into heaven: flesh and blood, refined as theirs, might easily pass from its little impurities, through the fire of the love of God, to the place of its bliss. And again, it was my daily and ardent petition, that if their mortal was not swallowed up of immortality, I might once set my eyes upon them before I died.

Here Mr. Meekly ended.—I thank you, my dear friend, said the earl, for your history: it has entertained me most pleasingly, and I have also been highly edified by some passages in it. But with respect to the glimpse that you had of your two wonderful friends, I think it must have been a vision, or merely a matter of imagination;

for I never saw in nature, nor read in fiction, of any thing comparable to the excellencies that you have described in that exalted pair. If it was a vision, my lord, it must have been one of the blessed angels indeed; but I hope you will allow, that the benefits which they conferred were no way visionary. O, Mr. Meekly, said Harry with a sigh, the picture that you have drawn of this dear lady has almost given me a distaste to all the rest of her sex. Ah, might I meet hereafter, some daughter, some descendent, some distant likeness of her, how happy should I think myself! May heaven succeed your ominous wish, my dearest child, cried Meekly! It is just, perhaps prophetic, that it should be so: for never did I see so perfect a resemblance between any two creatures, as between the consort of that bewitching woman and yourself: it struck me, the other night, the moment you entered the room, and I thought that I beheld my very benefactor newly arisen, like a new phœnix, from the ashes of old age.

Near a fortnight now elapsed, without any news or notice from Mr. Clinton, or from the messenger who was sent dispatch for him. Harry daily advanced in the favour and familiarity of his father; and Mr. Meekly continued with him in a most pleasing society.

On a fine morning, as they were walking together toward the village, This is the first time, my Harry, said the earl with a sigh, that I have ventured to turn my face this way, since the death of my wife, and the interment of your dear brother. O my lord, cried Harry, I would gladly exchange my lot in life with the meanest of yonder cottagers, who earns his daily bread by the labour of his hands, provided I might thereby restore them both to your bosom. Not so, not so, my son, fervently replied the earl; I would not lose my Harry, though I was thereby to resuscitate all that were dead in England. I have no cause, no manner of right to complain; I am still happy, wonderfully happy, too happy in the possession of such a child!

Just then, a great shout and uproar was heard in the village. The huge mastiff, belonging to Peregrine Pelt, the tanner, had run mad, and came foaming up the road, pursued by thirty of the townsmen, armed with staves, spits, and pitchforks. The dog rushed on at such a rate, that there was no possibility for our company to escape him; and Harry observing that he made directly toward

his father, threw himself full in his way. Instantly the invenomed monster sprung up and cast himself open mouth upon our hero: but Harry, with a wonderful presence of mind, having wrapped his left arm in the skirt of his coat, dashed it into the frothing jaws of the terrible animal; when giving a trip, at the same time, to his hinder legs, he threw him flat on the ground, and, springing up into the air, he descended upon him with all the force of his heels, and dashed his bowels to pieces; whereupon the creature uttered a faint howl, sprawled awhile, and expired.

The earl and Mr. Meekly stood yet awhile, pale, astonished, and unassured; and my lord looking about in a panic, cried, Where is the dog? What's become of the mad dog? In the mean-time the villagers came on in full pursuit, crying out, The mad dog, the mad dog: take care of the mad dog! But when they all arrived, and beheld their huge enemy looking formidable even in death, never was amazement equal to theirs. They stared at the earl, Meekly, and Harry, in turns; and seeing no weapon in any of their hands, God, cried Goodman Demster, God has been wonderfully gracious in your deliverance, my lord; for nothing less than a thunderbolt could so suddenly have stricken this monster dead. I protest, said the earl, I was so much alarmed that I know not how it happened; I remember nothing further than that my dear child, here, thrust himself between his father and danger. But I beheld, said Meekly, when, with one stroke of his arm, he dashed the creature to the ground, and then instantly crushed him to death with his feet. Not I, Mr. Meekly, modestly replied Harry; God gave me strength, for the season, in defence of my father. But are you not bit, are you not hurt, my child? cried the earl, coming up tremblingly to his son. Not touched, indeed, my lord. Glory for that in the highest! exultingly cried the earl.

I knew, exclaimed Tom Truck, with a shout and look of triumph, I knew it could be no other but my brave and noble young master who did the feat. On my life, cried Farmer Felster, he is able, with his naked arm, like another young David, to save his lambs from the jaws of the lion and the paws of the bear.

Though these praises served only to put our hero to confusion, they went trickling, like balm of Gilead, to the heart of his father. Pelt, said the earl, let it be your task to flea and tan me the hide of your own dog. I will have his skin stuffed with incense, and his

nails of solid gold; and he shall hang up in my hall, from generation to generation, to commemorate the piety and prowess of my son! Meanwhile, my good friends, I invite you all, with your families, kinsfolk, and neighbours, to come and feast with me this day. Sorrow hath endured her night; but joy cometh with my child, and ariseth on us as a new morning.

In the afternoon, all the townsfolk and neighbours, with their wives and children, convened to the great house, having their cattle and themselves heavily laden with faggots, for a magnificent illumination. The whole court was spread with tables, and the tables with victuals and liquors; besides two hogsheads of October that stood apart.

The earl, in the joy for his own escape, and the recent prowess of his young hero, went forth with a cheerful countenance, and graciously welcomed all his guests; whereat they wished health and long life to his lordship and their young lord; and, giving a joint huzza, sat down to their banquet. From whence, after a night far spent in carousal, their great fire being out, and their great hogsheads exhausted, they peacefully helped each other to their respective homes; regretting, however, that they had not been honoured with the presence of their young master among them. For Harry had besought his father to dispense with him yet awhile, from partaking in any party or scene of festivity, especially when appointed in his own honour; and Mr. Meekly highly approved and applauded his motion.

On the eve of the following day, Mr. Meekly rode abroad on a charitable visit to a dying man in the neighbourhood; and my lord was fondly toying and patting the cheek of his darling, as they stood at the hall-door; when Harry spied a mourning-coach turning up the lower end of the great avenue, and instantly cried out, There's my uncle! my lord; my uncle, my dearest uncle! and off he shot like lightning. The coach drove but slowly; Harry was up with it in a twinkling; and vaulting in at the window, was, in an instant, in the bosom of his best friend and patron.

In the mean-time, the earl had retired into the house in great agitation. He feared and was jealous of the manner in which his brother would meet him; and this gave him equal doubt and hesitation respecting the manner in which he ought to receive his brother. Mr. Clinton, on the other hand, was not wholly without some similar

emotions; so that, when Harry introduced his uncle into the parlour, no two noble personages could salute each other with a more distant respect.

The earl, however, on casting a glance upon the face of his brother, felt a tide of returning affection, and lifting up his hands and eyes, exclaimed, It is he, it is he! my Harry, my Harry Clinton! my dear, my long-lost, my long-sought brother; then hastened forward in a gush of passion, and caught him in his eager arms; when Mr. Clinton alternately folding the earl to his bosom, cried, I am content, O my God! give me now to depart in peace, since at last, I find, and feel, that I have indeed a brother!

Our hero, observing the violence of their emotion, interposed with a gentle care, and, supporting them to seats, placed them tenderly by each other.

For a while they both sat silent, with a handkerchief at their eyes; till the earl turned, and plaintively said, You do not forgive me, Harry Clinton; you never will, you never can forgive me, my brother! whereupon, Mr. Clinton caught up the earl's hand to his lips, and pressing it with a fervent respect, cried, My brother and my lord, my brother and my lord!

O then, said the earl, you do forgive me, I find; but never can I, never will I, forgive myself! My faults towards you, my noblest brother, for these many long years, have been ever before me; my neglects, my pride and insolence, my contemptuous treatment of one, so highly my superior; of my Harry, the only boast and glory of our house!

Meanwhile, our hero stood aloof, with his head averted, weeping and sobbing with evident agitation; till Mr. Clinton cried, No more, my brother, no more, I beseech you. It is already too much; I cannot bear my present excess of grateful affection for you; it struggles to rush forth, but utterance is not given. Beside, we shall break the heart of our dear child there; his nature is too tender to support such a scene as this.

Harry then smilingly turned his face toward his parents, all shining through tears, as the sun in a shower; and advancing, and kneeling before them, as they sat, he took the hands of each alternately, and pressed them in silence to his lips.

In about an hour after, while their affections were still at the highest, but their spirits somewhat composed, Mr. Meekly returned. The earl immediately rose, and advancing, took him by the hand with a cordial familiarity. Mr. Meekly, says he, I shall now have the pleasure of introducing you to that inestimable brother, of whom you have heard me speak so often. Brother, this is Mr. Meekly, my best and worthiest friend!

Mr. Clinton rose and advanced; and Meekly approached with an abased reverence, not venturing to look up, but saluted him, as he would have saluted an angel of light!

Meekly, Meekly, cried Mr. Clinton, I have surely heard that name before! Pray, Mr. Meekly, was you ever abroad? have you travelled, sir? was you ever in Holland, Mr. Meekly?

Here Meekly started, as awaked by the sound of a voice, whose recollected tunings went thrilling to his heart; and lifting up his eyes, and beholding the traces of features once so lovely, and ever deeply endeared to his memory, he started, and staggering back some steps, he sunk down on a chair behind him, almost in a fainting fit.

The earl, greatly alarmed, went up, and taking him by the hand, What is the matter, my friend, says he? are you taken suddenly ill? are you not well, my Meekly?

O, my lord, he pantingly cried, there he is—as sure as I live—my patron—my benefactor—the wondrous man that I told you of—there he stands, in his own precious person before us!

Mr. Clinton then approached, and taking a seat beside him, leaned toward him with a melting complaisance. Mr. Meekly, said he, I expected ere this to have embraced you in heaven; but I rejoice to meet you even on earth; for I have ever retained a very affectionate impression of you; and I more especially rejoice to meet you in the present society.

But then—but then you come alone—you come alone my lord and master!—Alas, you wipe your eye!—O, then it must be so! And here he broke into a passionate gush of tears.

My lord and our hero, hereupon, recollecting the engaging circumstances of a character, of whose description they had been so lately enamoured, could not refuse their tribute to the memory of that admirable lady, to whose person they now found themselves endearingly attached by affinity.

At length Mr. Clinton, distressed to the last degree for the distress in which he saw the forlorn Meekly, sweetly turned from his own affliction to the consoling of that friend whom he found so deeply afflicted for him.

Mr. Meekly, said he, let us not weep for the living, but rather for the dead; for those who are yet in the vale of mortality! Shall we mourn the condition of angels? Shall we lament that a weight of glory is fallen on those whom we loved? No, let us rather rejoice in the prospect of being speedily partakers!

When supper was over, Harry laid hold of the first interval of converse, to inquire after his friends in town, more especially Mr. Clement, his Arabella, and their little Dicky. They are come, said Mr. Clinton, to sudden and great affluence. Old Clement is thoroughly reconciled to his son, and is doatingly fond of Arabella and her child. I am glad of it with all my heart, cried Harry, clapping his hands; but pray how did this matter come about, sir? By an event, my dear, in which the arm of Providence was signally visible. Old Clement's supposed wife was detected, and is dead; as is also her paramour, the villain who betrayed, and lately also attempted to murder your Hammel. His history is wonderful; but it is long, and too horrid to relate.

What an astonishing distance there is, exclaimed the earl, between the characters and dispositions of man and man! And how does my brother, my revered Harry Clinton, rise supremely above all his species, in every excellence, in every virtue, scarce less than divine!

O, my lord, I am persuaded, said Mr. Clinton, that could it please God, at this instant, to withdraw from me the influence of his holy and happy Spirit, I should become altogether as evil as the worst, as vile as the vilest.

I cannot think so, my brother replied the earl; you would still continue a rational and free creature. There is certainly a distinction in the nature of things! There are the beautiful and the deformed, the amiable and the detestable; your judgment would approve the one, and reject the other; and your freedom of agency would act conformably to your election.

Ah, my lord, cried Mr. Clinton, what things, what beauty, what amiableness, what freedom, is this that you speak of? Have you found out another universe, or another deity beside HIM in whom

our life subsists? Are there any things in nature, save the things of our God? Or what beauty or amiableness can they possibly exhibit, save what they derive from him; save some quality or impregnation, some manifestation or impression of his own beauty or amiableness?

To make this matter clear, let us go somewhat deeper; quite back, if you please, my lord, to the very birth of things.

Throughout nature we find that God can impart to his creatures, a being, an identity, a fire of life, an intelligence or sagacity, a consciousness, a force of action, a will, and a freedom, distinct from himself, and distinct from each other: and this is the utmost extent of creaturely nature, whether respecting the powers that are in hell or in heaven; whether respecting the highest seraphims that are in bliss, or the lowest fallen spirits in perdition.

Now all these powers or high prerogatives, although distinct from God, are infinitely far from being independent of him; for he will not, he cannot, depart from his supremacy, nor that universality of essence, by and in which alone all essences subsist. He can, indeed, impart the fore-mentioned powers, to any limited degree that he pleases; but then, in their highest degree of fire, life, or sagacity, force, action, or freedom, you will perceive, on the slightest reflection, that there is nothing of the beautiful or amiable, that you spoke of; but that they are equally applicable, and may be equally exercised to evil, or good purposes, according to the nature or disposition of the agent.

I have already specified the many great and wonderful powers that God can impart to his creatures, distinctly, though not independently, from himself. But there is one power, one quality, which God cannot make creaturely; which, with all his omnipotence, he cannot possibly impart, in any kind of distinction or separability from himself; and this quality is called **GOODNESS**.

And now, my dear lord, in order to convince you of this most capital and most important of all truths, a truth upon which time, eternity, and the universe, all turn, as on their axis, it may be necessary to consider what **GOODNESS** is.

There is no species of allowed or conceivable virtue, that is not reducible under the standard of their great leader, and all-generating parent, called **LOVE**. **GOOD-WILL** is the eternal blesser of

all to whom it is beneficent, and also generates its own blessing in the very act of its love.

Here lies the great and impassable gulf between God and his productions, between the creature and the Creator. The will of God is an eternal FIRE OF LOVE toward his creatures, and goes forth in blessings upon them as wide and universal as his own existence. But the will of the creature is confined and limited like its essence. While it is distinct from, or uninformed by, the will of God, it cannot possibly act beyond or out of itself; it cannot possibly feel for any thing except itself; it cannot wish any welfare except its own welfare, and this it endeavours to compass by the exertion of all its powers.

From this distinct, selfish, and craving will of the creature, springs every possible evil, whether natural or moral. From the preference of its own identity to that of others, ariseth pride; from the eagerness of its grasping at all advantages to itself, ariseth the envy of any imaginary advantage to another. Pride, covetousness, and envy, beget hatred, wrath, and contention, with every species and degree of malevolence and malignity; and the disappointment of these passions produces rancour and misery; and, all together, they constitute the whole nature and kingdom of hell itself in the soul.

But when God is pleased to inform the will of the creature with any measure of his own benign and benevolent will, he steals it sweetly forth in affection to others; he speaks peace to the storm of rending passions; and a new and delightful dawning arises on the spirit. And thus, on the grand and final consummation, when every will shall be subdued to THE WILL OF GOOD TO ALL, our JESUS will take in hand the resigned cordage of our hearts: he will tune them, with so many instruments, to the song of his own sentiments, and will touch them with the finger of his own divine feelings. Then shall the wisdom, the might, and the goodness, of our God, become the wisdom, might, and goodness, of all his intelligent creatures; the happiness of each shall multiply and overflow, in the wishes and participation of the happiness of all; the universe shall begin to sound with the song of congratulation; and all voices shall break forth in an eternal hallelujah of praise, transcending praise, and glory, transcending glory to GOD AND THE LAMB!

Purblind reason, here, will say, even the goodness of God himself, in the human heart, will say, If our God is all love, if he is a will to all rectitude and happiness in his creatures, why did he suffer any evil to begin in nature and creature? Could evil have risen contrary to the will of Omnipotence, if Omnipotence had willed that it should not arise?

Ah, my friends, no evil ever did, nor ever can, approach the will of God; neither can he will or effect any species of evil in nature or creature; but he can allow a temporary evil in the creature, as a travail toward its birth into the more eminent degree of that goodness and happiness which God effects. God cannot effect or take delight in the sufferings of the most abandoned reprobate that ever blasphemed his name; but he can will, that the sinner should be reclaimed to happiness, even by suffering, when there are no other means in nature, whereby he may be reclaimed.

Could creatures, without the experience of any lapse or evil, have been made duly sensible of the darkness and dependence of their creaturely nature, and of the distance and distinction between themselves and their God; could they have known the nature and extent of his attributes, with the infinity of his love; could they have known the dreadful consequences of falling off from him, without seeing any example, or experiencing any consequences of such a fall; could they have otherwise felt and found that every act of creaturely will, and every attempt at creaturely power, was a forsaking of that eternal wisdom and strength in which they stood; could all intelligent creatures have been continued in that lowliness, that resignation, that gratitude of burning affection which the slain will of the mortified sinner feels, when called up into the grace and enjoyment of his God; could those endearing relations have subsisted in creation, which have since newly risen between God and his lapsed creatures, wholly subsequent thereto—those relations, I say, of redemption, of regeneration, of a power of conversion, that extracts good out of evil, of a love that no apostacy can quench, that no offences can conquer—if these eternal benefits could have been introduced, without their ground or foundation in the admission of evil, no lapse or falling off would ever have been.

Here Mr. Clinton paused; and his auditors continued in a kind of respectful musing, as attentive to what he might further offer. At length the earl exclaimed, Never, never more, my brother, will

I debate or question with you, further than asking your advice or opinion, to which I shall instantly and implicitly submit, as I would to that of the highest seraph in heaven. Our dear Meekly, here, and I, had some former converse on a few of these deep subjects, and I received much satisfaction and instruction from him; but he was not quite so explicit and convincing as you have been.

Ah, my lord, cried Meekly, were I as intimate with the Fountain of all knowledge, as your precious brother is, you would not then have posed me in the conversation we last held on those heads.

On the following day, at breakfast, Mr. Meekly took out his pocket-book, and produced bank and stock bills to the amount of something upward of five thousand pounds. He then presented them to Mr. Clinton, and said, Here, sir, is a little matter toward repayment of the loan I had from you in Holland. I bless, I bless my God, that he has enabled me thus far to approve myself an honest man; but, above all, I bless him for giving me once more a sight of the gracious countenance of my patron. But for you, I had miserably perished in a dungeon; to you, sir, I owe my liberty, to you I owe my life, to you I owe the recovery of the inheritance of my fathers. With respect to such obligations, I am indeed a beggared insolvent. But my heart is pleased with the thought, that the connection between us, of creditor on your part, and of debtor on mine, should remain on record to all eternity.

Here the worthy Meekly became oppressed under sensations of grateful recollection; and putting his handkerchief to his eyes he sobbed out his passion.

In the mean time, Mr. Clinton held the bills in his hand, and carelessly casting his eye over them, perceived the amount. As soon as he saw that his friend's emotion had partly subsided, You have, Mr. Meekly, says he, you have been quite a gospel-steward, and have returned me my own with most unlooked-for usury; and I heartily pray God, in recompence of your integrity, to give you the principality of many cities in the coming kingdom of his Son. But what shall I do with this money, my dear Meekly? My wealth already overflows; it is my only trouble, my only incumbrance. It claims my attention, indeed, as it is a trust for which I know I am strictly accountable: but I heartily wish that Providence would reclaim the whole to himself, and leave me as one of his mendicants, who daily wait on the hand that supplieth all, who seek his king-

dom with necessary things ; for my Harry has enough, and more than enough, now, in the abundance of his noble father. You must therefore keep these bills to yourself, my worthy friend : retain, or give, or dispose of them, even as it shall please you ; whether as your property or as my property, it matters not six-pence ; but, take them back, you must take them back, indeed, my Meekly. And so saying, he shoved them over from him, on the table.

Ah, my most honoured sir, exclaimed the repined Meekly, sure you would not serve me so ! My soul is but just eased of a load that lay heavy on it for many, many years. Be not then so severe as to replace the burden upon me. It would break my very heart, should you persist in refusing this little instance of acknowledgment from one of your warmest lovers.

Here Harry found himself affected and distressed for the parties ; and, in order to relieve them, took the decision of the matter upon himself.

Gentlemen, says he, I will, with your good pleasure, put a very quick end to this dispute ; and I offer myself to you, as your joint trustee, to be your almoner and disposer of these bills.

As I was lately on my rambles, through some villages near London, the jingle of a number of infant-voices struck my ear ; and turning, and looking in at the ground-floor of a long cottage, I perceived about thirty little girls neatly dressed in a uniform, and all very busily and variously employed, in hackling, carding, knitting, or spinning, or in sewing at their sampler, or in learning their letters, and so forth.

The adjoining house contained about an equal number of boys, most of whom were occupied in learning the rudiments of the several handicrafts, while the rest were busied in cultivating a back field, intended as a garden for these two young seminaries.

I was so pleased with what I saw, that I gave the masters and mistresses some small matter ; and I resolved, within myself, if ever I should be able, to gather together a little family of my own for the like purposes.

Now, gentlemen, here comes Mr. Meekly's money quite in season for saving just so much of my own. But hang it, since I am grown suddenly rich, I think I will be generous for once in my life, and add as much more out of my proper stock. I shall also make so free as to draw on my uncle there for the like sum ; and these, tot-

ted together, will make a pretty beginning of my little project. As to my poor father here, he has nothing to spare, for he has already lavished all his wealth on his naughty boy.

My lord and the company laughed heartily at Harry's little pleasantry.—But, harkee, honest friend, added the earl, you must not think to expose me, by leaving me out of your scheme; can't you lend me as much, Harry, as will answer my quota? Yes, my lord, said Harry, upon proper securities, I think I may venture. You are a rogue, and a darling, and my treasure, and my honour, and my ornament, cried the earl, turning and bending fondly toward him. While Harry's eyes began to swim with pleasure, and, casting himself into his father's bosom, he there hid the tears of his swelling delight; while Mr. Clinton and Mr. Meekly sat silently wrapt in the enjoyment of the tender scene.

After dinner, the earl said, Tell me, my ever-amiable Harry Clinton, where in the world could you hide yourself from my inquiries these twenty years past? I have got some scattered sketches of your history from Mr. Meekly, and my son here, and have been burning to learn the whole, but dreaded to ask you that favour, lest the recollection of some passages should give you distress. I refuse no pain to do you a pleasure, my brother.

Here the honourable Mr. Clinton began his story, as formerly recited, and that night sent his auditors weeping to bed.

On the following morning, when he came to that part of his narrative where Lady Maitland broke away, he proceeded as followeth:

Having travelled through several parts of France and Italy, I took Germany in my tour. I staid some time at Spa, where I drank the waters, and within the year arrived in perfect health at Rotterdam.

On a visit to Mr. De Wit, at his valla near the city, he told me, over our bottle, that he had at that time in his house and in his guardianship, one of the most extraordinary women in the universe. Though she is now, says he, advancing toward the decline of life, she is by far the most finished female I ever beheld, while all she says, and all she does, gives a grace to her person that is quite undiscrivable. She hath a youth too, her son, with her, who is nearly as great a rarity as herself; and, were it not that his complexion is sallow, and that he is something short of a leg, and

blind of one eye, he would positively be the most lovely of all the human species.

You put me in mind, said I laughing, of the Baratarian wench, who was commended to Governor Sancho as the most accomplished beauty within a league : with this exception only, that one eye was blind, and that the other ran with brimstone and vermilion. But pray who are these wonders ?

That, said he, I either cannot or must not declare. They are evidently people of the first fashion, and must have some uncommon reasons for their present conduct, as they live quite retired, and admit of no company.

I protest, said I, you have raised my curiosity in earnest ; is there no managing so as to procure me a short tête-a-tête with them ? I wish there was, says he, for I long to know how far your sentiments agree with mine in this matter. Yesterday the lady told me that she intended to go and reside some time in England, and that I would oblige her, by getting a person, duly qualified, to initiate her and her son in the language of the country. And now, if such a fine gentleman could condescend to undress himself, you might come to-morrow, as a person who wanted hire, and I might introduce you to an interview by way of treating, provided you are upon honour not to reveal any thing concerning them, or their place of abode.

The next morning I waited on Mr. De Wit, under the appearance of a reduced gentleman, a character that excites a mixture of contempt and compassion.

The lady received and spoke to me with that dignified complaisance which awes while it engages ; and, while it attracts, forbids an irreverent familiarity. She was, indeed, every thing that my friend had boasted of her ; for though her person was all majesty, her manner was all grace. Will you answer for the discretion of this young man, Mr. De Wit ? I will, madam, said he. I bowed to them both.

On turning, I perceived that her son eyed me with much attention, and I, on my part, surveyed him with the utmost astonishment. He laboured indeed, apparently, under all the disadvantages that my friend described ; but enchantment lurked in his accents, and in the dimpling of his lips ; and, when he smiled, Heaven it-

self was infused through the fine roundings of his olive-coloured countenance.

In short, I felt such a sudden attachment to these extraordinary personages, that I resolved to keep on the deception, at least for a few days, and accordingly engaged with them at a stated salary.

I entered on my province. My young pupil, especially, began to improve apace; and, as I was particularly cautious in observing the distant respect that suited my station, I grew into great favour both with mother and son. How long, Mr. De Wit, would say, do you propose to carry on this farce? Till I can prevail upon them, I answered, to accompany me to England. For I feel my affection so tied to them, that I cannot think of parting.

On a day as I sat with my pupil in his apartment, he happened to let his book fall; and as I stooped to take it up, the picture of my Matilda, that was richly enamelled and set with brilliants, to a great value, suddenly looses from its ribband, and dropped through the bosom of my shirt upon the floor.

I stood concerned and greatly abashed by this accident, but my pupil, still more alarmed, started up, and catching at it, gazed upon it intensely. Ha, my friend, said he, I doubt you are an impostor: The proprietor of this jewel would never set himself out to hire without some sinister design. Who, sir, and what are you?

I own, said I, my sweet fellow, that I am not what I seem; I am of noble descent, and of riches sufficient to purchase a principality. And what then could induce you to impose upon us as you have done?—Curiosity, at first, and then the strong inclination which I took both to you and your mother at our first interview; neither did I propose to reveal myself, till we should reach my native country, where all sorts of honours and affluence attend you.—Tell me then, said he, whose picture is this? a very lovely one indeed! is this the face, sir, of your mistress, or your wife? (looking very inquisitively at me.) Ah, said I, she was once mistress of thousands of hearts; nobles waited before her drawing-room, and dukes near her toilet. She was once also my wife; but the dear saint is now eternally blessed in a more suitable bridegroom.

Will you indulge me, sir, said he, with the story of your loves? It may atone in a great measure for your late deception, which, however well meant, was very alarming. Here I related to him the short pathetic history that I told you of my Matilda; with

which he was so affected, and in such violent agitation, that I was quite affrighted for him, and stopped several times; but he insisted on my proceeding. Ah, said he, when I concluded, should I ever be consorted in the manner that you and your Matty were, how blessed I shall think myself! I have, said I, a little cousin in England, and perhaps the loveliest child in the world, and if you will marry her, when you both come to proper years, I will settle ten million of French money upon you. Meantime, I beseech you to say nothing to your mamma of what has passed. I will not, said he, unless I see a discretionary necessity for it.

That night I went to the city to settle the affairs of my household. On my return next morning, I met Mr. De Wit at the gate of his court. Ah, my friend, said he, our amiable guests are departed. Gone, I cried, gone! which way, whereto, I pray you? That also is a secret, said he, which I am not permitted to tell you. Late in the evening there arrived a retinue of about twenty servants, strongly armed and mounted, with a flying chaise and six horses, and a packet of letters. The lady did not go to bed, but ordered all things to be in readiness for their departure against the rising of the moon. When they were near setting out, and going to bid me adieu, Have you no commands, madam, said I, for the good young man your tutor? Not a penny, says she; I cannot afford wages equivalent to servants of his quality. How, madam, said I, is my friend then detected? But it was a very innocent and friendly fraud, I assure you; I should not have imposed him upon your ladyship, did I not know you to be safer in his honourable hands than in those of any other. I then gave them an account of your family, your vast fortune, nor was I quite silent as to your merits, my dear Harry; and I added, that I was sensible you would be deeply afflicted at the departure of persons to whom you were so strongly attached. There is no help for it, replied the lady; we have reasons of utmost import for not disclosing ourselves to him. Tell him, however, that we esteem him highly—affect him tenderly—shall think of him—shall pray for him—and—lastly—that you saw us drop a grateful tear to his remembrance.

As I could extort no further intelligence from my friend Mr. De Wit, I parted in a half kind of chagrin, and prepared to pursue my fugitives, though I knew not what road to take, nor where to turn me for the purpose. At all adventures, however, I set out on the way

to France; as they appeared to be of that country, as well by the elegance of their manners, as by their fluency in the language.

I was attended by eleven of as brave and faithful fellows as ever thrust themselves between their master and danger.

On the fifth or sixth day, as we got on the borders of French Flanders, in an open and desolate way, with a forest far on the left, a man rode toward us on the spur, and approaching, cried out, Help, gentlemen; for heaven's sake, help to rescue my dear ladies, who are plundered and carried away by the banditti! They have already killed twenty of my companions, and I alone am left to cry out for relief.—I bid him lead, and we followed. In a few minutes we came where we saw a great number of the dead and dying, covering the sand and thin herbage. But our leader cried out, Stop not here, my noble friends! Yonder they are, yonder they are! they have but just taken away all our horses, luggage, and coach, and are now at the plunder. I am weak through loss of blood, but will help you the best I can. Here he spurred again toward the enemy, but his horse would not answer his courage. I then looked about to observe if any advantage could be taken; for I perceived that the ruffians were still very numerous, about thirty, who had survived the late combat; but, seeing that the country was quite open, and that we had nothing but resolution and our God to help us, I commended myself to him in so good a cause, and putting my horse to speed, I rode full at the foe, confident of being well and gallantly seconded.

When the banditti perceived us, they instantly quitted the plunder, and gathering into a groupe, they prepared their carabines, and discharged them full at us as we drew near. As I happened to be foremost, I received the greatest damage. One of their balls gave me this mark in my neck; another passed through the flesh of my left shoulder; and another through my hat, and left this scar in my head.

But when we came in upon them, as the Romans say, *cominus ense*, hand to hand, had they doubled their numbers, they would have been as nothing to us. My faithful Irishman levelled half a score of them with his own hand, and in less than three minutes we had no opponent in the field. I then rode up to the coach, and perceived two ladies in it, pale as death, and sunk senseless to the bottom. Immediately I ordered James, my surgeon's mate to take

a little blood from them, and, on their recovery, to follow me, with all my people, and all the horses, baggage, &c. to the nearest inn. Then, feeling my wounds begin to smart, I took my surgeon with me, and galloped away.

In about a league, we came to a large house of entertainment, and finding myself sick and qualmish, through the great effusion of blood, I had my wounds directly dressed, and, taking a draught of wine-whey, got into a warm bed. After a night of uneasy slumbers, the curtain of my bed was gently drawn aside, and awaking, I heard a voice say, in soft music, Ah my dear mamma, it is he, it is he himself! On lifting my feeble eyes, I perceived a vision at my side, of a female appearance, but more wonderful and more lovely than any thing I had ever conceived of the inhabitants in bliss. Her eyes swam in glory, and her whole form seemed a condensing or substantiation of harmony and light.

While I gazed in silent astonishment, I heard another voice say, Don't you know us, my son, my dear Mr. Clinton? don't you remember your pupils? don't you remember your blind, lame, and tawny Lewis? he is now turned into that passable girl there, whose honour and whose life you yesterday preserved, at the great peril of your own. Here, seizing her hand, I pressed it to my lips, and cried, Am I then so blessed, my honoured madam, as to have done some service to the two dearest objects of my heart's fixed affections? Soft, says she, none of these transports; your surgeon tells us, that repose is necessary for you. Mean-time we will go and prepare the best regimen that the place can afford for your nourishment; and, after that, I will send a dispatch to my lord, and let him know how far, how very deeply he, and we, and all his house, are indebted to you.

For that day, and the following week, as my fever grew something high, I saw no more of the daughter; and the mother staid no longer than to administer something to me, or barely to inquire how I was. At length I got cool, and began to recover; when the former vision descended upon my ravished senses, the vision of that Louisa, the sight of whom never failed to bring cheer to the eyes, and delight to the hearts of all beholders.

They sat down by my side, and my lady, taking my hand, and looking tenderly at me, What would you think, said she smiling, of my Louy for a wife? Ah, madam, I exclaimed, she would be

too much of bliss, too precious, too glorious, too overpowering for the heart and senses of any mortal! Don't tell me, cries my lady; in my eyes, my Harry, you are full as amiable for a husband as she can be for a wife. Beside, you have earned her, my son; she is your own dear purchase, by service of infinite value, and at the price of your precious blood. She has told me the story of your first love, and the recollection of it never fails to bring tears from my eyes. But I must, hereafter, hear the whole from your own mouth, with all your other adventures; the smallest incident will be very interesting to me, I assure you. O, my dear, my sweet fellow, you are to a hair the very man I wish for my Louisa; the brave, the tender, gentle, and generous heart; just the thing I would have wished for myself, when I was of the age of my Louy.

But, my dearest, my honoured madam, loved and honoured next to heaven, you have not yet told me how your Louisa is inclined; whereupon the bewitching creature, archly smiling, and blushing, and reaching forth a polished hand of living alabaster, Here, she cried, I present you with this trifle, in token that I do not hate you—very much. Mr. Clinton, said my lady, I have sent off my favourite servant Gerard, with my dispatches to my lord. He is the only one that remains of all my retinue. Your surgeon has dressed his wound, and pronounces it so slight, as not to incommode him in his journey. I chose him more particularly for the carrier of my purposes, as he was the witness of your valour; as he can testify to my lord with what intrepidity you rushed foremost into the thick of the assassins; and with what unexampled bravery you defeated, in a short time, a body of four or five times your number. These things, I trust, will have their due weight: for though my lord is of a lofty and inflexible nature, he is yet alive to the feelings of honour and justice, so that our affairs have a hopeful and auspicious aspect. But you are a little flushed, my child; we will not encroach further upon you till to-morrow.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Clinton's Story continued.

DURING the three following weeks, though confined to my bed, I was permitted to sit up; and my wounds, though not skinned,

were healing apace. What happiness did I enjoy during that ecstatic interval! the maternal and filial angels scarce ever left my side. One morning, when I just awoke from a terrifying dream, they both entered with peace and comfort, and healing in their countenances. What is the matter, my Harry, said my lady? your face does not seem composed to that fortitude and complaisance which is seated in your heart. Ah, madam, I cried, I have been all night tormented with the most alarming and horrible visions I ever had in my life. Three times I dreamed successively, that my Louisa and I were walking hand in hand through the fields of Elysium, or on the banks of Meander, or in the gardens of Alcinous, gazing, and drinking in large draughts of love from each other; when at one time a huge and tremendous dragon, at another a sudden earthquake, and at another an impetuous hurricane, came, and caught, and severed us far asunder.

But my visions, my honest friend, said the heavenly smiling Louisa, have been of a very different nature. I dreamed that, while we were standing on the bank of a frightful precipice together, your Matilda descended, all celestial, and a thousand times more lovely than she appears in the lovely portait that you carry about you. At first I feared that she came to reclaim you to herself; but, instead of that, she smiled upon me, and began to caress me, and taking my right hand she put it into your's. Then, ascending in her brightness, she hovered awhile on high, and casting down upon me a look of fixed love, she gave me a beck with her hand, as it were to follow, and was immediately lost in glory. O, my dear children, cried the marchioness, (for such she was) might I but once see you united, how I should lift my head! or rather, how satisfied I should be to lay it down in peace, having nothing further to care for on this side of eternity!

That night I slept sounder than usual, and did not awake till the day was something advanced. On opening the curtain, I saw James seated in a moody posture by the side of my bed. How are the ladies, James? said I. Gone, Sir. Gone, gone, I cried out. Yes, sir, gone indeed; but with very heavy hearts, and both of them drowned in tears. Here has been a large body of the gens d'armes sent for them, so that there was no resisting. Poor Gerard went on his knees to his lady, to beg permission to throw himself at your honoured feet, as he said, and to bid you adieu, but she

would not allow him. Mean-time she charged me with this watch and ring, and this letter, for your honour. I caught at the letter, and tearing it open, read over and over, a thousand times, what will for ever be engraven on my memory, and on my heart.

' We leave you, we leave you, most beloved of men, and we are miserable in so doing; but, alas, we are not our own mistresses. My lord, for this time, has proved unjust and ungrateful; and refuses your Louisa, as well to my prayers, as to your infinite merits. He has affianced her, as it seems, to a prince of the blood; and his ambition has blinded him to all other considerations. Be not yet in despair, we shall exert our very utmost to get this injurious sentence reversed; and if your Louisa inherits my blood or spirit, not all the engines in France will ever compel her to give her hand to another. In the mean-time, follow us not, come not near us, we beseech you. Should you be discovered, you will inevitably be assassinated; and we also should perish in your loss, my son. We are distracted by our fears for you; and it is this fear that has prevented us from disclosing ourselves fully to you. Keep up your correspondence, however, with our friend De Wit, and through him you shall learn the first favourable turn that happens in our affairs. I leave you my ring, in token of your being the wedded of our hearts; and Louisa leaves you her watch, to remind you of time past, and to look upon, when at leisure, and think of

' YOUR ELOISA DE———,

' YOUR LOUISA DE———.'

Yes, I cried, ye precious relics, ye delicious memorandums, to my lips, to my heart! Be ye the companions of my solitude, the consolers of my affliction! Sooner shall this arm be torn off, and time itself pass away, than one or the other shall be divided from my custody. Ah, how useless are admonitions to the impatience of a lover! fervent love can know no fears. I was no sooner able to sit my horse, than I set off directly for Paris; with this precaution only, that my people were to call me by my mother's maiden-name of Goodall. As we knew not the names or titles of those after whom we were in search, our eyes became our only inquisitors; and we daily ranged the town, poring into every carriage of distinction for a sight of the mother or daughter; and even prying among the lackies and liveries for the face of our friend Gerard.

On a day, as my valiant Tirlah and I rode abroad, reconnoitring the suburbs, we heard a noise and shout of distress, that issued from a distant farm-house; and, as we hastened up, the tumult grew louder, and the cry of help! and murder! was several times repeated. We instantly knocked at the door, but were refused ad-

mittance, when Tirlah alighted, ran against it, and breaking through bars and all with his foot, threw the door off its hinges.

On entering, we saw a man stretched on the broad of his back on the floor, with four others about him, who were going to use him very barbarously. Stay your hands, I cried; I will shoot the first man through the head who shall dare to proceed in this business. Why, sir, said a young fellow, rising, this man wanted to be gracious with my pretty young wife; I caught him in the very attempt; and so I think it but fair and honest to spoil him of such sport for time to come. Ay, but, said I, you might murder him, and I cannot suffer that. Come, my friend, no harm appears to be done as yet; and if he pays a handsome penance for the wickedness of his intention, I would advise you to pass matters over for the present. Say, how much do you demand? Five hundred louis d'ors, said the fellow; if he pays that, he shall be quit for this turn. Five hundred louis d'ors! I exclaimed; why, all the clothes on his back are not worth the hundredth part of the sum. True, master, said the peasant, winking, but his pockets may happen to be richer than his clothes. Well, said I, if he secures you in half the sum, I think you may be satisfied. Why, master, since you have said it, I will not go back. Whereupon the astonished prisoner was permitted to rise.

What do you say, you very bad man? Are you willing to pay this fellow the sum I agreed for, in compensation of the injury you attempted to do him? I am, sir, said he, with many thanks for your mediation. Then hastily putting his hand to his pocket, he took out a note on the customs, which, with some small matter of cash, made up the money, and we departed the house together.

As I was just going to mount, he came up and accosted me with elegance and dignity. Sir, said he, you have made me your debtor, beyond expression, beyond the power of princes to pay. Be pleased however, to accept the little I have about me; here are five thousand louis in this little note-book. Not a penny, sir, indeed; I am by no means in want. You must not refuse, said he, some token of acknowledgment; here is a stone valued at double the sum I offered you: then, taking from a pocket the diamond button of his hat, he presented it to me. You must excuse me, sir, said I; I can accept of no consideration for doing an action of humanity; and I rejoice to have preserved a person of your distinction and

generosity. I then turned my horse, and though he called after me, I rode away, being neither desirous of knowing or being known.

My researches hitherto being altogether fruitless, I imagined I might, with better likelihood, meet my beloved in the public walks, public theatres, or rooms of distinguished resort.

One night, as I sat alone in a side-box at the opera, intently gazing around and hungering for some similitude of my Louisa, there entered one of the loveliest young fellows I ever beheld. He carelessly threw himself beside me, looked around, withdrew his eyes, and then looked at me with such a long and piercing inquisition as alarmed me, and gave me cause to think I was discovered.

Though the French seldom hesitate, he seemed at once backward and desirous of accosting me. At length he entered upon converse touching the drama and the music, and spoke with judgment and elegance superior to the matter; while I answered him with due complaisance, but in a manner that partook of that regardlessness for trifles which then sat at my heart.

Between the acts, he turned, and cast his eyes suddenly on me. Sir, says he, do you believe that there is such a thing as sympathy? Occasionally, sir, I think it may have its effect; though I cannot credit all the wonders that are reported of it. I am sorry for that, said he, as I ardently wish that your feelings were the same as mine at this instant. I never saw you before, sir; I have no knowledge of you; and yet I declare, that, were I to choose an advocate in love, a second in combat, or a friend in extremity, you are the very man upon whom I would pitch. I answered not, but seized his hand, and pressed it my to bosom. I conceive, sir, continued he, notwithstanding your fluency in the language, that you are not a native. My name is D'Aubigny; I live at such a place; and if you will do me the pleasure of a single visit, all the honours, respects, and services, that our house can confer, shall be your's without reserve. Sir, said I, I am of England; my name is Goodall; and as soon as a certain affair allows me to admit of any acquaintance in Paris, you shall be the first elected of my arms and my heart.

In a few nights after, as Tirlah and I were turning a corner of the Rue de St. Jaques, we saw three men with their backs to the wall, attacked by nearly three times their number. We did not hesitate a moment what part to take. At the first pass I ran one of the assassins through the body, Tirlah levelled two more with his oaken

staff, and the rest took to flight. Gentlemen, said one of the three, I thank you for this brave and seasonable assistance.—Roche, run for a surgeon, I am wounded, I doubt dangerously.—Pierre, lend me your arm.—Come, gentlemen, we have but a little way to my house.

Though the night was too dark for examining features, I thought that the voice was not quite unknown to me. Within a few minutes we arrived at a palace that retired, inward, from the houses that were ranged on either hand. On pulling the hanger of a bell the great door opened upon a sumptuous hall, which led to a parlour, enlightened by a silver sconce that hung from the vaulting.

As we entered, the master turned short upon me, and looking full in my face, and starting, and lifting his hands in surprise, Great ruler of events! he cried, the very man I wished, my brother and companion through life! and this is the very man you have sent to my rescue! Just then the surgeon arrived, and I heard him hastily asking where the marquis was. On entering, he said, I am sorry for your misfortune, my lord; but matters may be better than we apprehend; and immediately he took out his case of instruments. One of the ruffians, said the marquis, before I was aware, came behind, and ran me through the back.

The surgeon then ripped open his lordship's waistcoat; and changed colour on seeing his shirt drenched in blood. But, getting him quickly undressed, and having probed his wound, he struck his hands together, and cried, Courage, my friends! it is only a flesh business; the weapon has passed clear of the ribs and vitals.

As soon as the marquis's wound was dressed, and that we had got him to bed, I fancy, sir, said I to the surgeon, I may have some small occasion for a cast of your office; I feel a little smart in my sword-arm. On stripping, he found that a chance thrust had entered about half an inch into the muscle above my elbow, and had ripped up some of the skin. But he quickly applied the proper dressing, and I was preparing to take my leave, when the marquis cried out, You must not think of parting, my dear friend; you are the master of the master here, and lord of this house, and of all that is in it.

The surgeon then ordered his lordship to compose himself as soon as possible; and, having wished him a good-night, I sent Tir-lah to my lodgings to let my people know that I was well, and in friendly hands. I was then conducted by the domestics to a superb apartment, where a bed was prepared, and where a small

supper of elegances lay fuming on the sideboard. Having swallowed a few bits, with a glass or two of wine, I rose, and sauntered through the room, musing on my Louisa, heavily sighing, and nearly despairing of being ever able to find her. Sometime after, I sat down, to undress and get to bed, when a number of the officers of justice silently entered my chamber, seized my sword that I had put off, and coming whisperingly to me, commanded me to accompany them, without making any noise.

I saw that it was madness to resist; and, as I went with them, I observed that two of the family liveries had joined themselves to the officers. It then instantly occurred that I was in the house of my rival; that the marquis was the very person to whom my Louisa had been destined; that I was somehow discovered; and that they were conducting me to the Bastile of which I had heard as many affrighting stories as are usually told of the inquisition.

Ah, traitor, said I to myself, is it thus you serve the man who but just now saved your life at the expense of his own blood? Let no one hereafter trust to the bleating of the lamb, or the courting of the turtle; the roaring of the lion, and the pounces of the vulture, may thus deceitfully lurk under the one and the other.

After passing some streets, they took me to a large house, where dwelt one of their chief magistrates, being also a member of their parliament. Having knocked respectfully at the gate, and waited some time, at length we were admitted, and they took me to a kind of lobby, where we staid, while one of the posse went to advise the justiciary of my attendance. At length he returned, and accosting me in a tone of surly and discouraging authority, Friend, says he, my lord is engaged, and not at leisure to-night; to-morrow, perhaps, he may hear what you have to plead in your own defence. So saying, he and his fellows thrust me into a waste room, and locked and chained the door upon me, and, laughing, bid me to warm or cool my heels at pleasure. Fool, fool that I was, said I, to quit the side of my brave and faithful companions; how quickly should we have discomfited this magistrate and all his host! but I must be a night-adventurer forsooth, and draw my sword in defence of every scoundrel who goes the street. I then went and felt the windows, to try if I could force a passage for making my escape; but finding that all were grated with strong and impassable bars of iron, O, I cried, that this marquis, this ungrateful D'Aubigny, were now

in his fullest strength, and opposed to me, point to point, that I might reclaim from him, in an instant, the life I have given!

I then traversed the room with an inconsistent pace, now rashly resolving on furious events, and again more sedately deliberating on what I had to do; till, having ruminated thus for the remainder of the night, I at last became more at ease, and resigned myself to the dispensations of all-disposing Providence, though, I confess, with a gloomy and reluctant kind of content.

When the day appeared, and was something advanced, I heard my door unlocking, and the chain taking away, and I concluded that they came to summon me to my trial; but instead of the officers of justice, I saw near twenty men in the marquis's livery, who silently bowed down before me, and respectfully shewed me, with their hand, the way out of my prison. I followed them also in silence, and getting into the street, I wished to know if I was really free, and turned from them down the way that led to my lodgings; whereupon they cast themselves before me, and, in a supplicating posture, besought me to go with them.

Finding then that I was still their prisoner, I gave a longing look out for my valiant fellows; but as they did not appear, I suffered myself to be reconducted to the marquis's palace, and followed my obsequious commanders into the proud apartment, to which they had led me the preceding night, and where, bowing to the ground, they all left me, and retired.

As I had been much fatigued in body and mind, I threw myself on the bed, leaving events to their issues, and fell into a kind of starting and intermitting slumber, when I heard a voice, at my side, shout out, in once-loved accents, O, my dearest mamma, it is he, indeed, it is he, it is he himself!

On this I awoke, and roused myself, and lifting my languid eyes, and fixing them on the object that stood before me, And are you then, I cried, are you also, Louisa, in the confederacy against me? Say nothing, you are not the Louisa I once knew.—I will arise, I will go forth, not all your gates and bars and bolts shall hold me; I will tear my body and my soul too, if possible, from you for ever!—Go to your betrothed, to your beloved! and leave me to perish, it is a matter of no import.—I am yet pleased that I saved your chosen; as it may one day serve to reproach you with the merits of the man whom he has so unworthily treated!

I could no more. A long silence on all sides ensued, save the language that was uttered by heavings and sobbings. When the marchioness, coming and casting herself on her knees by my bed, You have reason, sir, she exclaimed, you have reason to reproach and detest every branch of our ungrateful family for ever! you saved myself, you saved my daughter; and yet the father and the husband proved averse to your deservings, and turned your benefits into poison. You have now saved our son, the only one who can convey our name to posterity: and yet, from the beginning, you have received nothing in return, save wounds, pains, and sickness, losses, damages, and disappointments; and, at this very day, the most ignominious usage, where you merited endless thanks and everlasting renown. Blame my Louisa then, and me, but blame not my son, sir, for these unworthy events; he is quite innocent of them, he is shocked and distracted by them; he respects and loves you more than ever Jonathan loved the son of Jesse. But he will not, he dare not, see you, till we have in some measure made his peace.

How, madam! I cried,—but no more of that posture, it pains me past bearing.—Is it a fact? can it be possible, that the marquis D'Aubigny should be your son? Is he not of the blood-royal, the very rival whom your letter rendered so formidable to me? and was it not by his order that I was disgracefully confined in a dungeon all night? No, no, said my lady, he would have suffered the rack first. He is in despair, quite inconsolable on that account. Let us go, my dearest Harry, let us go and carry comfort to him of whom you are the beloved.

Ah no, my mamma, cried out Louisa, let us put no constraint on Mr. Clinton, I pray you! There has been enough of confinement, we leave him now to his liberty; let him go, even where, and to whom he likes best. Once, indeed, we could have tied this all-conquering champion with the spinning of a silk-worm; but now he tells us, that neither gates, bars, nor bolts, shall hold him to us.

Here I threw myself precipitately at her feet. Pardon, pardon, my Louisa, I cried, O pardon the misdeeming transports of your lover, and pardon the faults that love alone could commit. My enemies are foreign to me, they and their injuries affect me not; but you are regent within, my Louisa, you sit throned in my heart, and the presumption of an offeree from you makes strange uproar in my soul. Well, says she, reaching her hand, and smiling

through tears, since it is so, poor soul, here is the golden sceptre for you ; I think I must take you to mercy.

I caught her hand, and impressed my very spirit on the wax ; and my lady, casting her arms about us, and kissing us both in turns, requested that we should go and carry some consolation to her dear repining Lewis. As we entered his chamber, the marchioness cried out, Here he comes, my son, we have brought your beloved to you ; yet not your Mr. Goodall, as you thought, but one who is, at once, both your good angel and our good angel, even our own Harry Clinton, the betrothed of our souls.

I took my seat on the side of the marquis's bed, and looking fondly upon him, would have inquired of his health, but my speech for the time was overpowered by my affections. Then, taking my hand in his, The power of this hand, says he, I have found to be great ; but has your heart the power to pardon the insults and outrage you have received in the house of him who is so deeply your debtor ? My lord, said I, I have already drank largely of Lethe on that head, nothing but my diffidence of your regard can offend me.

You know not, said my lady, you know not yet, my dear Harry, how this provoking business came about. I will explain it in a few words. On our return to Paris, and on our remonstrances to my late lord of the inestimable services you had rendered to his family, he inquired your character among the English ; and notwithstanding the report of the nobility of your birth, and your yet nobler qualities, hearing also that you had acquired part of your fortune in trade, he conceived an utter contempt for you, and took an utter aversion to you. Some time after, as he took notice that Louisa and I wanted our watch and our ring, I dreaded his displeasure, and gave him room to think that the robbers had taken them from us in Flanders ; and this report became current among our domestics.

In the meantime, my lord became importunate with our Louisa, respecting her marriage with the prince of C——, who was then with the army ; and her prayers and tears, hitherto, had been the only artillery which she had used in her defence. But when the couriers brought word that the prince was on his return, my lord sent for Louisa, and gave her instant and absolute orders to prepare for her nuptials. But she, full as positively and peremptorily replied, that her soul was already wedded ; that she would never prostitute her body where her heart was an alien ; and that all the

tortures of the inquisition should not change her resolution. Her father, thereupon, rose to such ungovernable fury, that, with one blow of his hand, he struck her senseless to his feet. But when he saw my lamb, my darling, all pale and as dead before him, the tide of nature returned; and the conflict of his passions became so violent, that an imposthume broke in his stomach, and, falling, he was suffocated, and expired on the spot.

Soon after, the prince arrived. He had never seen my daughter; but his ambition to possess a beauty, of whom the grand monarch himself was said to have been enamoured, had caused him to demand her in marriage. For that purpose he also did us the honour of a visit. Louisa refused to appear; and I told his highness, with the best grace I could, that she happened to be pre-engaged. In a few days after, he met my son on the Thuilleries, and accosted him to the same intent? but my son had been previously prejudiced in your favour, my Harry, and answered the prince with so cold or so haughty an air, that further words ensued, they both drew, and his highness was slightly wounded; but, as company interposed, the affair was hushed up, and, shortly after the prince was killed in a nightly broil upon the Pont-neuf. We then wrote to our friend De Wit to advertise you of these matters, and to hasten you hither: but you arrived, my child, you arrived before there could be any expectation of an answer.

Two days ago, as I observed that my lamb's spirits were something dejected, I prevailed upon her to take an airing to our country villa. On our return this morning, we were struck half dead with the news that our Lewis was wounded, and dangerously ill in his bed. We flew into his room, and were still more alarmed to find him in a fury that is not to be imagined, while Jacome, his old steward, was on his knees, all pale and quaking, at a distance before him. Villain, he cried, what have you done with my friend? what have you done with my champion, the preserver of my life?—Please your lordship, said he, trembling, I took him for a highwayman; I saw my lady's ring and my young mistress's watch in his custody; I will swear to the property before the parliament of Paris; and so I lodged him in prison—till—till—

Go, wretch, cried my son, recal your information; take all your fellows with you, and instantly bring me back my friend, or your ears shall be the forfeit; but conduct him to his own chamber; I

cannot yet bear to see him, I cannot bear the reproach that his eye must cast upon me.

All afflicted, and yet more astonished, my Louisa and I sat down by the side of my son, casting looks of surprise and inquiring doubt on each other. At length I said, What is this that I hear of our ring, and our watch? Alas, he is no highwayman who took them from us; they were our own free gift, a nite in return for a million of services. But do you know any thing of the possessor? I know, answered Lewis, that he is the loveliest of mankind, the preserver of my life, and that his name is Goodall. Ah! screamed out Louisa, there we are lost again? this Goodall must certainly have murdered our precious Clinton, and possessed himself of our gifts: he would never have parted with them, while he had life. O my sister, said my son, when you see my friend Goodall, you will think nothing of your Harry Clinton! Why, why were you so hasty, so precipitate in your choice? A robber, a murderer! No—had I a thousand lives, I would pawn them all for the probity that heaven has made apparent in the face of my preserver.

It is with shame and great reluctance, my dearest brother, that, at times, I recite passages tending so much to my own praise; and yet, did I omit them, I should do great injustice to the kind and amiable partiality of those who were so fondly my lovers and my beloved. But, madam, said I to the marchioness, did you not hint something of his majesty being enamoured of my Louisa? Ah, such a rival would be a terrible business indeed; especially in a country of unlimited power. There is no fear of that now, said my lady. The king has changed his fancy, from young mistresses and old counsellors, to young counsellors and old mistresses; but what I mentioned was once very serious and alarming.

My Louisa was scarce turned of fourteen, when the Duchess de Choisseul requested her company to Marlay, where the court then was. The king fixed his eyes on her, and inquired who she was; but took no further notice at that time. Missing, her, however, at the next, and again at the following drawing-room, he asked the marquis what became of his fair daughter? said he had a place in his eye for her; and desired, in an accent of authority, that he would send her to court.

The marquis instantly took the alarm. He was ever jealous of his honour, and singularly nice in matters of female reputation.

He gave his majesty a sort of equivocal consent; and hurrying home, ordered me directly to prepare for carrying my daughter out of the French dominions. The night was employed in hastening and packing. We disguised our Louisa in the manner as you saw her metamorphosed at Rotterdam, and set off for Holland before day. The rest you know, my Clinton, as you were the principal mover in all our concerns.—But tell me, my Lewis, can you conjecture on what account those assassins set upon you?—I declare, madam, said the marquis, I cannot; perhaps they mistook me for another; or, now I recollect, it might be owing to some familiar chat which I had the other night with a pretty opera-girl, who is said to be in the keeping of a very great man. But, madam, you forgot to tell my brother how my father was banished, on account of Louisa, to his paternal seat in Languedoc, on the borders of the Mediterranean. Very true, said the marchioness, and was not recalled till Madam Maintenon was taken into supreme favour.

But I wonder what is become of our faithful Gerard: I thought that he would have been the first to come, and to throw himself at the feet of his hero. Indeed, my Harry, he would have tired any, who loved you less, with his praises and perpetual talking of you and your exploits.—Oh, here he comes.—Step in Gerard. Is there any one in this company that you remember beside the family?

Gerard then advanced with a half-frantic aspect, and kneeling and grappling at my hand, seemed desirous of devouring it. God be praised, he cried, God be praised, my noble, my glorious master, that I see you once again! and, above all, that I have the blessing of seeing you in a place, where a throne of beaten gold should be raised to your honour. Oh, had I been here, all sorts of respects and worships, instead of indignities, should have been paid to your deservings. But I have provided for the hang-dog Jacome; I have tied him neck and heels, and tumbled him into a dark vault.

Ay, said I, but, my good friend Gerard, I have not yet got my share of satisfaction upon him; pray shew me where he is. I then followed Gerard to the place where the deplorable wretch was cast; and cutting all his cords, I led him back to the company, and warmly joined his petition for pardon and restoration.

As soon as Jacome and Gerard were withdrawn, Ah, my brother, cried the marquiss, what new name shall we find for a man of your new character? Moreover, what shall we do with you? what shall

we do for you? You have quite overpowered us, we sink, we drown under the sense of our obligations. We have nothing worth your acceptance, save this simple wench; and what is she in comparison of what we owe you? Ah, I cried, she is that without whom all things are nothing; she is the living treasure, the Rachael of Rachael's; seventy times seven years were too short a service for her!

I would not exchange this little pearly joint of this very little finger for all the gems that grow in the mines of India; and, so saying, I pressed the precious finger with my lips; while Louisa turned upon me an eye of such ineffable satisfaction and melting acknowledgment, as sunk upon my soul, and wrapped it in Elysium.

Ay but, my Harry, said the marquis, you ought not to prize your Louy as much as me; she did not fall in love with you at first sight as I did. How did you know that, honest friend, cried Louisa? Is there a necessity that our tongues as well as our blushes should be tell-tales? Are maidens to trumpet forth their thoughts, like you broad-fronted men, whose ornament is your boldfacedness.

Thus happy, above all styled happy upon earth, we joyed and lived in each other, continuing a mutual commerce of delightful sensibilities and love for love. Alas, our blissful junto was soon to be broken in upon. In a few days, one of the royal pages came and intimated to the marchioness, that his majesty required her immediate presence at court; and we remained in a kind of fearful and fluctuating suspense till her return.

As she entered, the consternation in her countenance instantly struck an alarm to all our hearts. O, my children, my dear, my dear children, we must part, she cried, and that too speedily. Our hour of bliss is past; our sunshine is over; and the clouds gather thick upon us, heavy laden with wretchedness. Alas, my heart misgave me ever since that inauspicious encounter the other morning. As we came from our villa a great funeral met us, (a bad omen as I have heard,) our carriage stopped to let them pass, and the carriage of the Duke of Ne——rs drove up beside us. As we remained within a few paces of each other, he gazed at Louisa with such an unmannered intensesness, as caused her to colour and turn aside. However, he accosted us not, nor inquired concerning us: it seems our arms and livery were too sure an indication of our name and quality. In short, on my approaching the presence, the King affected to smile very graciously upon me, and said, I have

provided, madam, a noble and princely husband for your daughter ; it is the Duke of Ne——rs. Ah ! I cried, bending my knee in a supplicating posture, my daughter is already engaged by bands of the most endearing and indissoluble obligations, to a man who has preserved the lives and honours of all our family ; to a man who, I trust, by his eminent courage and qualities, will become the brightest jewel in your majesty's crown. Madam, said he severely, you must withdraw your election. I find I have ordered matters superior to your merits ; but my will is the law here, and shall be obeyed. I rose dejectedly, curtsied, and withdrew without reply.

Ah ! I exclaimed, on what summit does this rival hold his abode ? I will instantly go and scale it, and at once put an end to his life and his pretensions ! My lady then, throwing her arms about my neck, and pressing her lips to my cheek, What romance, says she, is this, my Harry ? would you at once fight the duke, and the king, and the whole army of France ? No, my child, prudence reduces us to more salutary, however deplorable, measures. We must part, my Harry, we must part this very night, and my Louisa must depart with you. My chaplain shall this minute unite you by ties that death alone can sunder. Alas ! my precious babes, I little expected that your nuptials should be celebrated by tears and wailings ! But better thus than no nuptials. When you are once joined, I shall care little for myself ; and if we meet no more here, we may yet meet hereafter, as happily as the barbarians who tear us asunder.

The chaplain was then summoned, and having performed his office, no congratulations nor salutations ensued, save a kiss and a sigh of mine on the hand of my angel. The marquis then called me, and drawing me down to him, he pressed me ardently to his bosom, cried, O my Harry, O my Harry ! burst into tears and dismissed me. Meanwhile all was in bustle and hurry throughout the palace. No festival was prepared, no bridal bed laid. Horses, arms, and carriages, were all the cry ; and the marchioness, with an anguishing heart, but amazing resolution, issued her orders with a presence of mind that seemed serene in the midst of tempest.

I then sent for my brave fellows, with orders to double their arms, and to double their ammunition. They came accordingly. It was now within three hours of day. All was dispatched, all in readiness, the carriages were at the gate. Silence sat on every tongue, and a tear on every cheek. I threw myself at my mother's

feet, I clasped, I clung to them; she wept aloud over me, but neither of us uttered a word. When, rending myself away, I took my sobbing Louisa under my arm, seated her gently in her chariot, placed myself to support her, and away we drove.

When we got clear of the town, and were speeding on the way, my Louisa started, and cried out, O how fast, how very fast they take me from you, my mamma! Whither, whither do they carry me, perhaps never to return, never to meet again! I answered not, but kissed her hand, and drew her gently to me, and she seemed more at ease. But, after awhile, I felt her agitation at my bosom, and she exclaimed, From my birth to this hour of wo, my blessed mamma, never was I from those dear arms of your's! shall I ever, shall I ever again behold those eyes that used to look with such fondness upon me? Here I could no longer contain, but taking her hands between mine, and weeping upon them, I said, Will you then, my angel? Are you resolved upon breaking the heart of your Harry? O no, says she, no, not for worlds upon worlds would I break that dear and feeling heart, the heart of my heart, the heart of which I became enamoured. She then leaned her head fondly over, and, in awhile, fell fast asleep; while my arms gently encircled, and my soul hovered over her, as the wings of a turtle over her new begotten.

When she awoke, and found herself so endearingly situated, she gave me a look that overvalued the ransom of a monarch, she kissed my hands, in turns, she kissed the skirts of my garments. O, she cried, I will endeavour, I will do my best, to be more composed. I know I ought not to repine. I am too rich, too happy. I ought to wish for nothing more, I ought to wish for no one more; since my Harry is so near me, since I have him to myself.—But—but—and here her lovely lips began again to work; and the drops that trembled in her living brilliants could hardly be restrained from breaking prison. Soon after the grief of her heart over-weighed her spirits, and she fell again asleep into my arms, that opened of themselves to receive her.

On setting up for the night, I rejoiced to find that my Louisa was something more alive; and that her repose on the way had greatly deducted from the fatigue that I apprehended.

When we had eaten a bit of supper, she looked to me and from me with downcast eyes; and, with changing looks and a faltering accent, began to say, Will you, will you permit me, my love, to be

regent for a little time, and in a very trifling matter? Allow me only to be governess for a few days, and I promise that you shall be my supreme lord and sweet master all the rest of my life.

I swear, said I, in a transport, by that precious head, that you are already queen-regent of all my thoughts and actions; and that, during my existence, you shall dispose of all that I have, and all that I am, at pleasure.

O then, said she, my Harry, we must lie apart for some nights. I would not have our chaste and blessed bridal stained by tears and dirges. Nay, no hesitation: you have sworn that I am ruler, and I will be obeyed.

I then cast myself at her knees, and hiding my face in her lap. Cruel, cruel Louisa, I cried; I find you are not yet mine. What shall I do to earn you? But I will be patient, if possible; I would not, for the world, put the colour of constraint on the love of my beloved. And so I kissed her gown, in token of due homage.

Arising, I called her maids, and desired that they would order their mistress' chamber to be prepared, as also a bed for themselves in the same apartment. I then secretly ordered, that a pallet should be spread for myself before her outer door; and, laying myself down, with my arms at my side, I guarded, like the dragon of old, the precious fruit of my Hysperia.

At length we reached Calais, and immediately sent to the beach, to engage a ship for wafting us over to the land of freedom and rights, but the wind was contrary.

Meanwhile the day advanced towards evening, and my Louisa and I sat together in the arbour of a little pleasure-garden that lay behind the house, when James came hastening to us, and cried, Hide yourself, madam, for heaven's sake hide yourself! here is the Duke de Ne—rs, with a large party of the king's light horse.

Poor Louisa started up, and attempted to flee; but she trembled and grew faint, and sunk down again on her seat.

James, said I, stay and take care of your mistress. Then turning with hasty steps to the house, I recommended my spirit in a short ejaculation, and entered, determined that the duke should accompany me in death. His highness was in the parlour. I advanced fiercely towards him. So, sir, says he, you have cost us a warm chase—Heavens! what do I see!—and so crying out, he threw himself back into an arm-chair, all panting, and his aspect working

with distraction and disappointment,—Cursed chance! he again exclaimed, are you the man Clinton? Ah, I must not hurt you, I ought not to injure you; but what is then to be done?—Where have you put my Louisa?—But, no matter; let her not appear, let me not see her. I could not answer the consequence.—I would be just, if I could, Clinton.—O love, O honour, how you do distract me!—You refused my treasures and jewels, Clinton; but then you have rent from me a gem more estimable than my dukedom.—Help, saints; help, angels; help me to wrestle with myself!—Honour, virtue, gratitude, O, compel me to be just!—Tear, tear me away while there's strength to depart!—Adieu, Clinton, you are recompensed; should we happen to meet again, I may assail you without reproach. And so saying, he rose suddenly, and rushed out of the house.

I then hastened to seek my love, but had scarce entered the garden, when I saw James on his knees before her, endeavouring to oppose her way to the house. But she cried, Away, villain, let me pass, they are murdering my lord, they are murdering my husband; I will go and perish with him: then breaking away from him, she shot along like a lapwing, till, seeing me advancing, she sprung upon my bosom, crying, O my Harry, O my Harry, are you safe, are you safe? and fainted away in my arms.

The rest of my story, my lord, is no way material or entertaining, The serenity of heartfelt happiness has little of adventure in it, and is only interesting to the possessors.

Having settled my affairs in London, and carrying my Eden along with me, I passed into Holland to settle and be quit of matters there also. For the world that I wished was in my holding; and all things else appeared either nugatory or encumbering.

It was there that I met our Meekly; and taking a pleasant tour through the skirts of Germany, we entered France, and leaving Paris on the right hand, we reached the marquis's country-seat, situate near twenty leagues beyond the metropolis.

What a meeting! what an interview! my Louisa sunk into tears, for half an hour, on the bosom of her mother. And the marquis would put me from him and pull me to him again, all panting with transport, and insatiate of his caresses. It was too much of joy, it was pleasure to paining. The domestics would no longer be restrained from their share of the felicity: they rushed in, and, as

though we had been new descended divinities, they dropped on their knees, they fell prostrate, and clung about us, kissed our feet, our hands, our garments, and broke forth into cries, as though it had been the house of mourning and lamentation.

On retiring, they got my Louisa's Gerard to themselves: he now became a man of mighty importance among them. They crowded about him, and, in a joint voice, but in a distraction of questions, inquired after our travels, our adventures, our good and evil occurrences, and all that concerned us.

The marchioness then coming, and casting her honoured arms around me, and weeping upon me, cried aloud, O Harry, my son, my son, I delivered my daughter to you, even as Edna committed her Sarah, of special trust, to Tobias, and I see that you have in treated her very kindly, my son, my son.

As my Louisa now began to be apparently pregnant, I earnestly pressed my precious mother and brother to accompany us to England, the place where law was regent; where there was no apprehension of inquisitions or bastiles; and where the peasant was guarded, as with a bulwark of adamant, against every incroachment of arbitrary power. They assented with joy; and the marquis going to his escritoir, brought forth bills to the amount of ten millions of livres, the produce of some concerns which he had disposed of for the purpose. Here, my brother, says he, if I am not able to be grateful, if I am not able to be generous, I will at least be just: here is the patrimony to which my lovely sister is entitled. But, said I to the marquis, my Louisa can admit of no accession of value. Keep your goods to yourself. Remember how Esau said to Jacob, I have enough, enough, my brother; these things can add nothing to the abundance of my blessings. But then, he cried, you must accept them, as a token of our loves; and so he constrained and impelled them upon me.

Soon after, we passed to London, where we continued some months, and where my Louisa was delivered of my little Eloisa, who was said to be the beautiful likeness of her father.

We then retired to my seat near Stratford, on the fatal Avon, the chief of the landed possessions that Mr. Golding had bequeathed me; where we remained something upwards of five years, happy, I think, above all that ever were happy upon earth. For my Louisa was perpetual festivity to our sight and to our hearts; her eyes

beamed with living and sentimental glory ; her attitudes were grace, her movements were music, and her smiles were fascination. Still varying, yet exhibiting the same delight, like the northern Aurora, she shone in all directions ; and she sported as though she had gone to heaven, from time to time, and borrowed all her plays from the kingdom of little children.

But she needed not to go to heaven, since heaven was ever in her and round about her, and she could no more move from it than she could move from herself. She had been, from her earliest years, the beloved disciple of the celebrated Madam Guion ; and the world, with all its concerns, its riches, and respects, had fallen off from her, as the cloak fell away from the burning chariot of Elijah. She looked at nothing but her Lord in all things, she loved nothing but him in any thing. She was the sweetest playfellow that ever lived for the babe of the manger of Bethlehem ; and he was, in her heart, a pleasure passing sense, as well as a peace that passed understanding. Even in conjugal endearment, her manner refined and chastened the sense of possession, and her pudicity awed me in the midst of transport.

Our friends now prevailed upon us to accompany them, in our turn, to France ; together with our prattling Eloisa, who was become the darling and inseparable companion of her grandmother and her uncle. We again took London in our way. I there renewed, for a while, my old acquaintance with my fellows in trade, and they persuaded me to join them in a petition to his majesty for the restoration of some of the lapsed rights of their corporation, as your lordship may remember.

From Calais we turned, and, by long but pleasant journeys, at length arrived at the marquis's paternal seat at Languedoc, that opened a delightful prospect on the Mediterranean ; and here we continued upwards of five years more, even as Adam continued in paradise, compassed in, by bliss, from the rest of the world.

During this happy period, I often pressed my dear marquis to marry ; but he would take me to his arms, and say, O my Harry, shew me but the most distant resemblance of our Louisa, and I will marry and be blessed without delay.

In the meanwhile my angel made me the joyful father of a little son, who was also said to be the happier resemblance of his happy father. Then, though I had long disregarded the world, and all

its concerns, as I saw a family increasing upon me, and also considered the poor as my appointed and special creditors, I resolved once more to return and settle my long-suspended accounts.

As for the marchioness, she protested that she could not think of parting with her little Eloisa, and that she should not be able to survive her absence ten days. So my Louisa and I, and my little Richard, who was named after you, my lord, set out by sea, and after a favourable voyage, arrived in England; comforted however with the promise that our friends would join us as soon as possible in Britain. Within the ten subsequent months, we received the joyful tidings that our brother was married to the third daughter of the Duke of Alenson, that they were all in the highest triumph, and would speedily be with us in a joint jubilate on the banks of the Avon.

Soon after, as my Louisa and I rode along the river, pleasing ourselves with the prospect of a speedy union with persons so dear to us, and talking and laughing at the cares of the covetous, and the ambition of the high-minded, a fowler inadvertently fired a shot behind us; and my horse, bounding aloft, plunged with me into the current, from whence however I was taken, and unwillingly reserved to years of inexpressible misery, of misery that admitted not of a drop of consolation. Meanwhile my love had fallen, with a shriek, from her horse, and lay senseless on the sod: Some of my people flew back, and bringing a carriage, conveyed us gently home, where my Louisa was undressed and put into a bed, from whence she never rose. Her fright had given such a shock to her blood and spirits as threw her into a violent fever.

On the second day, while I sat with the physicians by her side, James put in his head, and beckoned me forth. Ah, my dearest master, says he, I pray God to give you the strength and patience of Job; you have great need of them, for your calamities, like his, come all in a heap upon you. Here is a messenger dispatched from France with the very heavy tidings, that my sweet young lady, your darling Eloisa, was cast away in a sloop, upon a party of pleasure, and that the good old marchioness did not outlive her five days. Then, lifting my eyes to heaven, Strip, strip me, my God, I cried, to the skin, to the bone; leave, leave but my Louisa, and I will bless thy dispensations!

On the next day, my little Dicky was taken ill of a severe cold that he caught, through want of due attention during the sickness

of his mother. As he was of a florid complexion, his disorder fell suddenly in an inflammation on his lungs; and, in less than twenty-four hours, he went to join his little brother and sisters in their eternity. Did I not feel these losses? Yes, yes my friends; they wrung, they rent my vitals. Yet I still lifted my heart in an eager prayer, and repeatedly cried, Take, take all, even the last mite; leave, leave me but my Louisa, and I will bless thee, O my Creator!

Alas, what could this avail! Can an insect arrest the motion whereby the round universe continues its course? On the fifth day I perceived that the eyes of my Louisa, the lamps of my life, began to lose their lustre. The breath, that was the balm of all my cares and concerns, grew difficult and short. The roses of my summer died away on her cheek. All agonizing, I felt and participated her changes; and she expired, while I dropped and lay senseless beside her. I knew not what our people did with her or me, afterwards. For three weeks I lay in a kind of dosing but uneasy stupor; neither do I recollect, during that period, when, or whether I received any kind of sustenance.

At length I awoke to the poignancy and bitterness of my situation. I did not awake to life, but rather to the blackest gloom of the regions of death. And yet it was from this depth and enfolding of death alone, that my soul could find, or would accept, an alleviation of its anguish. O earth! I cried, where is thy centre! how deeply am I sunk beneath it! How are the worms exalted over me! How much higher are the noxious reptiles that crawl upon earth! I will not accuse thee, thou great Disposer; I have had my day, the sweetest that ever was allotted to man! but O, thy past blessings serve only to enhance my present miseries, and to render me the most accursed of all thy creatures!

I then rose, and threw myself along the floor; and my faithful and valiant companions immediately gathered to me; but finding that I would not be removed, they cast themselves around me.

All light was shut out, save the glimmering of a taper; and for seven nights and seven days we dwelt in silence, except the solemn interruptions of smothered sobs and wailings.

At length my spirit reproved me. What property, said I to myself, have these people in my sufferings? or why should I burden those who love me with my afflictions? I then constrained myself, and went and took out a drawer. Here, my friends, I said, here is

something that may help hereafter to dry up your tears. Divide these thousands among you ; neither these counters nor your services are now of further use. Fare ye well, fare ye well, my worthy and beloved brothers ! God will give you a more gracious master, but—but—such another mistress ye never—never will find ! I then took each of them to my arms, and kissed them in turns, and the house was instantly filled with heart-tearing lamentations.

I now expected and wished to be left wholly alone ; but James and two domestics remained against my will. I then endeavoured to seem easy. I even struggled to appear cheerful, that I might communicate the less of grief to the voluntary sharers in my misery. O world, world ! I said to myself, thou once pleasant world, we have now bid a long and eternal adieu to each other ! From thee I am cut asunder, thou art annihilated to me, and we mutually reject every kind of future commerce.

Ah, how much deeper was my death than that of those in the tomb, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the 'weary are at rest !' While I was dead to every relish of light and of life, I was wholly alive to all the gloom and horrors of the grave. The rays of the sun became an offence to my soul ; the verdure of the fields, the whole bloom of nature, was blasted and blasting to my sight ; and I wished to sink yet deeper, and to dig a lower bottom to myself of darkness and distress.

I no longer regarded what the world thought of me, or what it did to me ; and I left my hairs and my nails, even as those of Nebuchadnezzar, to grow like eagles' feathers and birds' claws.

My friend James, in the mean time, took a place for me in this town, in order to remove me from scenes that could only serve to perpetuate or aggravate my misery, by reminding me of the blessedness that I had once enjoyed. He was now become my controller. I was patient and passive to any thing, to every thing ; and so he conducted me hither, I neither knew nor cared how.

In all this time, though I panted after a state of insensibility, even as a traveller, in the burning desert, thirsts after a cool and slaking stream, I never attempted to lay a violating hand on the work of my Creator. I did not even wish an alleviation of my misery, since my God had appointed that I should be so very miserable.

At length my spirit rose from its blackness to a kind of calm twilight. I called for a Bible, and, since this world was incapable of af-

fording me a drop of consolation, I wished to know if the next had any in store. As I read, the whole of the letter, and of the facts contained therein, appeared as so many seals and veils that removed from before my eyes, and discovered depths under depths, and heavens above heavens, to my amazed apprehension. I had no vision, no revelation, of these matters; but the conviction was impressed as strongly on my soul, as though an angel of God himself had revealed them to me. How this came to pass I knew not. Homer gives to his heroes a sight into futurity, at the time that their spirits are breaking away from the shackles of flesh and blood: and it is not unlikely, that the eye of the soul, when wholly turned from all carnal and earthly objects, can penetrate with the greater scope and alacrity into concerns that are merely celestial and divine.

I have now told you the whole of my dreary history, my friends, till I met with our Harry; and the rest our Harry can tell.

But Harry was in no manner of vein, at present, for entertaining or receiving entertainment from any one. His eyes were swelled with weeping, his spirits totally depressed, and getting up, as with the burden of fourscore years on his shoulders, he retired slowly and silently to his apartment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The sudden death of the earl—Harry and Mr. Clinton's tour thro' France—arrive at the marquis' house—interview with Jacome and Gerard—Harry's mistake—detained by a beautiful princess—makes his escape—return to England—Perre and Harry attacked by a robber—death of Perre—discovery of Fanny Goodall—new adventures—interview of Fanny Goodall and Mr. Clinton—Fanny Goodall's story—Harry meets with Longfield—Abenamin's diversion—Harry meets Ned—arrival of the Duke D' Aubigny—Mr. Clinton finds his daughter—miraculous change—the Duke's narrative—the arrival of Clement, Arabella, and Mr. Fielding's family—preparation for Harry's wedding—Longfield's return—arrival of Goodman Dobson—the procession.

ON an evening, after coffee, as the earl stood fondly fooling with his Harry, as one child with another, he turned to Mr. Clinton, and said, How came it to pass, my brother, that JESUS suffered near four thousand years to elapse, before he became incarnate for the

salvation of the world, although it was by him alone that the world could be saved?

We may as well demand of God, said Mr. Clinton, why he suffered near four days of creation to lapse, before he compacted yon glorious body of far-beaming light. For this matter was barely a type, and the sun himself but a shadow of the CHRIST that was to come. But did the world want light before light became incorporated in its illustrious circumscription? No, my lord. JESUS, who was from eternity the illumination of the dark immensity of nature; JESUS, who alone is the living light of spirit, soul, and sentiment, the perpetual fountain of the streams of beauty and truth, said, LET THERE BE LIGHT! and instantly, through the darkness of a ruined world, the internity of his ever-living light kindled up an externity of corporal irradiation, that has its effluence from him, and cannot beam but by him.

Now, as a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day, in the sight of God; you see that the fourth day of creation, wherein the light of this outward world was compacted into the glorious body of the sun, precisely answers to the four thousandth year, wherein JESUS, the light of eternity, was to become embodied and incarnate in Christ the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

But as the world wanted not light before the sun opened his first morning in the east, so neither did it want the means of salvation before the blessed doctrine of the Messiah was promulged upon earth!

All sorts of sectarians, all persons of selfish and little minds, would make a monopoly of the SAVIOUR; they would shut him up into a conventicle, and say to their God, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' But he is not so to be confined. The spirit of our JESUS bloweth widely and where he listeth; he is at once both the Purifier and Redeemer as well of all nations, as also of all nature.

Accordingly we see that the Turks, who are wholly unblessed by true religion or liberty, who live the slaves of slaves, without a form of civil government, temporarily subjected to the will of a tyrant, and spiritually to the worship of a sensual imposture, yet want not the feelings of our JESUS in their hearts.

Even the wild Indians, who never listened to the toll of a bell, nor ever were called into any court of civil judicature; these want not their attachments, their friendships, their family-feelings, nor the sweet compunctions and emotions of the human heart, by JESUS, forming it to DIVINE.

The truth is, that people live incomparably more by impulse and inclination, than by reason and precept. Reason and precept are not always within our reach; to have their due influence, they require frequent inculcation, and frequent recollection: but impulse and inclination are more than at hand; they are within us, and, from the citadel, rule the outworks of man at pleasure.

When the apostle speaking of CHRIST, affirms, that 'there is no other name under heaven whereby a man may be saved;' and again, when he affirms that 'those who have not received the law, are a law unto themselves,' he intends one and the same thing. He intends that CHRIST, from the fall of man, is a PRINCIPLE OF REDEMPTION in the bosoms of all living; that he is not an outward, but an inward Redeemer, working out our salvation 'by the change of our depraved nature;' that in and from him alone arise all the sentiments and sensibilities that warm the heart with love, that expand it with honour, that wring it with compunction, or that heave it with the story of distant distress; and that he alone can be qualified to be judge at the last day, who, from the first day to the last, was internally a co-operator and witness of all that ever passed within the bosoms of all men.

Hence it is that although the christian countries have received the two tables of the laws of Christ, his external as well as internal revelation, each witnessing to the other that the God of our gospel is the God of our nature; the nations however, who are strangers to his name, yet acknowledge his influence: they do not indeed hear, but they feel the precepts of 'that LIGHT, which lighteth every man who cometh into the world.'

My dearest brother, said the earl, my conceptions are quite clear with respect to the omnipresence of Christ's divinity; but as his body is circumscribed by external features and lineaments, I can form no notion of its being in several places at once: how then will it be, I pray you, at and after the last day? Will he be present to, and approachable only by, a select number of his saints? or will he go certain journeys and circuits through the heavens, blessing all in rotation with his beatific presence?

Is not the body of yonder sun circumscribed, my lord? Most certainly. It is now, said Mr. Clinton, at a distance of many millions of leagues from you; and yet you see it as evidently, and feel its influence as powerfully, as if it were within your reach.

Nay, it is more than within your reach, it is within your existence: it supplies comfort and life to your animal body and life, and you could not survive an hour without its influence and operations.

Now this is no other than the apt type and prefiguring promise of what Christ will be to his new-begotten in the resurrection, "when corruption shall be swallowed up of glory, and mortal of immortality." The same blessed body which, for the redemption of commiserated sinners, went through the shameful and bloody process of scourges, thorns, spittings, and buffetings; which hung six agonizing hours on the cross; which descended into the grave, and thence opened the way through death into life, and through time into eternity; even this body shall then shine forth in ineffable beauty and beatitude, in essentially communicative grace and glory, through the height and through the depth, through the length and through the breadth, beaming wide beyond the universe, from infinity to infinity!

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, will then become co-embodied in this divine body; they will be the repletion of it, they will operate all things by it. To bring the Creator nearer to his creatures, the invincible Godhead will then become visible, the infinite circumscribed, the unapproachable accessible, and the incomprehensible comprehended, within the humanity of our Christ.

Then will his cross be exalted for an ensign to the circling, bending, and worshipping universe; his wreath of thorns will kindle all nature with the dartings and castings forth of its corruscations, and his reed of mockery will become the sceptre of unlimited domination!

From his five wounds shall be poured forth incessant floods of glory and wide-diffusing blessedness upon all his redeemed: adoring worlds, in self-abjection, shall strive to sink beneath the abjection that became their salvation: these ever-apparent ensigns of so dearly-purchased benefits shall inevitably attract the wills of all creatures: they shall cause all hearts and affections to rush and cleave to him, as steel-dust rushes to adamant, and as spokes stick in the nave whereon they are centred. There shall be no lapse thenceforward, no falling away, for ever; but God in his Christ, and Christ in his redeemed, shall be a will and a wisdom, and an action and a mightiness, and a goodness and a graciousness, and a glory rising on glory, and a blessing rising on blessedness, through an ever-beginning to a never-ending eternity.

O brother, brother, brother! exclaimed the earl, I am enraptured, I am entranced!—I see it all, I feel it all. I am already, with all my corruptions, with all my transgressions, desirous of being crushed to nothing under the foot of my Redeemer.

But he comforts instead of crushing me. O that I was this night, this very moment, to be dissolved, and to be with my Christ!

That night, the earl was quite happy, and pleasant, and affectionate, even beyond his custom. He said and did every thing that could be endearing to his Harry, and to his friends. He caressed them at parting for bed. He smilingly shook hands with all the domestics that approached him; and, in the morning, was found dead, without any notice or warning to the servants who attended, and lay in the room. A sudden and grievous alarm was instantly given through the family, and quickly reached the town, and spread through the adjacent country.

Harry fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him, and wept aloud, and kissed him again, crying, My father! O my father! And they laid his remains in a plated coffin, under escutcheons and a sable canopy of velvet. And the house and the court was circled with mourners from all parts. And they mourned for him fifty and nine days. And, on the sixtieth day, he was deposited in the family-tomb; but Mr. Clinton would not permit Harry to attend the funeral of his father.

Our hero was now the master of millions, approaching to the prime of youth, glowing with health, action, vigour, of beauty incomparable, beloved of all who knew him, and the attraction and admiration of every eye where he passed. Yet all these advantages, with all his higher accomplishments, became as matters of no value; they sunk and sickened to his sense, while he felt a void in his bosom, eager after he knew not what, sighing he knew not why; keen and craving in his desires, yet pining and languid in the want of possession.

What is the matter, my love, said Mr. Clinton? My dear brother died in a good old age. Such things should be expected; we know that they must be; and we ought not to grieve as persons who are without hope.

True, sir, said Harry; and yet it is a very melancholy thing for a poor man to reflect, how very rich he was a very little while ago. I lately had a dear brother, a dear mother, and the dearest of fa-

thers; but where are they all now? I look round the world and see nothing but yourself therein. And—should you too—should you too—Here Harry could say no more. His uncle also broke into tears, at the thoughts of parting with his darling Harry, though it were to join his Louisa.

My Harry, says he at last, we have yet two precious treasures left upon earth, if we did but know where to find them: it is your cousin the Countess of Maitland, and the brother of my Louisa, the Marquis D'Aubigny. Let us go in search of them, my son. Next to my Louisa, they are the loveliest of all living. They abound in all human and divine affections, and will caress us with kindred and corresponding hearts.

Soon after, they set out for France, and, by a round-about tour of short but pleasant journeys, arrived at Paris; where Mr. Clinton ordered his large retinue to his ancient inn, and, taking only two footmen, he and Harry went in their post-chaise to the marquis's palace. On the ringing of the bell, and the opening of the gate, a single domestic came forth. Mr. Clinton perceived that all was dark in the hall, and this instantly gave an alarm to his ever-ready feelings. He alighted, however, and stepping, with his Harry, up the flight of marble, Where is your master, says he; where is my brother the marquis? Heaven bless us, cried the fellow, are you my master's brother? I have heard a deal of and about your lordship, though I never was so happy as to see your face before. Ho! he continued, and rung another bell; come all of you! attend the brother of your lord; attend the present master and lord of your household.

Immediately the palace was in commotion, the parlour and hall were lighted up, and all seemed to have acquired a set of wings to their motions. Mr. Clinton looked with eagerness at each of the domestics, endeavouring to recollect the features of some old acquaintance, but all the faces were strange to him: Pray tell me, my friends, says he, where is your master? where and how are he and his lady? are they still in good health, has he had any children by her? Please your honour, said an elderly man, my master's first lady died of childbirth, and her infant perished with her; but he is since married to one of the loveliest women in the world. He is gone, a year since, on an embassy into Africa; his lady would not be left behind; we lately heard from them, they are both in health;

and we expect that less than a month will bring them safe to us. Indeed, the sum of our prayers is for their happy and speedy return.

What, said Mr. Clinton, are there none of my old friends, not one of our ancient domestics to the fore?—Please your lordship, Jacome, the white-headed steward, is still left; but though in good health, he is very little more than half alive.—Pray go and tell him, that an old friend of his is here, and would be very glad to see him; but don't do things suddenly, and be very tender and careful in bringing him to me.

Old Jacome was wheeled in, wrinkled, pale, and paralytic; and all enfeebled as he sat reclining in an easy chair, he seemed to recover life and new spirits, as they brought him forward. Bring me to him, bring me to him; my eyes are wondrous dim; bring me closer, that I may know if it is my very master indeed. Bring me but once to know that it is his sweet pardoning face, and then let me die with all my sins upon me, I care not.

Mr. Clinton then took him very lovingly by the hand; My good friend Jacome, says he, we are both growing old I find; I rejoice however to see you once more upon earth. O, cried the old man, a well-known and a sweet-tuned voice is that voice; it is you then, it is you yourself, my master! Alas, for all your losses since last we parted! I have got a salt rheum in my eyes of late, and I never thought of you but it began to come down.

Here Jacome, sobbing aloud, provoked the joint tears of his attending fellow-servants; though they had never been partakers in the foregoing calamities, farther than by the ear, whence they were now recollected and carried home to their hearts.

My lord, says Jacome at last, I am not the only one that remains of your old servants. Your Gerard too, who (blessings on his hands) once tied me neck and heels; Gerard too is forthcoming, and near at hand. Your honour's wonderful bounty made a gentleman of him at once, and he is now in a high way, with a wife and three children. A hundred and a hundred times have we washed your remembrance with our tears. And indeed I think your honour ought not to send for him, lest he should suddenly die, or run distracted at your sight.

In the mean time, one of the lackeys had officiously gone and informed Gerard of the arrival of his patron. He came panting, and rushed forward, as it were, to cast himself at the feet of his

lord. But stopping suddenly, and drawing back some steps, he gazed his eyes, as it were, on the face of Mr. Clinton, and spreading his hands, cried :

You live then, my lord, you still live, my dearest master! you survive all your deaths and sufferings, and the weight of ten mountains has not been able to crush you!—O, the times, the times, my master, never more to return! Will there be such times in heaven, think you?—will there be such angels there as we once lived with upon earth?

Here he clapped his hands together, and set up such a shout of bitter lamentation, as was enough to split the heart of every hearer; and, in a manner, to split the graves of the persons whom he deplored.

As soon as Mr. Clinton and his two old friends had parted, for the night, Tell me, my dear sir, said Harry, are there different kinds of grief; or is it merely that grief affects us in different ways?

When I wept for my dear father, my mother, and brother, my affliction was anguishing and altogether bitter, without any species of alleviating sensation to compensate my misery. But it was far otherwise with me to-night: when I grieved in the grief of your old and faithful domestics, I felt my heart breaking, but I was pleased that it should break; I felt that it was my happiness so to grieve; and I could wish a return of the same sweet sensations.

The reason is this, my love; when you lamented your parents, you lamented yourself in your private and personal losses; your affliction was just, it was natural, it was laudable; but still it was confined; it participated but little of the emotion that is excited by the affliction of others; and the anguish was the keener, by being nearly limited to your own bosom, and your own concerns.

But in the griefs of my old and loving servants this night, you became wholly expanded; you went beyond, you went out of yourself; you felt, without reflection, how delightful it is to go forth, with your God, in his social, generous, noble, and divine sensibilities; and you delightfully felt, my Harry, that such a house of mourning is more joyous to your soul, than all the festivals that flesh and sense can open before you.

And now, my child, I will finally, and once for all, lay open the very horrible and detestible nature of SELF in your soul.

SELF appears to us, as the whole of our existence; as the sum-total of all, in which we are interested or concerned. It is as a

NARCISSUS, self-delighted, self-enamoured. It desires, it craves, and claims, as its right, the loves, attachments, and respects, of all mankind. But does it acquire them, my Harry? O, never, never. SELF never was beloved, never will be beloved, never was honourable or respectable in the eyes of any creature. And the characters of the patriot, the hero, the friend, and the lover, are only so far amiable, so far to be revered, as they are supposed to have gone forth from the confines of SELF.

As Mr. Clinton proposed to wait the return of the marquis, he employed the mean season in endeavours to amuse his darling, and to dispel the cloud of melancholy that continued to hang over him.

For this purpose, he went with him to Versailles, and to the many other elegant environs of Paris. He also shewed him the Thuilleries, and other public walks, where our hero became oppressed by his involuntary attraction of all eyes upon him.

One night, happening to go to the play, without the company of his guardian, as he came forth with the crowd, a carriage was opened for him; which he took to be his own, and in he stepped, and away he was taken.

In the mean time Mr. Clinton waited supper for him, and began to grow uneasy when the clock struck twelve. At last his carriage and servants returned with tidings that they staid for him, above an hour, at the theatre, after the play was over; and had ever since been in search of him, to no purpose. Though Mr. Clinton was, by nature, of an intrepid spirit, and was still more assured by his reliance on Providence, he yet found himself agitated in a very alarming manner. He therefore retired to his closet, and there, on his knees, fervently commended his Harry to the protection of his God. At length the clock struck three. Soon after, the bell was heard from the hall; and Harry entering, with a page in a rich livery, flew like lightning up stairs, and cast himself into the bosom of his patron.

My father, my father! he cried, I have been in sad panics for you. I knew the love that you bore to your good-for-nothing Harry. But indeed I could not help it. I could not get to you till this instant. I have been a prisoner, sir, and here is my deliverer.

As soon as they were something composed, and all seated, Harry proceeded to satisfy the impatience of his uncle. As I came out of the theatre, ruminating on a passage in one of Racine's tragedies,

I found a chariot in the spot where I had left my own, and stepping heedlessly into it, I was soon set down, and hastening through the great hall, flew up stairs to salute you. But think how I was surprised, when I suddenly found myself in the most sumptuous chamber perhaps in the universe. It was wainscoted with mirrors of the most perfect polish, whose plates were artfully buttoned and buckled together by diamonds and other gems of a most dazzling lustre. All astonished, I recoiled, and was going to withdraw, when I was met by a lady, who gracefully accosted me; Have you commands, sir, says she, for any one in this house? A thousand pardons, madam, I perceive my error! I really thought I was set down at my own lodgings.—No great offence, sir; but now that I look at you again, I think that you ought to pay the forfeit of your intrusion, by giving me one hour of your company, at least.—You must excuse me, madam, my guardian would be under the most terrifying alarms for me.—A fig for guardians, she cried! you are now my prisoner; and nothing less than my friend Louis, with his army at his back, shall be able to take you out of my hands.

So saying, she rang a bell, and immediately a folding-door of paneled looking-glass flew open, and shewed us to another apartment; where a supper, composed of all the elegancies of the season, was served up, as by magic, and lay fuming on the table.

She then took me by the hand, and, having graciously seated me, placed herself opposite. A number of servants then vanished on the instant, leaving a dumb-waiter of silver behind them.

Sir, said she, we are not to have any further company. You alone were expected, you alone are desired, all others are forbidden. In short, I have seen you often at the public walks and theatres. You did more than strike my fancy, you laid hold on my heart. I inquired every thing about you. I know your rank, title, and fortune. I made use of this night's stratagem to decoy you to me; and though there are few women in Europe of equal opulence or dignity, I think I cannot much demean myself by an alliance with a sweet fellow whom I so ardently love. But come, our supper cools. I gazed at her with admiration. She was indeed the most finished beauty I ever beheld. And I was inwardly flattered, and in a manner attached to her, by her partiality in my favour. After supper, and some futile and insignificant chat, she drew her chair nearer to me. What say you, my lord, says she, fondly; am I to live, or to perish?

Ah, madam, I cried, love is as a little bird; if you cage it, it will beat itself to pieces against its prison. Not that I regard your late threats of confinement; my own arm is at all times sufficient to deliver me from your thralldom; but in truth I am partly become a willing prisoner to you; and time may, possibly, reconcile me to your different customs. What customs, I pray you? Why, madam, the ladies in my country use no paint, except the rouge of nature's blush, and the paleness of chastity. Love also in England, is a kind of warfare between the sexes, just such as once happened between the Parthians and old Rome; our ladies conquer by flying, and our men are vanquished while they pursue.

Persons, sir, of a certain rank, said she, are dispensed with from conforming to little matters of decorum. However, if you will endeavour to adopt the manners of my country, I will do my best, on my part, to conform to those of your's. So saying, she looked languishingly at me, and drew her chair quite close; when, by an involuntary motion, I put mine farther back. Don't be alarmed, my lord, says she; women of my condition know always where to stop. Right, madam, said I; but possibly you might not be quite so successful in teaching me where to be stopped. Cold constitutioned boy! she cried, (indignantly rising and colouring,) your bed lies yonder; you may go to it, if you like, and ruminatè till morning on the danger of slighting and insulting a princess. So saying, she swept hastily out of the room, and locked me in.

During an hour after she had withdrawn, while I walked about, considering what I had to apprehend from the threats of this extraordinary woman, I heard a great bustling in and about the palace; but, within another hour, all was quiet and still again.

I then conceived thoughts of attempting my escape; but again, I held it beneath me to be caught in the manner; and so I resolved to wait till morning, and then to force my passage through her guards in open day.

In the mean time I imagined that a pannel in the wainscot stirred. And, soon after, it was removed, and my young friend here entered my chamber on tip-toe. He beckoned me to silence, and, taking me by the hand, he led me through the way by which he came.

We then descended a narrow pair of back-stairs, and, groping along a dark entry, he cautiously unbolted a door that opened into

a garden; and hurrying with me across, he unlocked another door that opened to the street, and out we got, rejoicing!

Soon after, we met a party of the guards, who were patrolling the streets; and putting a few pieces into their hand, I requested a safe convoy, and they conducted us home. My lords, said Perre, (for that was the page's name,) it would be extremely dangerous for you to remain another day, or even till morning in Paris. The princess is the most intimate friend of Madam Maintenon, and through her can do what she pleases with the king. During my residence with her, she grew tired of two handsome lovers, in succession; but they told no tales, and no one can yet tell what became of them.

Mr. Clinton was quite of Perre's opinion. He instantly sent for his people. All was hurry, pack, and dispatch, and toward dawning, they set out on a road that led to the Cantons. But, changing their course again, for several successive mornings, they arrived at Calais by a long tour of near five week's travel.

Mr. Clinton set up at his old inn, and after dinner the host entered to pay his compliments. Have you any news, landlord? Nothing at present, my lord; all is quiet again. But here has been a fearful bustle about three weeks ago. The king's army came down, in pursuit of a young Englishman who ran away with a lady of quality from Paris. For my share, continued he, looking earnestly at Harry, I fear that you, pretty English lads, will hardly leave us a lovely wench in the nation.

Harry looked quite secure, being wholly innocent of any present design on the sex, but poor little Perré turned as pale as the table-cloth.

I remember, continued our talkative host, that just such another affair happened when I was a boy and servant in this house. Here came a young Englishman, just such another sweet fellow as this before me, and he brought with him an angel of a creature, the like of whom my eyes never did, nor ever shall open upon till they close in death. After him came one of our great dukes, with a party of the king's army, and terrible things were expected. But they made it up in a manner I know not how; and my lord Anglois carried off his prize in triumph! Mr. Clinton stooped his head, and dropt a silent tear, but held no further converse with our landlord on the subject.

That evening a gale sprung up, and, going on board, they were safe anchored, before morning, in the bay of Dover.

They then mutually embraced; and Harry catching his beloved deliverer to his bosom, We are now upon English ground, says he; welcome to my arms, my dear Perré, no longer my page or servant, but my friend and my brother! you cannot conceive what pain your officiousness has hitherto cost me, but there must be no more of this. You shall hereafter be served and attended as I am; nay, I myself will gladly serve you to the utmost of my power, and the extent of my fortune.

Ah, my lord, cried the lovely Perré, gently falling at the feet of his master, if you deprive me of the pleasure of serving you, you deprive me of all the pleasure that the world can afford me. If you knew the delight I find in being always about you, in watching your thoughts and motions, in looking into your fine eyes, and there reading your desires before they rise to expression, you could not find in your heart to deprive me of such a blessing. Well then, said Harry, raising him fondly in his arms, our future contest shall be, which of us shall serve the other with most affection and sedulity.

After dinner, the evening being calm and shiny, Harry took his Perré with him along the shore that stretches under the stupendous cliffs of Dover. They had not walked far, when, getting out of the sight of people, within the winding of a creek, a man advanced toward them, and, taking out a pistol, called to Harry, and ordered him to throw down his purse. Our hero did not regard his purse; but thinking it an indignity to be robbed by one man, he put his hand to his sword. Hereupon the villain cocked and levelled his pistol; and the faithful Perré, observing that he was going to fire, instantly jumped in between his master and danger, and received the ball into his own bosom.

Harry saw his darling drop, and, flying all enraged at the robber, he ran him thrice through the body, and pinned him to the ground. Then, flying as swiftly back, he threw himself by the side of his dying Perré, and gently raising his languishing head, placed it fondly on his bosom.

You are wounded, my friend, dangerously wounded I fear, says Harry! Yes, my lord, I am wounded just as I could wish; and I would not exchange my present blessed death, for the longest and

EARL OF MORELAND



The Death of Maria de Luissanne.



happiest life that the world could bestow.—But it is time to undeceive you, and reveal a secret, which nothing but death should ever have extorted from me.—I am not what I seem, my most beloved master! I am a foolish and fond girl, who, at the first glance, conceived a passion for you.—My name is Maria de Lausanne.—I am niece to that bad woman whom you justly rejected.—But what did I propose by this disguise? First, your deliverance, my lord, and that I effected.—But did I further aspire to the honour of your hand? Far from it, far from it—I felt my own unworthiness; I did not think you could be mated by any thing less than an angel.—But then to see you, to hear you, to serve, to touch, to be near you, to fix my eyes on you unheeded, and, if possible, to win your attention by the little offices of my fondness, this was my happiness, the whole of the heaven that I proposed upon earth.—I have had it, I have enjoyed it—and I ought to die content.—But, alas, to part from you, there is the pang of pangs!—O, if this day merits any thing, by the offer of my own life for the preservation of my beloved—then cause my chaste clay to be kindly deposited in the tomb of your ancestors—that—when the time shall come—my dust may be neighboured to your precious dust, and there sleep in peace—beside you—till we spring—together—from corruption—to glory and—immortality.

During these short sentences and difficult respirations, Harry could answer nothing. He was suffocated by his grief. But, putting his speechless lips to the fading lips of his Maria, he drew her latest breath into his own affectionate bosom, and angels instantly caught her spirit into the regions of purity, of love, and of faith unailing! Harry then, plucking up strength from oppression, and courage from despair, pressed his lips to the pale and unfeeling lips of his lover, and cried, Yes, my Maria, our dust shall be joined, and I feel that our spirits too shall shortly be wedded. Then, raising her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, he bore her to the town, while he poured upon her all the way, the two fountains of his affection. When he got to the inn, and came to his uncle, Here, sir, said he, I present you with a very precious little burthen, a burthen that lies much heavier on my heart than it did in my arms. He then related to Mr. Clinton the whole of what had passed; when, heavily sighing, and shedding a tear, Mr. Clinton cried, Ah, my Harry, I would to heaven, that your Maria had lived! her beauty, her

services, but above all the excess of her love, made her truly deserving of you.

Harry ordered a carriage, on purpose, for himself and his beloved. She was deposited in a coffin hurried up for the occasion; and, notwithstanding all the remonstrances and intreaties of his parent, Harry proved a rebel, for the first time, and would not be divided from his Maria, till they reached London.

There our Harry ordered a coffin of unalloyed and beaten silver to be prepared for her reception. And though near five days had passed since the departure of her spirit, her chaste flesh remained as pure and untainted as that of a lamb newly slain.

While they were putting her into her solemn repository, Ah, sir, said Harry, I pretend not to compare with you; your losses, I own, have been greater than mine. You are a man, like your divine Master, wholly made up of sorrows, and acquainted with killing griefs. But still you must allow, that, for my little time, I have had a competent share. It matters not. I am reconciled to them. I begin to be pleased with them. And indeed joy is become my utter aversion, while I think on this loved creature, who willingly bled and died for my sake.

As Harry thought it his duty, so he thought it would be his delight, to weep and lament his Maria for ever. But passions seldom are permanent; and time, though it may not wholly efface, daily wears away an insensible portion of the deepest impressions.

Harry caused the coffin of his deliverer to be exalted on a cabinet in his bed-chamber, that it might be always in his sight. But the familiarity of affecting objects daily lessens their force; and Harry, week after week, began to contemplate the repository of the loved remains of his Maria with abating affliction.

In the mean-time, Mr. Clinton received a letter, by the French mail, in answer to one which he had left for his brother-in-law at Paris; and this letter informed him, under the marquis's hand, that he had returned from his embassy to the court of Morocco, and that he and his lady would be shortly in England. And, at the bottom, he found written, in a different character, 'Will it be any satisfaction to see them accompanied by your once-loved—

'FANNY GOODALL?'

We have found them, my Harry, he cried, We have found them, our long and far-sought friends! the two treasures which our God

had graciously laid in store for the comfort of us poor people who have lost all beside! But don't let us do them the disgrace, my son, of meeting and receiving them with tears and dirges. Let me then prevail upon you to permit your faithful Perré to be conducted by some of our people, with an honourable train of undertakers, to Enfield, and there to be treasured up in your family-vault, where I shall speedily join her, and whereunto even my Harry must finally adjourn. Harry wiped his eye, and said, Be it as you please, my father!

Within the following fortnight, Harry, attended by his page, put on a footman-like frock, and gripping his quarterstaff, of polished yew, took a walk toward the custom-house, to inquire if any French vessels had lately arrived, in hope of tidings respecting the marquis and the Countess of Maitland.

As he approached the wharf, he observed a crowd all in motion, and shouting as in the midst of some affray. Immediately he hastened up, and making way through the savage populace, perceived that they were insulting, beating, and dragging a number of unhappy foreigners, without any apparent provocation, save that their garb, complexion, and language, were different from their own; the very reason that should have induced them to have treated these abused strangers with courtesy and kindness.

On the instant his humanity was at once melted by compassion, and fired into rage; while a lady, who stood with her woman on the stairs, cried out in accents of the bitterest distress, One hundred, two hundred, five hundred pounds to any who will save my poor people. In little more than twenty seconds, Harry laid near as many of the assailed mob maimed or sprawling on the area; and advancing on the crowded spectators, with a threatful and agile whirl of his staff, they fell back in a hurry upon each other, and dispersing, left our hero peaceable master of the field of battle.

Then turning to the bruised and bleeding strangers, he raised some, and supporting others, conducted them all to the feet of their lady. While he approached, she eyed him over and over in mute and wondering astonishment. I think myself happy, madam, says he, in having done some small service to a lady of your fair and noble appearance. Of what country, may I presume? Of England, sir, says she; and I am ready to present you with five thousand pounds, in recompense of the gallant, the miraculous, rescue you

so seasonably brought to me and my people. No, madam, said Harry, smiling; my circumstances do not lay me under the smallest temptation of setting any instance of humanity to sale. But I shall not be easy, till I see you and your attendants safe out of the reach of these London barbarians.

He then called to some porters, and, throwing them a parcel of silver, ordered them to bring all the coaches they could muster. And go you, says he to his page, go to the shipping, inquire after the friends that I told you of, and then follow me to the White-cross tavern, in Cheapside.

The coaches came, and Harry assisted his porters in carrying, helping, and gently stowing the maimed and the wounded into some of them. He then handed in the lady; and next, coming to a blackamoor boy, who had a coronet of diamonds inserted in his cap, he offered to lift him in. But the youth, bending one knee to the dust, and seizing on Harry's hand, eagerly and repeatedly kissed it, crying out in French, Heavenly, heavenly creature! and then, breaking into tears, he sprung into the coach, and sat down by the lady. Our hero then bestowed the four female attendants, with such luggage as was brought on shore, into the remaining coaches. Then, grasping his quarter-staff, and ordering the porters to attend, he guarded and escorted all safe to the White-cross.

The first thing he then did was to order private apartments for the lady and her attendants. He next dispatched the waiters for all the surgeons in the neighbourhood. He then locked the room where he saw the luggage safe lodged; ordered a sumptuous dinner to be prepared as soon as possible; and, lastly, discharged the coaches and porters, who poured their parting blessings upon his head; and all this he did with wonderful dispatch; for Harry was now in the wide element of his beneficence, as a whale in the ocean.

Three surgeons then came, and our hero, putting five guineas a piece into their hands, desired them to examine and dress their patients; and staid till he heard the delightful tidings that none of them were incurable. He then sent up to the lady to desire permission to attend her. She rose and met him as he entered. Child of heaven, said she, from which of the orders of angels have you descended? I have heard as well as seen what you have wonderfully done for us. Madam, said Harry, endeavouring to turn the discourse, I would not advise you to remove your people for some

time : I have ordered beds and apartments for them in this house ; where those, that are tolerably well, may assist the doctors to attend their sick fellows till all shall be restored. In the mean time, I have sent to my father's for his coach and chariot, to convey you, and this young gentleman, and your women, to our house, where you can want for no servants, since my father and I, and all, will be truly and tenderly your servants. We are your property, sir, said the lady ; dispose of us as you please.

In a little time after, dinner was served up ; and Harry, happening to turn his head, perceived the black youth by stealth kissing the hat, and pressing the gloves to his bosom that he had laid on a table. Whatever the darkness or deformity of any aspect or person may happen to be, if the sentimental beauty of soul shall burst through the cloud upon us, the dark becomes light, the deformed quite comely, and we begin to love what was lately our aversion. Thus it was that Harry found himself suddenly and inevitably attached by the two recent proofs that this outlandish youth had given of his affection. Being all seated, Harry looked earnestly at the young Moor, and turning to the lady, said, I now perceive, madam, how ridiculous all sorts of prejudices are, and find that time and observation may change our opinions to the reverse of of what they were. I once had an aversion to all sorts of blacks ; but I avow, that there is something so amiable in the face of this youth, and his eyes cast such a lustre over the darkness of his countenance, as is enough, as Shakespeare has it, to make us in love with night, and pay no more worship to the gaudy sun.

The Moor, hereat, smiled celestial sweetness, and joy beamed from his eyes, and throughout his dimpling aspect.

But who can you be, my sweet fellow, said the lady, who are the picture, the image, almost the thing itself, that I was so sadly in love with five and thirty years ago ? Why, madam, said our hero, you could not have been born at that early day. Ah, you flatterer, says she, I am turned of forty. But pray, madam, who was he that was so happy as to attract your infant affections ?—His name was Harry Clinton.—Why, madam, Harry Clinton is my name.—Harry Clinton ! Harry Clinton ! screamed out the lady, and started up from her chair.—Yes, madam, I am son to the late Earl of Moreland ; and I almost dare to hope, that you were once the enchanting Fanny Goodall.—Yes, my lovely kinsman, I am indeed your Fanny Goodall !

Harry then sprung forward, and seizing her hand, kept it dwelling on his lips. But disengaging it, she opened her arms and clasped him to her bosom, and wept over him as a mother would over a long-lost son; while the young Moor ran and danced about the room like a mad thing; clapping hands, and springing, like an antelope, almost to the ceiling.

When they were something composed, the Moor caught the lady about the neck, and kissing her, cried, Joy, joy, my dearest madam, the greatest of all joys! Then turning to our hero, he took each of his hands, in turns, and pressed them to his lips; while Harry, kissing his forehead, cried, My brother, my brother!

When they were again set to dinner, the page entered, My lord, says he, I have been all along the quays and the shipping, but can learn no tidings of the Marquis D'Aubigny, nor of any French family, save that of the Duchess Bouillon, who, this morning, came up the river with a numerous train.

Well, says Harry, our happiness has been already quite sufficient to day. To-morrow may crown our wishes with full success.

No, my love, said the lady, you cannot see the marquis for some time. The truth is, that you find in me your Fanny Goodall, the Marchioness D'Aubigny, and the Duchess de Bouillon. But these matters shall be explained more clearly, when I am blessed with the sight of your precious uncle. News was now brought that the carriages were at the door; when, taking a hasty bit or two, they visited and left orders for the care of the sick and wounded, and then set out in a hurry for Pall-Mall.

When they arrived, the duchess hastening in, inquired for Mr. Clinton; and when she came where he was, she cried out, as she advanced, and as he rose to receive her, Your Fanny, your Fanny Goodall, my cousin; and throwing herself into his arms, dwelt there for a minute. Then recoiling awhile, she looked fondly at him and cried, Your sister also, my brother, your sister D'Aubigny! the wife of the brother of your heavenly Louisa! then clasping him to her arms, she broke into tears; and again, quitting him, sat down to quiet her emotions. Mr. Clinton, having seated himself affectionately beside her, said, These are wondrous things that you tell me, my precious sister! by what miracle have these blessings been brought about? I am too much agitated at present, says she; let me have a little coffee, and the matter shall be unravelled.

As they were settling to the tea-table, Give me leave, sir, said the duchess, to introduce my little black companion to your notice. He is a sweet fellow, I assure you, notwithstanding his complexion. He is child to our royal friend the Emperor of Morocco, who has entrusted him to our guardianship for his travels and education. However he may have come by his sable outside, his father, the great Abenamin, is less tawny than any man I saw in Africa, and his mother is one of the fairest and finest women that ever opened a pair of living diamonds to the light; but she took fright, while she was pregnant, at the sudden sight of a blackamoor. But, my brother, I shall more particularly recommend him to your regard, by telling you that he is an exceedingly pious christian, though as playful as a lamb, and as chuckling as infancy.

She then turned, and taking the little Abenamin by the hand, led him up, and placed him before her brother; when the youth, suddenly dropping on his knees, looked up to Mr. Clinton, with eyes that spoke love and reverential awe, and besought his blessing.

The old gentleman found himself surprisingly affected, and lifting up his hands, cried, God be gracious to you, my child, and make your soul as bright as your countenance is sable! and may the Sun of Righteousness shine with power upon you, and soon disperse or illumine every shade that is about you! The prince embraced his legs, kissed his knees, and arose. Soon as the coffee was removed, You may remember, my dearest cousin, said the duchess, in what a hurry I last parted from you. Mr. Fairface, with whom the bulk of my fortune was deposited, went off with above a hundred thousand pounds of my substance, beside four times that value entrusted to him by others.

I traced him to Paris, and there he had the impudence to give me an interview; but at the same time had the impudence also to bid me defiance. Immediately I commenced suit, and sent a dispatch to London for my papers and witnesses.

On the opening of my cause in court, I was summoned by the title of Countess of Maitland, otherwise Frances Goodall.

On hearing the name, a gentleman who was near me started, and turning and coming up, Pray, madam, says he, are you any way related to the Honourable Harry Clinton, who once went by that name in this city? I am, sir, said I, almost the nearest relation that he has upon earth.—He is, madam, my dearest friend and brother.

Pray speak to your advocates to postpone your suit for a few days, till I am informed of the nature and merits of your cause.

This was accordingly done. He desired to know where I lodged, and in less than an hour his chariot was at my door.

Except yourself, my cousin, the marquis had the most lovely and winning aspect and person that ever I beheld. I soon convinced him of the equity of my demand, and of the villainy of my trustee, and made him perfect master of the whole affair. But he still continued to visit and to stay with me a considerable part of every day, under colour of being better informed touching this and the other particular; the remaining time was spent in soliciting for me.

At length a hearing came on: and after a short trial, honest Fair-face was cast in principal and double costs. He was instantly taken into custody, and put under confinement, till he discharged the whole amount of the judgment in my favour. No sooner was our suit over, wherein I was plaintiff, but another was commenced, wherein I happened to prove but a very weak defendant. The marquis now became solicitor for himself, but with such a sweet timidity, as seemed to doubt, and greatly dreaded the success of his cause. I could not refuse my time to him, who had^d devoted the whole of his time and assiduity to me. We spent whole days together. But oh, what floods of tears did that time often cost both him and me, while he pathetically and feelingly related your history from the place where you broke off, to the death of your Louisa and your precious infants!

I believe, my cousin, that as grief is a greater softener, so it is a greater cementer of hearts than any other passion. I gave the marquis, in my turn, my little story, and dwelt on every tender minuteness of my infant passion for you. Ah, said he, what a pity that a heart, so susceptible of all divine and human feelings, should sit as a lonely turtle upon the house-top, without a suitable mate!

I took him for that mate, my cousin; and in a husband I found the truest and tenderest of lovers. I became pregnant, for the first time of my life, and was delivered of a sweet and promising little fellow, whom we left at nurse in our country seat, while I attended my lord on his embassy to Morocco.

But here I must stop, my brother; I am under the positive interdiction of an imperial thing called a husband, not to divulge a word further till he sees you face to face. But I trust that he has blessed

tidings for you, my brother ; he says, that he otherwise would not have dared to present himself before you, after the loss of your Eloisa.

Mr. Clinton smiled carelessly, as at the impossibility of any consoling event upon earth. Again smiling archly, I protest, my sister, said he, you appear to me to grow younger for your years. I see no manner of alteration, save that you are something plumper, and not quite so slender as when we parted. O, says she, laughing, there may be a reason in nature for that. I rejoice at heart to hear it, said Mr. Clinton ; but pray when may we expect my brother ?— In about two months ; at present he is engaged with the king, who is extremely fond of him, and lately created him a duke, on account of the services which he rendered the state in Africa. We received your dear letter, my dearest brother, at Paris ; but wondered who the sweet fellow could be who was said to accompany you.

In the mean time, our hero and the young prince were in close combination. Abenamin stepped about and about Harry, and toyed with him, and twisted the curls of his careless locks around his fingers. Then turning and looking fondly up in his face, Ah, how fair, says he, does this black visage of mine shew in those fine eyes of yours ! It is in truth, said Harry, so fair in my eyes, that I would not exchange it for fifteen of the fairest female faces in Britain. The prince then caught his hand, and pressed it to his bosom. But what shall I call you, says he ? You are a great lord in this country, and in my own country, I am greater than a lord. But I hate the formality of titles between friends, and I will call you my Harry, provided you promise to call me your Abenamin. A bargain, says Harry, let us seal it with a kiss ! No, no, says the prince, we never kiss lips in Africa ; but I will kiss your head, and your hands, and your feet too, with pleasure. But tell me, Harry, what makes you so mighty clever a fellow ; will you teach me to be a clever fellow also ? Ay, that I will, says Harry ; and to beat myself too, provided you promise not to hit me over hard. Abenamin laughed, and aimed a little fist as though he meant to overturn him.

As soon as Harry's grief for his late Maria would allow him to associate, he had been to seek his old friend and tutor Mr. Clement ; but he found only a single domestic at home, who told him that the old gentleman had been some time dead, and that the family were lately gone to take possession of a new seat that they had purchased in the country. However, as Harry found himself quite

happy in the present society, he sought no further acquaintance or amusement in London. In less than three weeks, the retinue of the prince and the duchess were well restored; and they all set out for Enfield, there to await the wished arrival of the duke.

On the third day, while they stopped at a village to repair the fractured harness of an overmottled horse, Harry took a walk with his Abenamin along the road. In their way they came to a long and waste cottage, where they heard the confused clattering of junior voices. Harry stepped to the door, and looking in, perceived about forty or fifty boys ranged on benches of turf, while a man of a pale aspect sat on a decayed chair, instructing them in their lessons.

Your servant, sir, says Harry; pray what language do you teach?—I can teach Latin, and Greek too, sir; but the people of this country choose to confine themselves to the language of Old England.—If I am not too free, sir, pray what is your name!—Longfield, so please your honour.—Longfield! Longfield! I have surely heard that name before. Pray were you ever acquainted with a man called Hammel Clement?—Hammel Clement, sir? Yes, sir; and with a wife by whom he is greatly dignified. Your friend Clement, says Harry, is come to great fortune; and, I dare answer for him, would be nearly distracted with joy at your sight, and would gladly divide his substance with you; but, if you please, you shall be no incumbrance upon his growing family. You shall instantly come with me; and, as Pharaoh said to Jacob, Regard not your stuff, for the good of all my lands lies before you, my Longfield. And I rejoice more in acquiring such a heart as your's, than if I had acquired the possession of a province. Harry then called a few of the neighbours in, and giving them some guineas, to be changed and divided among the children, in order to enable them to see a new master, he and Abenamin took the thread-bare Longfield, on each side, under the arm, and carried him away.

When they came to the turn that led to the mansion-house, Harry perceived, with much pleasure, that the two school-houses, which he had put in hand before the death of his father, were now completed. They stood opposite to each other, with the road between them. Their fronts were of hewn stone; and a small cupola rose over each, with bells to summon the children to meals and to lesson.

Here, Longfield, says our hero, is to be your province. You are to superintend these schools, at a salary of three hundred a-year;

and I will soon send you, with proper means throughout the country, to muster me a hundred chosen children of each sex: for I yearn to be a father, Longfield, and to gather my family of little ones under my eye and my wing.

As soon as they alighted, Mr. Clinton and his Harry once more welcomed the duchess and her Abenamin to their home, and their hearts, and the late house of mourning became a house of joy.

Above all, Abenamin inspired mirth and good humour throughout the family; and melancholy fled before him wherever he turned. He was daily inventive of new matters of entertainment. He danced African dances for them, with wonderful action and grace; and he sung African songs, that imitated and exceeded the wild and inarticulate warblings of the nightingale. So that he became the darling and little idol of the whole household. Harry had sent for the town-tailor, and got Longfield fitted with three or four suits from his father's wardrobe. He then sent him on his commission, in company with Mr. Trusty the agent, whom he ordered to shew him the country, to introduce him to the several families of the peasantry, and to furnish him with whatever sums he should call for.

In the mean time, our hero and Abenamin became inseparable. He made the prince a present of his little dressed jennet, and at times rode out with him, and taught him the manage. At other times they would run, and wrestle, and play a hundred gambols through the walks and the gardens. Did you ever see the chase of the antelope, Harry?—Not I, truly.—You shall not be long so, says the prince. Go, gather me all the house, man, woman, and child, before the door here. You shall be the huntsman, and I will be the antelope; and if any of your people can catch me, in a mile's running, they shall have my cap for a kerchief.

Immediately the whole posse was summoned, to the amount of about sixty persons, male and female; and Mr. Clinton and the duchess, hearing what they were about, came laughing to the door, to see the diversion. Harry then gave his royal antelope about fifty yards law; then cried, Away! and instantly all heels and all voices were loosed after him.

The prince then turned, and bounded over an area that was sunk on the right side of the avenue: then clearing several other obstacles, whereby he threw out the greatest number of his pursuers, he at length reached the fields, and shot away like an arrow.

Our hero's huntsman headed about nine foreign and domestic footmen, who still held the chase, though at a distance; while Abenamin led them a round of above a mile. Then, turning short homeward, he came flying up the avenue, with only the huntsman and two followers puffing far behind. At length, reaching near the door, the prince threw himself precipitately into the arms of his friend, as it were for protection, crying, Save me, my Harry, save your little antelope! Mr. Clinton and the duchess, then, successively embraced the victor, and wished him joy. I protest, Harry, cried Mr. Clinton, I will bet a thousand pieces with you, on the head of my Abenamin against your famous Polly Truck.

That night, as our hero sat with the prince in his apartment, Have you ever been in love, my Harry, says he? I confess, said Harry, that I have had my twitches and tendencies that way.

He then related to him the tragedy of his faithful Maria, which cost the prince the drenching of a handkerchief in tears.

Ah, exclaimed the prince, never, never will I forgive your Maria her death! why was it not my lot, by some severer doom, to prove to you the superiority of my friendship and affection? What, cried Harry, would you not leave me a single companion upon earth? when my Abenamin quits the world, I shall also bid it adieu!

When tears were wiped away, the prince took his friend by the hand, and said, I have a sister, my brother, a sister, twinned with me in the womb, and as fair as I am black. All Africa is pleased to hail her as the beauty of the universe; but the truth is, that I think but poorly of her. The duke brought her with him to France; and, should he bring her to England, beware of your heart, my Harry! for, though I am prejudiced against her, she is the idol of all others, who bow down to her, as before a little divinity. This has made her so excessively vain, that she holds herself of a different species from the rest of mankind, and thinks the homage of the world nothing less than her right. And now, my Harry, though I earnestly wish to be allied to you, by a tie, nearer if possible than that of friendship, yet I would not wish my own happiness, at the expence of your peace; and so I give you timely warning against this dangerous and haughty girl. Our company had now been upward of six weeks at the mansion-house. Harry, hitherto, had never examined any part of the country; or any part of his own estate, above a mile from the house. Wherefore, leaving his friend Abenamin in

bed, in the presumption of his being tired with his last day's fatigue, he early issued forth, accompanied only by his huntsman and his agent's runner, who knew and was known every where.

With their staves in their hands, they crossed and quartered the country at pleasure, without let or obstacle. At length they came within prospect of a house sumptuously fronted, and of a happy situation. Harry stopped here, with pleasure, comparing, as he approached, the acquirements of art with the advantages of nature; when a servant issued forth, and humbly besought him to walk in. Harry heard the voice of music. What is your master's name, says he? Fielding, so please your honour; and we are this day celebrating the nuptials of his son, the young squire.

The master of the family met our hero at the outward door. Harry recoiled at recognizing the face of the Mr. Fielding, whom he had seen at Hampstead: but, taking no notice, walked with him into the house. Breakfast, soon after, was ushered in, and Mrs. Fielding, and Mr. and Mrs. Catharines, and Ned, with his blooming and blushing bride, came to the table. Harry chuckled and rejoiced at heart, but still took no notice; when, after some cursory conversation, Ned looked at him with an eager disturbance, and cried, Bless me, my heart tells me that there is something in that face, which is not quite unknown to me. If I could think, after my many and late inquiries, that my patron was alive, bating the difference of years, I should verily believe that you were—Your Harry Fenton, cried our hero, springing up; your Harry Fenton, my dear Ned!

Harry then opened his arms to receive his friend, while Ned leaped and caught at him, as the grappling-iron of a corsair would catch at a ship from which great prize was expected.

All the family then, so highly as they had been obliged by our hero and his father, struggled who should be foremost in their acknowledgments and caresses. The holy Catharines, fondly taking him to his arms, cried, Christ be gracious to you, my child! and may the God, who has formed you as an angel upon earth, make you also of the highest order of angels in heaven!

After dinner, Harry rose to take his leave; but they all got in a group and opposed his passage, telling him he must be their prisoner for that night. I consent, only on this condition, said Harry, that you all promise to dine with me to-morrow. Why pray, sir, where do you live, says Mr. Fielding? at Enfield, with the young Earl of

Moreland, says Harry; but he has a great friendship for me, and the house is as it were my own.

Much company arrived in the evening, and the ball was opened and held till late. But our hero declined dancing, that his friend Ned might stand forth peerless in the eyes of his bride. Harry rose by the dawning, and footed it in an hour to Enfield. He flew up stairs to salute the family, but found no one, save Mr. Clinton, from whom he received at once a warm blessing and embrace.

Where is the duchess, sir, and my friend Abenamin? Gone, Harry, says his uncle, about breakfast-time yesterday; a courier arrived with the joyful tidings that my brother was on the road, and so my sister and our Abenamin hastened to meet him. By this time I suppose they are all on their return. And now take care of yourself, my Harry. The duke brings with him the sister of our Abenamin, the fair princess Abenaide: the duchess tells me, that a lovelier creature never beheld the light; so that you must guard your heart, with double bars, against the power of this beauty.—She is vain and disdainful, sir, excessively vain, I am told! so that her pride will prove an antidote against the poison of her charms. However, I will haste to meet and welcome your most noble brother.

Harry was mounted on a haughty charger, that was bought when a colt in Mauritania: he was white as new-fallen snow, save a black main and tail, and three large blood-like spots on the off-shoulder. He was so perfectly instructed and subdued to the manage, that he seemed to have no will save the will of his rider; while Harry's least motion, like electricity, informed every joint and member.

The princess came foremost in an open chariot drawn by six spotted Arabians. The chariot was plated here and there with burnished gold, and emblazoned with gems of lustre. But if the eye could scarce bear the blaze of the vehicle, much less could it support the brightness of the beauty who sat enthroned within it.

Harry bowed twice, as he approached; but she scarce deigned a perceptible nod of acknowledgment to his salute. Our hero felt himself piqued. Proud beauty! thought he, I thank you for your timely prevention of a passion that, perhaps, might have proved unhappy to me. He then passed forward with affected carelessness to salute the duke. When he came up, the coach stopped, and Harry, flying from his saddle, approached the window, while his steed stood trembling, but motionless, behind him.

My lord, said Harry, seizing the duke's hand, and respectfully kissing it, if you were sensible of the joy that my heart receives from your presence, I think it would make you nearly as happy as myself. My sweet fellow, said the duke, I have often heard of you at Paris, as also by the letters of my love here; my longing at last is gratified, though my wonder is increased.

But, madam, says Harry, what have you done with my little play-fellow, what's become of my Abenamin? O, cried the-duchess, laughing, he is forthcoming I warrant you; but what has so bewitched you to him? I think you could not be fonder, if he were a mistress. True, madam, answered Harry, sighing; I never look to have a mistress that I shall love half as well; but pray put me out of pain, and let me know where he is. Be pacified, said the smiling duke, he is not far off; and here is my hand and promise that you shall see him before night.

Our hero then turned, and touching his left hand to the shoulder of his horse, he rose perpendicular, like a pyramid of fire, and again descended on his seat, as a flake of snow on a rosebud. He then touched his white wand to the neck of his steed, which instantly mounted the air, like a winged Pegasus; while the duchess shouted out, thinking her Harry a gone man; but he returned as composed as though he was seated on a bed of cotton.

The coach now began to move, and Harry put his wand to the flank of his horse, which, turning its head to the carriage, as of its own accord, moved sidelong toward Enfield, with a proud but gentle prancing; while the duke cried out, Look, look! O the boy, the graceful lovely boy! As our hero attended the carriage of the duke, the princess and her train had got to the house and alighted, while Harry opened the coach-door, and handed out the noble pair, who alternately kissed and took him to their arms. Mr. Clinton then came forth, and received them all with transport. But Harry, under some pretence, walked away ruminating, in order to avoid the disdainful regards of the young lady.

In the mean time, our company, rejoicing and caressing each other all the way, had got slowly, though very lovingly, to the great mansion-parlour. The duke then, respectfully taking the young lady by the hand, Permit me, brother, says he, to recommend to you my lovely ward, the fair princess of Morocco. The lady then gently bent one knee toward the ground, while she received the cor-

dial blessing and salute of the old gentleman. They then took their seats. When Mr. Clinton, while he looked more earnestly on the princess, grew suddenly affected, and called out for a glass of fair water and hartshorn. When he had drunk it, he found himself in a measure restored; and lifting his hands, he cried, I protest one would think that nature had copied this young and lovely creature from an image that has lain impressed upon my heart near these forty years. You are in the right, my brother, exclaimed the duke, it is even as you surmise. Allow me then, once more, to introduce to you the counterpart of our once-adorable Louisa; to introduce to you my niece and your own offspring, my brother; even the daughter of your still living and ever precious Eloisa! The princess then sprung forward, and dropping precipitately at the feet of her grandfather, she put her face between his knees, and, seizing both his hands, she bathed them with her tears, crying, My father, O my father, my dear, my dearest father, how inexpressibly blessed I think myself, to be the offspring of such a father! Mr. Clinton then raising her, and seating her fondly on his knee, and grasping her to his bosom, I will not ask, he cried, how these miracles came about; it is enough that I feel the attraction which pulls you into my heart. And so saying, their tears flowed, till they mingled on the floor.

Go, my angel, said Mr. Clinton, and take yonder seat, that I may view and delight my soul with your sight, at leisure. My eyes begin at these years to see best at a distance.

At length, the soft voice of our Harry was heard in the hall; and the duke, whispering his brother, requested him for a little time to take no notice of what had passed.

Our hero then entered, bowing respectfully and gracefully, but carelessly toward the side where the princess sat. He then took his seat beside the duke, and bending fondly to him, and seizing a hand, with both his hands, he pressed it to his lips and cried, Welcome, welcome, my dearest lord, to the house and the hearts of your truest lovers.

Then, giving a glance to the side where the princess sat, he caught a glimpse of her attractions, and sighing, said to himself, O, the pity, the pity! But, no matter; her pride shall never suffer a single charm to take place; and, so thinking, he turned his eyes aside.

Mean time, Abenaide arose, with as little noise as a hare from her seat; and stealing round, like a cat circumventing a mouse, she



EARL OF MORELAND



Abenaide discovering herself to Harry

Engraved by J. Black for G. Gower Esq.

came behind Harry's chair, and reaching and covering an eye, with each of her hands, she turned his head to her, and made a sound with her lips, as though she had kissed him. Harry opened his eyes in utter astonishment; while in a twinkling standing before him, she chuckled a laugh, and cried, My Harry, what, have you forgot me? Don't you remember your old playfellow, your little friend Abenamin?

Harry's eyes were now opened, in the midst of the hurry and agitation of his soul. At a glimpse he took in the whole impression of her beauties; and casting himself, quick as a glance of lightning, at her feet, he seized the hem of her robing, and glued it to his mouth.

At length, lifting up his eyes, he cried, Ah, what are all these wonders to me, or my happiness, unless my Abenamin will also become my Abenaide? That, replied the princess, is not at my option; there sits my lord and father, at whose disposal I am.

Harry then rose, and throwing himself at the feet of his revered patron, embraced his legs in silence, while Mr. Clinton cried out, Yes, my Harry, I understand you; nothing shall ever be wanting to the happiness of my darling, that the power of his tender parent and loving uncle can effect. I can have nothing in heaven or earth, that is not the property of my Harry. Harry kissed his feet, and sprung up.

Mr. Clinton then continued, I aver I am still in a labyrinth. Did you not say, my Abenaide, that you were also our Abenamin? I did, my lord, says she, but I did not dare to avow myself. Ah, what a painful struggle did that restriction cost me! while I panted to catch and to cling to your honoured feet; while I used to look, and gaze upon you, unperceived; while my heart swelled with affection, and my were eyes restrained from tears; and while I kissed, in secret, the book that you read, and the ground that you trod upon.

Abenaide then sat down, and Harry, lightly throwing himself on the ground beside her, looked beseechingly around, and cried, My lord, my dearest lady, our still precious Fanny Goodall, can you vouch, can you warrant, that I am safe in this matter? Then looking up to the princess, and drinking her in; No, he cried, you cannot engage it? I feel that I shall perish in the very ecstasy of the expectation of being united to her.

Just then Mr. Meekly came in. He had been long and far away, upon many a blessed tour of doing good through the earth, but as soon as he heard of the arrival of his beloved patron and young

lord, he rode post to embrace them. Harry sprung from love to friendship, and catching him in his arms, cried, O, my Meekly, my dearest Meekly, how seasonably you come, to temper, by your advice, the insufferable transports of my soul! Behold the regent of my heart, behold the queen of all my wishes!

Meekly then fixed his eyes upon the princess, and soon after exclaimed, Gracious father! what do I see? Can the Louisa be resuscitated, and now raised from the dead? O then, it must be so, she must be her descendant. No one, save my peerless patroness, could produce the likeness of my patroness. But how this blessed miracle was brought about is the question. That is my question too, my dear Meekly, said Mr. Clinton, if my most noble brother would be so good as to solve it. I will gratify you, gentlemen, said the duke, in as few words as possible. Meanwhile, the princess withdrew.

On my embassy to the court of Morocco, I had several private interviews with the emperor, before my credentials were opened in public. I had the good fortune to be liked by him, so that he suffered no day to pass without seeing me. His name was Abenamin; he was accounted a great captain, he exceeded all in his dominions for grace of person and beauty of aspect; and that which rendered him still more singular was, that he had given liberty to all the ladies of his seraglio, and, for many years, had kept constant to the reigning sultana, said to be the most exquisite beauty upon earth.

As we grew more intimate, in the exuberance of his affection for his empress, he could not refrain from speaking of her to me; and he promised that, before I departed, I should see and converse with her; a grace, he said, never granted to any other man.

At length, the day being appointed for my public entry, I rode through the city, attended by a sumptuous train, and alighting before the palace, advanced to the hall of audience.

The emperor was seated, with his sultana at his right hand, upon a throne of ivory. As soon as I had approached the presence, and begun to open my commission, the empress gave a great shriek, and fell over in a swoon upon the bosom of her husband.

The royal Abenamin instantly turned pale as death, tore off her veil with trembling hands to give her air, and called me to his assistance, as it is accounted profanation for any Moor to touch the person of the empress. But, O heaven, O my friends! think what was my astonishment, when, in the pale face of the queen, I beheld

the loved features of our darling Eloisa. The court broke up in confusion, and her women came hurrying with drops and essences. As soon as she recovered, she opened her eyes upon me; and reaching out her arms, and catching me to her, she cried, O my uncle, my dearest uncle, am I so blessed then as to behold you before I expire!

The monarch in the mean time looked upon me with a jealous eye, and twice put his hand to the haft of his dagger, but checked his rising indignation, till he should have the mystery of his queen's behaviour explained. The women then raised her up, and bore her to her apartment; while the emperor, turning to me, with no very friendly aspect, ordered me to follow him. When I had attended a considerable time in the antichamber, he came forth, with a serene and joyous countenance, and embracing me, cried, O my friend, my dear kinsman, how transported am I to find and acknowledge you for such! the parent of my angel becomes a part of myself!

He then led me by the hand into the bedchamber of my Eloisa, where we renewed our caresses without restraint. But the monarch, fearing that these emotions would be too much for her, told me that he had something for my private ear till dinner; and took me into an adjoining closet. There, seating, and taking me affectionately by the hand, I will now tell you, my uncle, says he, how I came by this inestimable treasure, your niece.

I had fitted out a royal ship of my own, not as a corsair, but rather for trade in the Mediterranean. On their return from the coast of Egypt, as they passed, after a violent hurricane, within sight of Old Carthage, my people perceived, at a distance, a sloop stranded on a shoal of sand about a league from the shore. Immediately they sent out a boat, and took the distressed company in, consisting of my charmer, two female companions, and three servants in livery, beside the boatmen.

The intendants of my ship behaved themselves with all possible respect toward the young lady and her attendants; and endeavoured to quiet her terrors, by assuring her that she was free, and that their prince was a person of too much honour and humanity to derive any advantage from the disasters of the unfortunate. The moment that they brought her before me, pale, trembling, and in tears, while she dropped on her knees, and lifted to me her fine eyes in a petitioning manner, the gates of my soul opened to the sweetly affecting image, and ever after closed, of their own accord, upon it,

Ah, I cried, heavenly creature, calm, calm your causeless fears ! I swear by our prophet, and the God of our prophet, that I would rather suffer the gaunch, than put the smallest constraint on your person or inclinations. You are free, madam, you shall ever be free, save so far as I may bind you by my tender offices and affections.

I raised her, and she grew something better assured ; when bending a knee in my turn, I kissed her robe,* and cried, Look not on me as your tyrant, look not on me as your lover ; but look on me as your friend, the tenderest and truest of friends, who shall ever be ready to sacrifice his own happiness to your's.

From that time I studied every amusement, every diversion, that might serve to dissipate the timid shrinkings of her remaining apprehensions ; while I conducted myself toward her with a distant, though fond, respect, not even presuming to touch her ivory-hand.

In the mean time my soul sickened, and grew cold to all other women. If you were ever in love, my dear D'Aubigny, you know that it is a chaste as well as a tender passion. I languished indeed for her, I longed and languished to death ; but then it was rather for her heart than her person that I languished.

One day, as she heaved a heavy but half suppressed sigh, Ah, my angel, I cried, I can have no joy but your's, and yet you have griefs to which you keep your friend, your Abenamin, a stranger. True, my lord, says she, tears breaking from her : all your bountie^s have not been able to silence the calls of kindred, or claims of nature within me. Ah, my parents, my dear parents ; I feel more for you than I feel even for myself, in being torn from you !

The weight of her affliction fell, like a mountain on my soul, and crushed me to her feet. You would leave me then, Eloisa ; you wish to leave me ; but your generosity delays to tell me so, for fear of breaking my heart.—Well, be it so—go from me—you know I cannot survive you—but my death is of no consequence, my Eloisa shall be happy—I will go this instant, I will dispatch my swiftest galley to Languedoc—I will write word to your parents that you are safe, that you are beloved, and yet pure and untouched, being respected as a deity.—I will invite them to come and take possession of my treasures, my dominions, my heart : but, should they reject my suit, I again swear by Alla, to send you to them, laden with wealth, though I myself should drop dead at the instant of your departure.

The noble soul of my Eloisa became instantly affected. She caught a hand between both of her's, and bathing it with tears, cried, O, now indeed you have bound me by chains infinitely stronger than all the shackles that fasten the slaves to the galleys of Africa.

I kept firm to my engagement, and, in a few weeks, my winged messengers returned. But, O the tidings, the very doleful tidings for my beloved! they brought word that they found no creature, save two ancient domestics, in the great hotel, as two ravens in the midst of a lonely forest. From these they learned, that my Eloisa's mother and little brother were dead; that her grandmother was dead; her aunt the marchioness also dead; and that the marquis had retired they knew not whither.

She wept incessantly, and I wept with her.—At length she softly said, You have conquered, my lord, you have conquered, I am subdued by your weight of affection! O that you could but conform to one article more, that we might be united as one heart, and one soul, and one sentiment, for ever! It was now, for the first time, that I dared to seize her hand: I pressed it to my lips, and thrust it to my soul. What would you enjoin, I cried? I would do any thing, dare any thing, to be united to my Eloisa! In life and in death, body to body, and dust to dust, never, never to be sundered, till her spirit should make the heaven of my spirit hereafter. Ah, she suddenly exclaimed, that, that is the very thing I so eagerly desire. Let the God of my heart, be the God of your heart; let the God of my spirit, be the God of your spirit; so shall we be united in him, and jointly partake of his blessedness through eternity!

Ah, I cried, can I forego the divine precepts of our prophet? Your prophet, says she, preaches only to the eye and the ear, and that is all that he does or can pretend to: but CHRIST, my prophet, preaches in the heart, to the affections. From him is every good motion, divine or human: He is the unknown God of your spirit, my master, my Abenamin; and you feel his precious power while you disavow his name. I was puzzled, I was silenced. I bent a knee in reverence, kissed her hand and withdrew.

I sent for the chief of the christian missionaries, throughout the city and country. I consulted each of them in private, but received no satisfaction from them. They all appeared equally zealous for my reformation, but attempted it by different, and even by opposite, arguments. Some would have persuaded me to be a christian, by

shewing the absurdity of every religion that was not christian. Others affirmed, that my eternal salvation depended on my conformity to certain external rules and penances. While the greatest number inveighed against the christians of every other denomination; and would have thrust me wholly from Christ, if I did not consent to receive him within their stunted pale.

I knew not what to do: I was put to a stand, and quite confounded by this multiplicity of conflicting opinions. At length a countryman of my own came to me from the desert. He had been a great sinner, but was converted by the sense of his sins, and he was revered and resorted to by the friendless and afflicted.

I opened my soul to him, with all its doubts and difficulties. My friend in CHRIST, said he, with a gentle and still voice, they have all been leading you astray, quite away from the haven that stretches forth its arms for the reception of long-toiled mariners, whom storms have at length compelled to seek a final port.

The God of your creation can alone be your redemption: the God of your nature can alone be the salvation of the nature that he imparted. But who shall convince you of this? Not all the angels in heaven, nor all the doctors upon earth, till the Christ of your heart shall be pleased to convince you that you are, as indeed you are, (however mighty a monarch,) a poor, frail, erring, vile, and despicable creature; subjected to innumerable lapses and infirmities, sickness, passions and crosses; griefs, agonies, and death. When this is effectually done, the whole of the business is done. You will call for and catch at a Saviour, in the sensibility of your want of him. When you come thus laden with your sins to him, he will in no wise cast you out. But he will take you, as Noah took the wearied dove into the ark; he will take you within the veil of his own temple of rest; and all sects, forms, and ceremonies, will be as the outward courts, with which you shall have no manner of commerce or concern. My heart felt the weight and the fulness of conviction. I took him to my arms, and requested instant baptism. My Eloisa was called; we locked ourselves in; and I was washed by water and faith into Christ, while my kneeling angel wept a stream of delight beside me.

It is said that possession cloy. But I experienced, my dear D'Aubigny, that love never cloy. Every day with my Eloisa seemed to triumph, in heart-felt happiness, over my first bridal day. But oh, what was the joy, the exultation of my fond heart, when

she gave me to be the father of a little daughter of paradise! One day, while we were toiling and fooling with the smiling infant, and throwing her, as she crowed, from the one to the other, Ah! my husband, cries Eloisa, how poor I was lately; no parents, no kindred, nothing but my Abenamin, upon the whole earth! and now God has been pleased to make my affliction to laugh, and to give this babe for a further bond, a precious link of love between us.

He was just in this part of his narration, when the music sounded to the banquet. We instantly rose and joined our Eloisa.

When the collation was removed, Madam, said I to the empress, have you ever heard of a relation of your's, christened by the name of Fanny Goodall, and lately Countess of Maitland? I have, said she, often heard my fond father speak of her with filling eyes. She is in this city, madam. She is no longer countess of Maitland. She is now doubly your relation, your aunt as well as your cousin; and goes by the title of the Marchioness D'Aubigny. With the good leave of my lord here, I will bring her to you directly.

I went to the palace appointed for my residence; I there gave my Fanny a few heads of the story of our Eloisa, and took her hastily to the presence. The ladies looked at each other, in long and silent admiration. Then opening their arms, and rushing together, they continued some minutes locked in mutual embraces.

Madam, said the emperor, smiling, I think I ought to be allowed the same liberties with my aunt, that your husband took with his niece. Whereon he welcomed and caressed her with an affectionate fervour.

O, exclaimed the royal fair, how very poor, and how very rich our God can suddenly make us! But then, lord of my life, to think of parting with these dear friends again, perhaps never to see them more—that's what sinks and wrings my heart, in the very midst of exultation. That, my love, said the emperor, is the very important article on which I wish to consult with you and our friends here, our dear kindred in Christ. But I must first shew them their young relation, my little enchantress, my precious pearl, my eye-delighting Abenaide.

He then stepped forth, and, after awhile, led in a gracefully-moving creature, but veiled from the head to the waist. Throw up your veil, my love, says he; here are none but your friends, your very dear relations, your lovely aunt, and your uncle the Marquis and Marchioness D'Aubigny.

She did as she was ordered; and instantly broke upon my sight, like a new glory arisen from mid-day. My Fanny seized upon her, as desirous of devouring her. And I, in turn, took her to me with tearful eyes, as almost persuaded, that I embraced the newly-revived person of my dearest sister Louisa; so perfect was the resemblance in every grace and feature. When we had nearly oppressed the celestial looking maid with our insatiate caresses, she seized our hands, and kissing them, cried, What a blessed day is this, that enriches Abenaide with two parents more; another precious father, and another lovely mother; happy, happy Abenaide!

Her royal father then gave a beck, and she instantly vanished; while her absence seemed to cast a shade throughout the room.

The monarch then, deeply musing and heavily sighing, began—I am now, my dearest friends, friends beloved above the world, and all that it contains, I am now to open to you my inmost heart, and to reveal a purpose whereon I have been ruminating these many months, but could not hit on an expedient for bringing it to pass. How opportunely has our JESUS sent you to us on this occasion!

I have but two children living; my Abenaide, and a son, by a former woman of my seraglio. His name is Abencerrage: he is a youth renowned in the field, but of a proud and impetuous demeanour. He had long conceived an illicit passion for his young and lovely sister. At length the fire broke forth, and he lately attempted her honour. I would instantly have put him to death, had I had any other heir to succeed to my dominions. I therefore contented myself with banishing him my court and my presence; though I am sensible that this has not availed for the extinguishing his horrid flame.

Now, my friends, should I die, or should this violent boy break into rebellion, for he is the favourite of the licentious soldiery, I tremble to think what would become of my bright-eyed dove, within the talons of such a vulture. This, together with my eager desire of quitting a kingdom of infidels, and of joining with the blessed society and communion of saints, has, after many struggles, determined me to abdicate my throne; as soon as I can amass and transmit a fund sufficient for supporting my Eloisa and myself, with becoming dignity, in her native country.

Ah, my lord, I cried, clasping him passionately in my arms, regard not your treasures, delay not a moment for that! Your Eloisa's relations, both by father and mother, are possessed of princely

fortunes, and they will be all freely at the disposal of your majesty. Ah, my D'Aubigny, said he, I am not yet so duly mortified a christian as needlessly to elect a state of dependance, or willingly to descend at once from the king to the beggar. I have however been preparing: I have already converted a large part of my effects into bills and jewels, of high value but light portage, to the amount, as I think, of about sixty millions of French money: this I will transmit by you; and, as soon as I shall have compassed an equal sum, I will stay no longer in Africa, I will fly to your bosoms, my precious friends. In the mean time, this violent and lustful boy gives no rest to my apprehensions. It is, therefore, necessary that I commit my Abenaide to your trust. It is necessary, I say, that I tear away my choicest limb, the dearest part of my vitals! Support me, CHRIST, in the trial! but it must be gone through.

This, however, must be done with all possible privacy. I am persuaded that my young villain has his spies in and about my palace. I shall therefore request my dear aunt, to disguise my little girl in boy's apparel, and to blacken every part of her visible complexion, that she may pass unnoticed, as your page, through the midst of my attendants. As also that it may prove, during the travels of my darling, a preservative against the lust of the eye, and any further attempt tending to violation.

At length the time approached, and pressed for my departure; but how to part was the question. All attendants were ordered to avoid the presence far away. Our metamorphosed Abenaide stood weeping beside us, while her father and mother pressed us, successively, to their bosoms. All was passion, a gush of tears, but not a word was uttered on any part.

O, my D'Aubigny, cried the emperor at length, friend, brother of my heart, can you conceive what I feel at this instant? I regard not the world, nor the things of the world. Omit such necessary accommodations as are common to us with brutes, and all, belonging to the immortal and divine humanity of man, is magnetism, is fellowship, the feeling as of steel to adamant, and of adamant to steel. There is the friendship, the endearment, the love passing love, and surpassing all other enjoyment. If we meet again, my D'Aubigny, I shall anticipate my heaven!

Again he embraced his little angel; and again he embraced his queen, and besought her to be comforted. We then took leave, as

for the last; and again they called us back, and embraced and took leave again; till, seeing no end, I suddenly broke away, hurrying with us our Abenaide, for fear of observation. I forgot, however, to tell you, that the day before our departure, the royal Abenamin enjoined me to set apart twenty millions of livres for the portion of his child, in case she should be married to any great prince or potentate; requesting me, at the same time, not to put any constraint on the inclinations of his lamb.

I have little more to say, my brother. We arrived safe at Paris, where we received your letter; and, impatient to make you happy, I dispatched my Fanny with her train and your Abenaide before me; enjoining them, however, not to reveal our secret till my arrival. For as I had charged myself with the loss of your Eloisa, I deemed myself best entitled to make you reparation in person.

But I ought not to omit, that, before I left Paris, I received a further remittance of twenty millions from your son-in-law, so that we may speedily look to have the royal pair in England.

Soon after, a post-chaise whirled into the court, and Harry, flying out, caught Clement and Arabella into his strict embrace. He then hurried them in, where Mr. Clinton received and caressed, and introduced them to the duke and duchess, as persons of great merit, and his highly valued friends. He then presented to them his Abenaide, who saluted Clement, and embraced Arabella, with an affectionate familiarity.

O, sir, cried our hero, kissing his uncle's hand, am I to be the last person in the world, whom you will honour with a salute from your bewitching daughter? I ask your pardon, my lord, said Mr. Clinton, solemnly. Allow me then, at length, to repair my omission, by presenting to your earlship her little highness Abenaide.

The duke and duchess and Meekly laughed! but Harry was not a whit the slower in laying hold of his advantage.

He kissed her forehead, her eyes, her cheeks; and, lastly, dwelt upon her lips, as though he would have infused his soul between them. Harry, Harry, cried Mr. Clinton, I will never introduce you to my girl again, unless you promise not to kiss so hard, and bring so much blood into her face.

Just then a footman entered: My lord, says he to Harry, here are three carriages and several horsemen waiting without the gate; they inquire for one master Fenton, who, they say, lives with the

Earl of Moreland ; but I assured them there was no such person in the house. O, sir, said Harry, these are our old friends the Fieldings, and out he flew.

As he approached the carriages, the company gave a shout of joy. Why, sir, said Mr. Fielding, a servant denied you to us, and said that no one of the name of Fenton lived here. O, says Harry, don't heed the blockhead, he is but a new comer. He then opened the doors of the carriages, and handed and kissed them, in turns, as they came out ; Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, the reverend Mr. Catharines and his sainted Phœbe, and Ned and his blooming bride.

Mr. Clinton received them at the door, with the joy of his heart apparent in his countenance. He then introduced them to his most noble brother and sister, and to his friend Meekly, and lastly, he presented his Abenaide to them, on whom they all gazed in mute and reverential astonishment. Harry then observing that his uncle had not equally presented his daughter to Ned, Sir, said he, I apprehend that this is not quite fair ; 'I have already kissed the fair bride of my friend, with all my heart ; and it is but honest that he should be favoured with a salute from mine, in turn.

Harry then took Ned by the hand, and presented him to his beloved. While Ned bent the knee, and touching her hand tremblingly, looked awfully in her face, and said : Yes, bride of Eden, lovely extract of every beauty ! you alone can reward, you alone can deserve him : you alone are fitted to be the mate of my incomparable lord and master, my patron and preserver ! So saying, he lightly touched his lips to the polished hand. But the praises of her Harry had gone, with a pleasant trickling, to the heart of Abenaide, and, gently raising Ned, she affectionately saluted him with a glistening eye.

Pray, sir, said Mr. Fielding, whisperingly, to Mr. Clinton, is the Earl of Moreland in company ?—That is he, sir, pointing to Harry. —O then, cried Fielding, he is titled below his merits ; it was for an emperor that nature intended him.

Dinner was then served.—During the repast the duke said, Let us not, my brother, keep our Harry in pain : why should we delay the happiness of children so very dear to us ? With regard to your child's marriage to some mighty prince, as your son-in-law hinted, I think her more ennobled and more illustrious by her marriage with our hero here, who purchased her at his peril, than if she were mated to the greatest potentate on earth.

You must excuse me, my noble brother, said Mr. Clinton; I will have no clandestine doings in this business. My girl shall be married in the face and witnessing of thousands; lest, hereafter, this young rogue should have the effrontery to deny her. What day of the week is this? Thursday, I think; let Monday se'nnight be the day.

Harry rose and pressed and kissed the hand of the duke with rapture, and then kissed the hand of his patron in silent submission.

They kept the Fieldings with them for three days. But Harry would not part with his Clement, nor Abenaide with Arabella, till the marriage should be over. Harry, in the presence of these two friends, attempted to take some little accustomed liberties, under her name of Abenamin. But the proprietor of his heart sweetly repulsed him, and cried, No, no, honest friend; I will box with you whenever and as often as you please; but no more wrestling, my Harry!

In the mean time, all preparations were pushed into forwardness by Mr. Clinton. The many shops of the many towns; within many miles around, were emptied of their boards and sheeting, their knives and forks, &c. Thousands of tables and forms were framed, thousands of tents were erected. Proclamation was made in every village, and all people within thirty miles were invited to the wedding.

When the day approached, one hundred oxen were slain, five hundred sheep, three hundred swine, with fifty fat deer, &c. &c. The spits fried, and the cauldrons smoked over the fires of many a field.

At length the auspicious morning rose; and Harry and his bride were already up and dressed in their respective apartments.

The princess was habited, after the Persian fashion, in a vest of silver brocading, scalloped over a petticoat of the same fabric, that flowed in a train behind. A scarf of cerulean tint flew between her right shoulder and her left hip, being buttoned at each end by a rose of rubies; her shining tresses of jetty black, bound together at her neck beneath a huge amethyst, fell down in luxuriant ringlets; and shaded and revealed by turns the fine bend of her tapering waist; a coronet of diamonds, through which there waved a white branch of the feathers of the ostrich, was inserted on the left decline of her lovely head; and a stomacher of inestimable brilliants rose beneath her dazzling bosom, and, by a fluctuating blaze of unremitted glory, checked and turned the eye away from too-presumptuous a gaze:

Our hero, coming forth, beheld her, as a pillar of fire, just issuing from her anti-chamber. He stepped back, as she advanced,

and fixed his eyes upon her in mute astonishment; then springing forward, he fell prostrate and kissed the hem of her robing. Again rising on one knee, he lifted his hands toward heaven, and his eyes to her glowing countenance: Oppressive power of beauty! he cried; O, may every day rise, like this, on my soul-enrapturing Abenaide, encircling her with friendship, love, and joy, and the knee of admiring thousands!

Arabella attended her royal friend, and Clement his noble pupil, just as Longfield entered to give an account of his expedition. But he had scarce begun his detail, when, catching the images of his long-parted friends, he cried, Bless me, my lord, Mrs. Clement, I think! Yes, my Longfield, said Harry, and here too is your old and fast friend Hammel Clement. Clement would not have known Longfield in his present genteel plight; but, hearing his name, and recollecting him at a glance, he flew and seized upon him with a strenuous embrace. Arabella then advanced to welcome her old preserver, but Longfield respectfully bowed and shrunk back.

You shall not escape me so, my dear Mr. Longfield, says she; I cannot forget what I owe you, even my life and reputation; and I bless the Father of Mercies, who has put it in our power to pay part of our debt; and so saying, she embraced him with freedom and cordiality. Yes, my dear Longfield, cried Hammel, your's is the half of our fortunes, and more than the half of our hearts. Your heart, sir, said Longfield, will ever be most valuable; but as to any thing additional, the bounty of my young master has rendered all further fortune quite superfluous to me.

Longfield then beckoned his lord forth, that he might relate to his eye, rather than to his ear, the success of his commission. They hastened to a long barn, where he shewed Harry two ranges of beautiful children, one of a hundred chosen girls, another of a hundred chosen boys, all dressed in a clean and elegant uniform. Harry walked between the ranks, his heart exulting in the sense of its own divine humanity. Then, embracing his agent, Yes, my Longfield, he cried, these shall be indeed my children; and I will prove a true and affectionate father to them. But let us hasten to bestow upon them a tender mother too, I trust.

He flew back, as a glimpse of lightning, and seizing, and half-devouring the hand of his bride, Will you pardon me, my beloved, says he, some matters that happened before our union? I have col-

lected all the children Lever had before marriage. I scorn any thing that is clandestine. They wait for your inspection; and I hope that you will not prove a hard step-mother to them. You are a rogue, says she, archly smiling, and giving him a pat on the cheek; but come along; and so saying, away they tripped.

The princess walked, with a silent and musing attention, up and down the ranges. Her heart grew strongly affected, and taking out her handkerchief, she wiped away the dropping tear. And has my lord, says she to Longfield, has he indeed taken upon him to be a father to all this pretty host of little ones! He has, so please your highness, says Longfield, and has accordingly clothed and provided for them. O, she cried, under the FATHER which is in heaven, he is the dearest and sweetest father that ever was upon earth! So exclaiming, she sprung at Harry, and notwithstanding her late coyness, scarce vouchsafing a hand to his lips, she now grasped about his neck, half-smothering him with the repetition of her kisses and caresses; and then thrusting her face into his bosom, she vented her passion in tears. On their return, they perceived Mr. Clinton, the duke and duchess, all standing in the great folding-door; and, flying up the marble steps, they both bent the knee, and received the joint blessings and successive caresses of their three exulting parents.

Just then Harry spied Goodman Dobson and his dame coming diffidently but puffingly up the avenue. Instantly he caught his angel by the hand, and hastened to meet them. He took them successively in his arms, and kissed them with warm affection, while, with yearning hearts and bowels, they wished him joy upon joy. They then kneeled down on each side of the princess, kissing her hands and garments, and blessing her for bestowing such a heaven of beauty upon their Harry. But as soon as Harry told her that they were his fosterers, his very dear daddy and mammy, she raised and kissed them, in turns, with her arms about their necks, and besought them to be her daddy and mammy also; for, alas, says she, my daddy and mammy are far away. Harry then gave them into the hands of his huntsman, with orders to take them to the larder.

The multitude, before this, began to thicken apace. And the youths had got together in the great lawn, casting the coit and the sledge, and leaping over a cord that was raised between two posts.

My lovely Harry, cried the duke, I have heard things almost incredible of your prowess and action, but never saw any sample save

the mounting of your Bucephalus. Will you be so good as to give me some instance of your excellency among yonder young competitors, whom I suppose to be the most eminent that the shire can exhibit? Do, my Harry, said Mr. Clinton, clasping and kissing him, indulge my dearest brother on this our day of jubilee.

Harry bowed, and ordered his page to bring him his quarterstaff, and dispatched another for a cord and two long poles. He then walked down the avenue, attended by the males and females of the whole family.

As they approached the lawn, a youth of uncommon vigour had cleared the former cord, though raised to something upward of five feet in height; but all who attempted to follow, either recoiled or pitched over.

Harry then caused his two poles to be erected to an elevation of ten feet, with a cord reaching from top to top. The multitude came down, in thousands, to see what they were about. When Harry having cleared the contested cord with a standing hop, went backward from his lofty poles about the distance of thirty paces, then rushing forward, he advanced one end of his staff to the ground, and springing and raising, and rising on the opposite end, he pitched himself over the elevated string, while the multitude beheld him, as a new-risen phoenix, suspended and glittering in the air, and then alighting, as winged on the other side.

The elements were rent by an universal shout, which followed and undulated after our company, till they sheltered themselves within the house.

The Fieldings then arrived, with the reverend Mr. Catharines, who was appointed to join the angelic pair.

After breakfast, the carriages were ordered out. First, Mr. Clinton and his Meekly moved away, in Mr. Clinton's coach and six, to the church. The family of the Fieldings then followed in a coach and six, and two chariots. Next went Clement and his Arabella, in their post-chaise and four. The duke and duchess then succeeded, in a sumptuous coach proudly drawn by six German greys, attended by a long retinue of French liveries, and the duchess' women in a coach and four. Lastly advanced the princess' four faithful Moors, mounted on fiery coursers, and all glittering in Barbaric gems and adornments. And last of all came our hero and his Abenaide, enthroned in her open chariot, like two pearls of the Orient,

in a case of burpished go^{ix} spotted Arabians, restraining
 their impatience, be^{with} their feet, scarce seeming
 to advance the pace of a to^{se}. Never will any sight so glo-
 rious be exhibited, till the heavenly Jerusalem shall descend
 upon earth.

Harry's page closed the rear, mounted on his lord's charger, which stepped foaming behind the chariot; and the long cavalcade nearly reached from the great hotel to the entrance of the town.

The crowd, however, extended wide and far beyond the cavalcade. They bowed respectfully, and paid obeisance to Mr. Clinton, the duke, &c. as they passed; but as soon as they got a glimpse of the chariot of their young lord, their acclamations became unre- mitted and almost insufferable to the ear, like the shouts of a Per- sian army at the rising of the sun.

Slowly as our Harry moved, the multitude strove to retard him, by throwing themselves in his way, that they might sati- ate their eyes and souls with the fulness of beauty. Bended knees and lifted hands, prayers, blessings, and exclamations were heard and seen on all sides; and, all the way as they went, thou- sands upon tens of thousands shouted forth the hymeneal of the celestial pair!



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